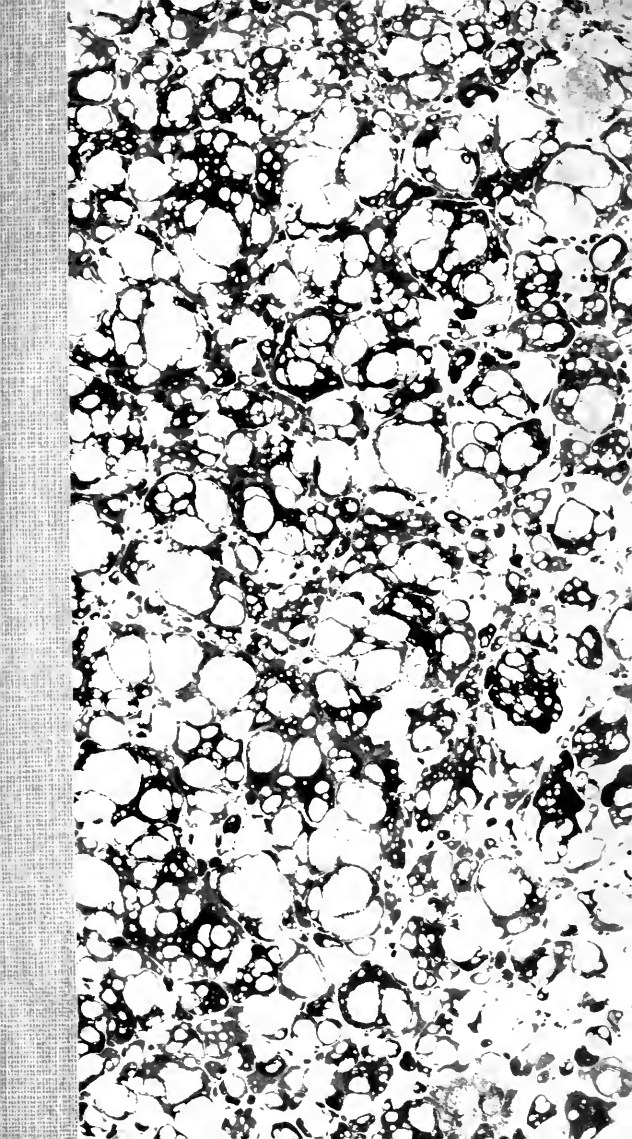






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M^r John Dryden.

Kerue

The DRAMATICK

WORKS

OF

John Dryden, Esq;

N. IN *dryden*

John Wavle Symon

IX VOLUMES.

© EC 2nd, 1892

L O N D O N :

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To His GRACE the
Duke of Newcastle,

Lord Chamberlain of His Majesty's Household, &c.

My LORD,

IT is the Fortune of this Edition of the Dramatick Works of the late Mr. *Dryden*, to come into the World at a Time, when Your
a Grace

DEDICATION.

Grace has just given Order for Erecting, at Your own Expence, a Noble Monument to his Memory.

This is an Act of Generosity, which has something in it so very Uncommon, that the most unconcern'd and indifferent Persons must be moved with it: How much more, must all such be affected by it, who had any due Regard for the personal Merits of the Deceas'd; or are capable of any Taste and Distinction, for the Remains and elegant Labours of one of the greatest Men that our Nation has produced.

That

DEDICATION.

That, which distinguisheth Actions of pure and elevated Generosity, from those of a mix'd and inferiour Nature, is nothing else but the absolutely disinterested Views of the Agent.

My Lord, this being granted, in how fair a Light does Your Munificence stand? a Munificence to the Memory, to the Ashes of a Man whom You never saw; whom You never can see: And who, consequently, never could by any personal Obligation, induce You to do this Deed of Bounty; nor can he ever make You any Acknowledgement for it when it shall be done.

DEDICATION.

It is evident Your Grace can have acted thus from no other Motive but Your pure Regard to Merit, from Your intire Love for Learning, and from that accurate Taste and Discernment, which by Your Studies you have so early attained to in the Politer Arts.

And these are the Qualities, my Lord, by which You are more distinguish'd, than by all those other uncommon Advantages with which You are attended. Your great Disposition, Your great Ability to be beneficent to Mankind, could by no means answer that End, if You were not possess'd

DEDICATION.

less'd of a Judgment to direct You in the right Application, and just Distribution of Your good Offices.

You are now in a Station, by which You necessarily preside over the liberal Arts, and all the Practicers and Professors of them. Poetry is more particularly within Your Province: And with very good Reason may we hope to see it revive and flourish, under Your Influence and Protection.

What Hopes of Reward may not the living Deserver entertain, when even the Dead are sought out for; and their very Urns and

DEDICATION.

Ashes made Partakers of Your
Liberality?

As I have the Honour to be
known to You, my Lord, and to
have been distinguish'd by You,
by many Expressions and Instances
of Your Good-will towards me;
I take a singular Pleasure to con-
gratulate You upon an Action so
intirely Worthy of You. And
as I had the Happiness to be very
Conversant, and as intimately
acquainted, with Mr. *Dryden*, as
the great Disproportion in our
Years could allow me to be; I
hope it will not be thought too
assuming in me, if in Love to
his

DEDICATION.

his Memory, and in Gratitude for the many friendly Offices, and favourable Instructions, which in my early Youth I received from him, I take upon me to make this publick Acknowledgment to Your Grace, for so publick a Testimony as You are pleas'd to give the World of that high Esteem in which You hold the Performances of that eminent Man.

I can in some Degree justify my self for so doing, by a Citation of a kind of Right to it, bequeath'd to me by him. And it is indeed, upon that Pretension that I presume even to make

DEDICATION.

a Dedication of these his Works
to You.

In some very Elegant, tho' very partial Verses which he did me the Honour to write to me, he recommended it to me to *be kind to his Remains*. I was then, and have been ever since most sensibly touched with that Expression: and the more so, because I could not find in my self the Means of satisfying the Passion which I felt in me, to do something answerable to an Injunction laid upon me in so Pathetick and so Amicable a Manner.

You,

DEDICATION.

You, my Lord, have furnish'd me with ample Means of acquitting my self, both of my Duty and Obligation to my *departed Friend*. What kinder Office lyes in me, to do to these, his most valuab^{le} and unperishable Remains, than to commit them to the Protection, and lodge them under the Roof of a Patron, whose Hospitality has extended it self even to his Dust?

If I would permit my self to run on in the way which so fairly opens it self before me, I should tire Your Grace with reiterated Praises and Acknowledgments,

DEDICATION.

and I might possibly (notwithstanding my pretended Right so to do) give some handle to such who are inclinable to Censure, to tax me of Affectation and Officiousness ; in thanking You, more than comes to my Share, for doing a Thing, which is, in truth, of a Publick Consideration, as it is doing an Honour to Your Country. For so unquestionably it is, to do Honour to him, who was an Honour to it.

I have but one thing to say either to obviate, or to answer such an Objection, if it shall be made

to

DEDICATION.

to me, which is, that I loved
Mr. *Dryden*.

I have not touch'd upon any
other publick Honour, or Bounty
done by You to Your Country:
I have industriously declined en-
tring upon a Theme of so ex-
tensive a Nature; and of all Your
numerous and continual Largeſſes
to the Publick, I have only singled
out this, as what moſt particu-
larly affected me. I confeſs free-
ly to Your Grace, I very much
admire all thoſe other Donations,
but I much more love this; and I
cannot help it, if I am naturally
more delighted with any thing
that

DEDICATION

that is Amiable, than with any thing that is Wonderful.

Whoever shall Censure me, I dare be confident, You, my Lord, will Excuse me, for any thing that I shall say with due Regard to a Gentleman, for whose Person I had as just an Affection as I have an Admiration of his Writings. And indeed Mr. *Dryden* had Personal Qualities to challenge both Love and Esteem from All who were truly acquainted with him.

He was of a Nature exceedingly Humane and Compassionate; easily forgiving Injuries, and capable

DEDICATION.

pable of a prompt and sincere Reconciliation with them who had offended him.

Such a Temperament is the only solid Foundation of all moral Vertues, and sociable Endowments. His Friendship, where he profess'd it, went much beyond his Professions; and I have been told of strong and generous Instances of it, by the Persons themselves who received them: Tho' his Hereditary Income was little more than a bare Competency.

As his Reading had been very extensive, so was he very happy in a Memory tenacious of every thing

DEDICATION.

thing that he had read. He was not more possess'd of Knowledge, than he was Communicative of it. But then his Communication of it was by no means pedantick, or impos'd upon the Conversation; but just such, and went so far as by the natural Turns of the Discourse in which he was engag'd it was necessarily promoted or required. He was extream ready and gentle in his Correction of the Errors of any Writer, who thought fit to consult him; and full as ready and patient to admit of the Reprehension of others in respect
of

DEDICATION.

of his own Oversight or Mistakes. He was of very easie, I may say of very pleasing Access: But something slow, and as it were diffident in his Advances to others. He had something in his Nature that abhorr'd Intrusion into any Society whatsoever. Indeed it is to be regretted, that he was rather blameable in the other Extream: For by that means, he was Personally less known, and consequently his Character might become liable both to Misapprehensions and Misrepresentations.

To the best of my Knowledge and Observation, he was, of all
the

DEDICATION.

the Men that ever I knew, one of the most Modest, and the most Easily to be discountenanced, in his Approaches, either to his Superiors, or his Equals.

I have given Your Grace this slight Sketch of his personal Character, as well to vindicate his Memory, as to justify my self for the Love which I bore to his Person; and I have the rather done it, because I hope it may be acceptable to You to know that he was worthy of the Distinction You have shewn him, as a Man, as well as an Author.

As

DEDICATION.

As to his Writings, I shall not take upon me to speak of them; for, to say little of them, would not be to do them right: And to say all that I ought to say, would be, to be very Voluminous. But, I may venture to say in general Terms, that no Man hath written in our Language so much, and so various Matter, and in so various Manners, so well. Another thing I may say very peculiar to him; which is, that his Parts did not decline with his Years: But that he was an improving Writer to his last, even to near seventy Years of Age; improving even
in

DEDICATION.

in Fire and Imagination, as well as in Judgement: Witness his Ode on St. *Cecilia's* Day, and his Fables, his latest Performances.

He was equally excellent in Verse, and in Prose. His Prose had all the Clearness imaginable, together with all the Nobleness of Expression; all the Graces and Ornaments proper and peculiar to it, without deviating into the Language or Diction of Poetry. I make this Observation, only to distinguish his Stile from that of many Poetical Writers, who meaning to write harmoniously in Prose, do in truth often write meer Blank Verse. I

DEDICATION.

I have heard him frequently own with Pleasure, that if he had any Talent for *English* Prose, it was owing to his having often read the Writings of the great Archbishop *Tillotson*.

His Versification and his Numbers he could learn of no Body: For he first possess'd those Talents in Perfection in our Tongue. And they who have best succeeded in them since his Time, have been indebted to his Example; and the more they have been able to imitate him, the better have they succeeded.

As

DEDICATION.

As his Stile in Prose is always specifically different from his Stile in Poetry; so, on the other hand, in his Poems, his Diction is, where-ever his Subject requires it, so Sublimely, and so truly Poetical, that its Essence, like that of pure Gold, cannot be destroy'd. Take his Verses, and divest them of their Rhimes, disjoint them in their Numbers, transpose their Expressions, make what Arrangement and Disposition you please of his Words, yet shall there Eternally be Poetry, and something which will be found incapable of being resolv'd into absolute

DEDICATION.

solute Prose : An incontestable Characteristick of a truly poetical Genius.

I will say but one Word more in general of his Writings, which is, that what he has done in any one Species, or distinct Kind, would have been sufficient to have acquir'd him a great Name. If he had written nothing but his Prefaces, or nothing but his Songs, or his Prologues, each of them would have intituled him to the Preference and Distinction of excelling in his Kind.

But I have forgot my self; for nothing can be more unnecessary than

DEDICATION.

than an Attempt to say any thing to Your Grace in Commendation of the Writings of this great Poet; since it is only to Your Knowledge, Taste and Approbation of them, that the Monument which You are now about to raise to him is owing. I will therefore, my Lord, detain You no longer by this Epistle; and only intreat You to believe, that it is address'd to Your Grace, from no other Motive, than a sincere Regard to the Memory of Mr. *Dryden*, and a very sensible Pleasure which I take in applauding an Action by which You are so justly, and so
singu-

DEDICATION.

singularly entitled to a Dedication of his Labours, tho' many Years after his Death; and even tho' most of them were produced by him, many Years before You were born.

I am with the greatest Respect,

My LORD,

Your GRACE'S

most Obedient and

most Humble Servant,

William Congreve.

DEDICATION

legally entitled to a Dedication
of his Library for many Years
after his Death; and even tho'
most of them were produced by
my many Years before You were

I am with the greatest Respect

Yours

John G. A. C.

and Obeyed

in the Year 1790

William Congreve

The DRAMATICK
WORKS

O F

John Dryden, Esq;

VOLUME *the* FIRST.

CONTAINING,

<i>An ESSAY of DRAMATICK POESIE.</i>	}	<i>The INDIAN QUEEN.</i>
<i>The WILD GALLANT.</i>		<i>The INDIAN EMPEROR: Or, the Conquest of Mexico.</i>
<i>The RIVAL LADIES.</i>		

Printed in the YEAR MDCCXVII.

THE DRAMATICK

WORKS

John Dryden Esq;

Author of the Works

CONTAINING

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Printed in the Year MDCCLXXII.

New York



O F

Dramatick POESIE,

A N

E S S A Y.

— *Fungar vice Cotis, acutum*
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exors ipsa secandi.

Horat. de Arte Poet.



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To the Right Honourable

C H A R L E S

Earl of Dorset and Middlesex,

*Lord Chamberlain of Their Majesties Household;
Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter,
&c.*

My LORD,



S I was lately reviewing my loose Papers, amongst the rest I found this Essay; the writing of which in this rude and indigested manner, wherein your Lordship now sees it, serv'd as an Amusement to me in the Country, when the violence of the last Plague had driven me from the Town. Seeing then our Theaters shut up, I was engag'd in these kind of Thoughts with the same Delight, with which Men think upon their absent Mistresses: I confess I find many things in this Discourse, which I do not now approve; my Judgment being not a little alter'd since the writing of it; but whether for the better or the worse I know not; Neither in-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

deed is it much material in an Essay, where all I have said is problematical. For the way of writing Plays in Verse, which I have seem'd to favour, I have, since that time, laid the Practice of it aside, 'till I have more leisure, because I find it troublesome and slow. But I am no way alter'd from my Opinion of it, at least with any Reasons which have oppos'd it. For your Lordship may easily observe, that none are very violent against it, but those who either have not attempted it, or who have ill succeeded in their attempt. 'Tis enough for me to have your Lordship's Example for my Excuse in that little which I have done in it; and I am sure my Adversaries can bring no such Arguments against Verse, as those with which the fourth Act of *Pompey* will furnish me in its Defence. Yet, My Lord, you must suffer me a little to complain of you, that you too soon withdraw from us a Contentment, of which we expected the continuance, because you gave it us so early. 'Tis a Revolt, without occasion, from your Party, where your Merits had already rais'd you to the highest Commands, and where you have not the excuse of other Men, that you have been ill us'd, and therefore laid down Arms. I know no other Quarrel you can have to Verse, than that which *Spurina* had to his Beauty, when he tore and mangled the Features of his Face, only because they pleas'd too well the Sight. It was an Honour which seem'd to wait for you, to lead out a new Colony of Writers from the Mother-Nation: And upon the first spreading of your Ensigns, there had been many in a readiness to have follow'd so fortunate a Leader; if not all, yet the better part of Poets.

*Pars indocili melior grege; mollis & exspes
Innominata perprimat cubilia.*

The Epistle Dedicatory.

I am almost of Opinion, that we should force you to accept of the Command, as sometimes the *Praetorian* Bands have compell'd their Captains to receive the Empire. The Court, which is the best and surest Judge of Writing, has generally allow'd of Verse; and in the Town it has found Favourers of Wit and Quality. As for your own particular, My Lord, you have yet Youth and Time enough, to give part of them to the Divertisement of the Publick, before you enter into the serious and more unpleasant Business of the World. That which the *French* Poet said of the Temple of Love, may be as well apply'd to the Temple of the Muses. The words, as near as I can remember them, were these:

*Le jeune homme, à mauvaise Grace,
N' ayant pas adoré dans le Temple d'Amour :
Il faut qu'il entre, & pour le sage
Si ce n'est pas son vray séjour,
C'est un giste sur son passage.*

I leave the Words to work their Effect upon your Lordship in their own Language, because no other can so well express the Nobleness of the Thought; and wish you may be soon call'd to bear a part in the Affairs of the Nation, where I know the World expects you, and wonders why you have been so long forgotten; there being no Person amongst our young Nobility, on whom the Eyes of all Men are so much bent. But, in the mean time, your Lordship may imitate the Course of Nature, who gives us the Flower before the Fruit: That I may speak to you in the Language of the Muses, which I have taken from an excellent Poem to the King:

*As Nature, when she Fruit designs, thinks fit
By beauteous Blossoms to proceed to it;*

And

The Epistle Dedicatory.

*And while she does accomplish all the Spring,
Birds to her secret Operations sing.*

I confess, I have no greater Reason, in Addressing this Essay to your Lordship, than that it might awaken in you the desire of writing something, in whatever kind it be, which might be an Honour to our Age and Country. And methinks it might have the same Effect on you, which *Homer* tells us the Fight of the *Greeks* and *Trojans* before the Fleet, had on the Spirit of *Achilles*; who, tho' he had resolv'd not to ingage, yet found a Martial Warmth to steal upon him, at the Sight of Blows, the Sound of Trumpets, and the Cries of fighting Men. For my own part, if, in treating of this Subject, I sometimes dissent from the Opinion of better Wits, I declare it is not so much to combat their Opinions, as to defend my own, which were first made publick. Sometimes, like a Scholar in a Fencing-School, I put forth my self, and show my own ill Play, on purpose to be better taught. Sometimes I stand desperately to my Arms, like the Foot when deserted by their Horse, not in hope to overcome, but only to yield on more Honourable Terms. And yet, My Lord, this War of Opinions, you well know, has fallen out among the Writers of all Ages, and sometimes betwixt Friends. Only it has been prosecuted by some, like Pedants, with violence of Words; and manag'd by others like Gentlemen, with Candour and Civility. Even *Tully* had a Controversie with his dear *Atticus*; and in one of his Dialogues makes him sustain the part of an Enemy in Philosophy, who in his Letters is his Confident of State, and made privy to the most weighty Affairs of the *Roman* Senate. And the same Respect which was paid by *Tully* to *Atticus*, we find return'd to him afterwards by *Cæsar*, on a like occasion, who, answering,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

swering his Book in praise of *Cato*, made it not so much his Business to condemn *Cato*, as to praise *Cicero*.

But that I may decline some part of the Encounter with my Adversaries, whom I am neither willing to combat, nor well able to resist; I will give your Lordship the Relation of a Dispute betwixt some of our Wits on the same Subject, in which they did not only speak of Plays in Verse, but mingled, in the freedom of Discourse, some things of the Ancient, many of the Modern ways of Writing; comparing those with these, and the Wits of our Nation with those of others: 'Tis true, they differ'd in their Opinions, as 'tis probable they would: Neither do I take upon me to reconcile, but to relate them: And that as *Tacitus* professes of himself, *Sine studio partium aut irâ*: Without Passion or Interest; leaving your Lordship to decide it in favour of which Part you shall judge most reasonable, and withal, to pardon the many Errors of

Your Lordship's

most Obedient Humble Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN:

TO



T O T H E
R E A D E R.

THE Drift of the ensuing Discourse was chiefly to vindicate the Honour of our English Writers, from the Censure of those who unjustly prefer the French before them. This I intimate, lest any should think me so exceeding vain, as to teach others an Art, which they understand much better than my self. But if this incorrect Essay, written in the Country without the Help of Books, or Advice of Friends, shall find any Acceptance in the World, I promise to my self a better Success of the Second Part, wherein I shall more fully Treat of the Virtues and Faults of the English Poets, who have written either in this, the Epique, or the Lyrique way.





A N

E S S A Y

O F

Dramatick Poesie.

T was that memorable Day, in the first Summer of the late War, when our Navy ingag'd the *Dutch*: A Day wherein the two most mighty and best appointed Fleets which any Age had ever seen, disputed the Command of the greater half of the Globe, the Commerce of Nations, and the Riches of the Universe. While these vast floating Bodies, on either side, mov'd against each other in parallel Lines, and our Country-men, under the happy Conduct of his Royal Highness, went breaking, by little and little, into the Line of the Enemies; the Noise of the Cannon from both Navies reach'd our Ears about the City: So that all Men, being alarm'd with it, and in a dreadful Suspence of the Event, which they knew was then deciding, every one went following the Sound as his Fancy led him; and leaving the Town almost empty, some took towards the
Park,

Park, some cross the River, others down it; all seeking the Noise in the Depth of Silence.

Amongst the rest, it was the Fortune of *Eugenius*, *Crites*, *Lisideius* and *Neander*, to be in Company together: Three of them Persons whom their Wit and Quality have made known to all the Town: And whom I have chose to hide under these borrowed Names, that they may not suffer by so ill a Relation as I am going to make of their Discourse.

Taking then a Barge which a Servant of *Lisideius* had provided for them, they made haste to shoot the Bridge, and left behind them that great Fall of Waters which hindred them from hearing what they desir'd: After which, having disingag'd themselves from many Vessels which rode at Anchor in the *Thames*, and almost block'd up the Passage towards *Greenwich*, they ordered the Watermen to let fall their Oars more gently; and then every one favouring his own Curiosity with a strict Silence, it was not long 'ere they perceiv'd the Air to break about them like the Noise of distant Thunder, or of Swallows in a Chimney: Those little undulations of sound, though almost vanishing before they reach'd them, yet still seeming to retain somewhat of their first Horror which they had betwixt the Fleets: After they had attentively listened till such time as the Sound by little and little went from them; *Eugenius* lifting up his Head, and taking Notice of it, was the first who congratulated to the rest that happy Omen of our Nation's Victory: Adding, that we had but this to desire in Confirmation of it, that we might hear no more of that Noise which was now leaving the *English* Coast. When the rest had concurr'd in the same Opinion, *Crites*, a Person of a sharp Judgment, and somewhat too delicate a Taste in Wit, which the World hath mistaken in him for ill Nature, said, smiling to us, That if the Concernment of this Battel had not been so exceeding great, he could scarce have wish'd the Victory at the Price he knew he must pay for it, in being subject to the reading and hearing of so many ill Verses, as he was sure would be made on that Subject. Adding, That no Argument could
scape

scape some of those eternal Rhymers, who watch a Battel with more diligence than the Ravens and Birds of Prey; and the worst of them surest to be first in upon the Quarry, while the better able, either out of Modesty writ not at all, or set that due Value upon their Poems, as to let them be often desired, and long expected. There are some of those impertinent People of whom you speak, answer'd *Lisideius*, who, to my Knowledge, are already so provided, either way, that they can produce not only a Panegyrick upon the Victory, but, if need be, a Funeral Elegy on the Duke: Wherein, after they have crown'd his Valour with many Laurels, they will at last deplore the odds under which he fell, concluding that his Courage deserv'd a better Destiny. All the Company smil'd at the Conceit of *Lisideius*; but *Crites*, more eager than before, began to make particular Exceptions against some Writers, and said, the publick Magistrate ought to send betimes to forbid them; and that it concern'd the Peace and Quiet of all honest People, that ill Poets should be as well silenc'd as seditious Preachers. In my Opinion, replied *Eugenius*, you pursue your Point too far; for as to my own particular, I am so great a Lover of Poesie, that I could wish them all rewarded, who attempt but to do well; at least, I would not have them worse us'd than one of their Brethren was by *Sylla* the Dictator: *Quem in concione vidimus* (says *Tully*) *cum ei libellum malus poeta de populo subjecisset, quod epigramma in eum fecisset tantummodo alternis versibus longiusculis, statim ex iis rebus quas tunc vendebat jubere ei premium tribui, sub ea conditione ne quid postea scriberet.* I could wish with all my Heart, replied *Crites*; that many whom we know, were as bountifully thank'd upon the same Condition, that they would never trouble us again. For, amongst others, I have a mortal Apprehension of two Poets, whom this Victory, with the help of both her Wings, will never be able to escape. 'Tis easie to guess whom you intend, said *Lisideius*; and without naming them, I ask you if one of them does not perpetually pay us with Clenches upon Words, and a certain clownish kind of Raillery? If now and then he does not offer at a *Catachresis* or *Clevelandism*,
wresting

wresting and torturing a word into another meaning: In fine, if he be not one of those whom the *French* would call *un mauvais buffon*; one who is so much a well-willer to the Satyr, that he intends, at least, to spare no Man; and though he cannot strike a Blow to hurt any, yet he ought to be punish'd for the Malice of the Action; as our Witches are justly hang'd, because they think themselves to be such: and suffer deservedly for believing they did Mischiefe, because they meant it. You have described him, said *Crites*, so exactly, that I am afraid to come after you with my other extremity of Poetry: He is one of those, who having had some advantage of Education and Converse, knows better than the other what a Poet should be, but puts it into practice more unluckily than any Man; his Stile and Matter are every where alike; he is the most calm, peaceable Writer you ever read: He never disquiets your Passions with the least Concernment, but still leaves you in as even a Temper as he found you; he is a very Leveller in Poetry, he creeps along with ten little Words in every Line, and helps out his Numbers with *For so*, and *Unso*, and all the pretty Expletives he can find, till he drags them to the end of another Line; while the Sense is left tir'd half way behind it: He doubly starves all his Verses, first, for want of Thought, and then of Expression; his Poetry neither has Wit in it, nor seems to have it; like him in *Martial*:

Pauper videri Cima vult, & est pauper:

He affects Plainness, to cover his want of Imagination: When he writes the serious Way, the highest Flight of his Fancy is some miserable *Antithesis*, or seeming Contradiction; and in the Comick, he is still reaching at some thin Conceit, the Ghost of a Jest, and that too flies before him, never to be caught; these Swallows which we see before us on the *Thames*, are the just Resemblance of his Wit: You may observe how near the Water they stoop, how many proffers they make to dip, and yet how seldom they touch it: And when they do, 'tis but the surface: They skim over it but to catch a Gnat, and then

then mount into the Air and leave it. Well, Gentlemen, said *Eugenius*, you may speak your Pleasure of these Authors; but though I and some few more about the Town may give you a peaceable Hearing, yet assure your selves, there are Multitudes who would think you malicious, and them injur'd: Especially him whom you first described; he is the very *Withers* of the City: They have bought more Editions of his Works than would serve to lay under all their Pies at the Lord Mayor's *Christmas*: When his famous Poem first came out in the Year 1660, I have seen them reading it in the midst of Change-time; nay, so vehement they were at it, that they lost their Bargain by the Candles ends: But what will you say if he has been received amongst great Persons? I can assure you, this Day, he is the Envy of one, who is Lord in the Art of Quibbling; and who does not take it well, that any Man should intrude so far into his Province. All I would wish, replied *Crites*, is, That they who love his Writings, may still admire him, and his Fellow Poet, *qui Barium non odit, &c.* is Curse sufficient. And farther, added *Lisideius*, I believe there is no Man who writes well; but would think he had hard Measure, if their Admirers should Praise any thing of his: *Nam quos contemnimus, eorum quoque laudes contemnimus.* There are so few who write well in this Age, said *Crites*, that methinks any Praises should be welcome; they neither rise to the Dignity of the last Age, nor to any of the Ancients; and we may cry out of the Writers of this time, with more reason than *Petronius* of his, *Pace vestra liceat dixisse, primi omnium eloquentiam perdidistis*: You have debauched the true old Poetry, so far; that Nature, which is the Soul of it, is not in any of your Writings.

If your quarrel (said *Eugenius*) to those who now write, be grounded only on your Reverence to Antiquity, there is no Man more ready to adore those great *Greeks* and *Romans* than I am: But on the other side, I cannot think so contemptibly of the Age in which I live, or so dishonourably of my own Country, as not to judge we equal the Ancients in most kinds of Poesie, and in some surpass them; neither know I any reason why I may not

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be as zealous for the Reputation of our Age, as we find the Ancients themselves were in Reference to those who lived before them. For you hear your *Horace* saying,

*Indignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia crasse
Compositum, illepidèe putetur, sed quia nuper.*

And after,

*Si meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit,
Scire velim pretium chartis quotus arroget annus?*

But I see I am engaging in a wide Dispute, where the Arguments are not like to reach close on either side; for Poesie is of so large an Extent, and so many both of the Ancients and Moderns have done well in all kinds of it, that in citing one against the other, we shall take up more time this Evening, than each Man's Occasions will allow him: Therefore I would ask *Crites* to what part of Poesie he would confine his Arguments, and whether he would defend the general Cause of the Ancients against the Moderns, or oppose any Age of the Moderns against this of ours.

Crites a little while considering upon this Demand, told *Eugenius* that if he pleased, he would limit their Dispute to *Dramatick Poesie*; in which he thought it not difficult to prove, either that the Ancients were superiour to the Moderns, or the last Age to this of ours.

Eugenius was somewhat surpriz'd, when he heard *Crites* make Choice of that Subject; For ought I see, said he, I have undertaken a harder Province than I imagin'd; for though I never judg'd the Plays of the *Greek* or *Roman* Poets comparable to ours; yet on the other side, those we now see acted, come short of many which were written in the last Age: But my Comfort is, if we are o'ercome, it will be only by our own Country-men: And if we yield to them in this one part of Poesie, we more surpass them in all the other; for in the *Epique* or *Lyrick* way it will be hard for them to shew us one such amongst them, as we have many now living, or who lately were. They can produce nothing so courtly writ, or which expresses so much the Conversation of a Gentleman, as *Sir John Suckling*; nothing so even, sweet, and
flowing

Flowing as Mr. Waller: Nothing so Majestick, so correct, as Sir John Denham; nothing so elevated, so copious, and full of Spirit, as Mr. Cowley: As for the Italian, French, and Spanish Plays, I can make it evident, that those who now write, surpass them; and that the Drama is wholly ours.

All of them were thus far of *Eugenius* his Opinion, that the sweetness of *English Verse* was never understood or practis'd by our Fathers; even *Crites* himself did not much oppose it: And every one was willing to acknowledge how much our Poesie is improv'd, by the happiness of some Writers yet living; who first taught us to mould our Thoughts into easie and significant Words; to retrench the Superfluities of Expression, and to make our Rhyme so properly a Part of the Verse, that it should never mis-lead the Sense, but it self be led and govern'd by it.

Eugenius was going to continue this Discourse, when *Lisideus* told him that it was necessary, before they proceeded further, to take a standing Measure of their Controversie; for how was it possible to be decided who writ the best Plays, before we know what a Play should be? but, this once agreed on by both Parties, each might have Recourse to it, either to prove his own Advantages, or to discover the failings of his Adversary.

He had no sooner said this, but all desir'd the Favour of him to give the Definition of a Play; and they were the more importunate, because neither *Aristotle*, nor *Horace*, nor any other, who had writ of that Subject, had ever done it.

Lisideus, after some modest Denials, at last confess'd he had a rude Notion of it; indeed rather a Description than a Definition: but which serv'd to guide him in his private Thoughts, when he was to make a Judgment of what others writ: That he conceiv'd a Play ought to be, *A just and lively Image of human Nature, representing its Passions and Humours, and the Changes of Fortune to which it is subject; for the Delight and Instruction of Mankind.*

This Definition, though *Crites* rais'd a Logical Objection again it; that it was only *à genere & sine*, and so not

not altogether perfect; was yet well received by the rest: And after they had given order to the Water-men to turn their Barge, and row softly, that they might take the cool of the Evening in their return; *Crites*, being desired by the Company to begin, spoke on behalf of the Ancients, in this manner.

If Confidence presage a Victory, *Eugenius*, in his own Opinion, has already triumphed over the Ancients; nothing seems more easie to him, than to overcome those whom it is our greatest Praise to have imitated well: for we do not only build upon their Foundations; but by their Models. *Dramatique Poesie* had time enough, reckoning from *Theſpis* (who first invented it) to *Aristophanes*, to be born, to grow up, and to flourish in Maturity. It has been observed of Arts and Sciences, that in one and the same Century they have arriv'd to great Perfection; and no wonder, since every Age has a kind of Universal Genius, which inclines those that live in it to some particular Studies: The Work then being push'd on by many Hands, must of necessity go forward.

Is it not evident, in these last hundred Years (when the Study of Philosophy has been the Business of all the *Virtuosi* in *Christendom*) that almost a New Nature has been reveal'd to us? that more Errors of the School have been detected, more useful Experiments in Philosophy have been made, more noble Secrets in Opticks, Medicine, Anatomy, Astronomy, discover'd, than in all those credulous and dotting Ages from *Aristotle* to us? So true it is, that nothing spreads more fast than Science, when rightly and generally cultivated.

Add to this, the more than common Emulation that was in those times of writing well; which though it be found in all Ages, and all Persons that pretend to the same Reputation; yet Poesie being then in more Esteem than now it is, had greater Honours decreed to the Professors of it; and consequently the Rivalship was more high between them; they had Judges ordain'd to decide their Merit, and Prizes to reward it; and Historians have been diligent to record of *Æschylus*, *Euripides*, *Sophocles*, *Lycophron*; and the rest of them, both who they were that

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vanquish'd in these Wars of the Theater, and how often they were crown'd: While the *Asian* Kings and *Grecian* Common-wealths scarce afforded them a nobler Subject, than the unmanly Luxuries of a Debauch'd Court, or giddy Intrigues of a Factious City. *Alit emulatio ingenia* (saith *Paterculus*) & *nunc invidia, nunc admiratio incitationem accendit*: Emulation is the Spur of Wit, and sometimes Envy, sometimes Admiration quickens our Endeavours.

But now since the Rewards of Honour are taken away, that virtuous Emulation is turn'd into direct Malice; yet so slothful, that it contents it self to condemn and cry down others, without attempting to do better: 'Tis a Reputation too unprofitable, to take the necessary Pains for it; yet wishing they had it, that desire is incitement enough to hinder others from it. And this, in short, *Eugenius*, is the reason, why you have now so few good Poets; and so many severe Judges: Certainly, to imitate the Ancients well, much Labour and long Study is required: Which Pains, I have already shewn, our Poets would want encouragement to take, if yet they had Ability to go through the Work. Those Ancients have been faithful Imitators, and wise Observers of that Nature which is so torn and ill represented in our Plays; they have handed down to us a perfect Resemblance of her; which we, like ill Copyers, neglecting to look on, have rendred monstrous, and disfigur'd. But, that you may know how much you are indebted to those your Masters, and be ashamed to have so ill requited them: I must remember you, that all the Rules by which we practise the *Drama* at this Day, (either such as relate to the Justness and Symmetry of the Plot; or the Episodical Ornaments, such as Descriptions, Narrations, and other Beauties, which are not essential to the Play;) were delivered to us from the Observations which *Aristotle* made, of those Poets, who either liv'd before him, or were his Contemporaries: We have added nothing of our own, except we have the Confidence to say our Wit is better; Of which none boast in this our Age, but such as understand not theirs. Of that Book which *Aristotle* has

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has left us, *αὐτὸ ἢ Περὶ Ποιήσεως*, Horace his Art of Poetry is an excellent Comment, and, I believe, restores to us that second Book of his concerning Comedy, which is wanting in him.

Out of these two have been extracted the famous Rules which the *French* call, *Des Trois Unitez*, or, The Three Unities, which ought to be observ'd in every regular Play; namely, of Time, Place, and Action.

The Unity of Time they comprehend in twenty four Hours, the compass of a Natural Day; or as near it as can be contriv'd: And the Reason of it is obvious to every one, that the time of the feigned Action, or Fable of the Play, should be proportion'd as near as can be to the Duration of that time in which it is represented; since therefore all Plays are Acted on the Theater in a space of time much within the compass of twenty four Hours, that Play is to be thought the nearest Imitation of Nature, whose Plot or Action is confin'd within that time; and, by the same Rule which concludes this general Proportion of time, it follows, that all the Parts of it are (as near as may be) to be equally sub-divided; namely, that one Act take not up the suppos'd time of half a day; which is out of Proportion to the rest; since the other four are then to be straitned within the compass of the remaining half; for it is unnatural, that one Act, which being spoke or written, is not longer than the rest, should be suppos'd longer by the Audience; 'tis therefore the Poet's Duty, to take care that no Act should be imagin'd to exceed the time in which it is represented on the Stage; and that the Intervals and Inequalities of time be suppos'd to fall out between the Acts.

This Rule of Time how well it has been observ'd by the Ancients, most of their Plays will witness; you see them in their Tragedies (wherein to follow this Rule, is certainly most difficult) from the very beginning of their Plays, falling close into that part of the Story which they intend for the Action or principal Object of it: Leaving the former Part to be delivered by Narration: So that they set the Audience, as it were, at the Post where the Race is to be concluded: And, saving them the
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tedious Expectation of seeing the Poet set out and ride the Beginning of the Course, they suffer you not to behold him, till he is in sight of the Goal, and just upon you.

For the Second Unity, which is that of Place, the Ancients meant by it, That the Scene ought to be continued through the Play, in the same Place where it was laid in the Beginning: For the Stage, on which it is represented, being but one and the same Place, it is unnatural to conceive it many; and those far distant from one another. I will not deny, but by the Variation of painted Scenes, the Fancy (which in these Cases will contribute to its own Deceit) may sometimes imagine it several Places, with some Appearance of Probability; yet it still carries the greater likelihood of Truth, if those Places be suppos'd so near each other, as in the same Town or City, which may all be comprehended under the larger Denomination of one Place: For a greater Distance will bear no proportion to the shortness of time, which is allotted in the Acting, to pass from one of them to another. For the Observation of this, next to the Ancients, the *French* are to be most commended. They tie themselves so strictly to the Unity of Place, that you never see in any of their Plays, a Scene chang'd in the middle of an Act: If the Act begins in a Garden, a Street, or Chamber, 'tis ended in the same place; and that you may know it to be the same, the Stage is so supplied with Persons, that it is never empty all the time: He who enters second has Business with him who was on before; and before the second quits the Stage, a third appears who has business with him.

This *Corneille* calls *La Liaison des Scenes*, the continuity or joining of the Scenes; and 'tis a good Mark of a well contriv'd Play, when all the Persons are known to each other, and every one of them has some Affairs with all the rest.

As for the third Unity, which is that of Action, the Ancients meant no other by it than what the Logicians do by their *Finis*, the End or Scope of any Action: That which is the first in Intention, and last in Execution:

tion: Now the Poet is to aim at one great and compleat Action, to the carrying on of which all things in his Play, even the very Obstacles, are to be subservient; and the reason of this is as evident as any of the former.

For two Actions equally labour'd and driven on by the Writer, would destroy the Unity of the Poem; it would be no longer one Play, but two: Not but that there may be many Actions in a Play, as *Ben. Johnson* has observ'd in his Discoveries; but they must be all subservient to the great one, which our Language happily expresses in the Name of Under-plots: Such as in *Terence's Eunuch* is the difference and reconcilment of *Thais* and *Phadria*, which is not the chief Business of the Play, but promotes the Marriage of *Charea* and *Chremes's* Sister, principally intended by the Poet. There ought to be but one Action, says *Corneille*, that is, one compleat Action which leaves the Mind of the Audience in a full Repose: but this cannot be brought to pass, but by many other imperfect Actions which conduce to it, and hold the Audience in a delightful Suspence of what will be.

If by these Rules (to omit many other drawn from the Precepts and Practice of the Ancients) we should judge our modern Plays; 'tis probable, that few of them would endure the Tryal: That which should be the Business of a Day, takes up in some of them an Age; instead of one Action they are the Epitomes of a Man's Life; and for one spot of Ground (which the Stage should represent) we are sometimes in more Countries than the Map can shew us.

But if we will allow the Ancients to have contriv'd well, we must acknowledge them to have written better. Questionless we are deprived of a great stock of Wit in the loss of *Menander* amongst the Greek Poets, and of *Cacilius*, *Affranius*, and *Varius* among the Romans. We may guess at *Menander's* Excellency, by the Plays of *Terence*, who translated some of them: And yet wanted so much of him, that he was called by *C. Casar* the Half-*Menander*; and may judge of *Varius*, by the Testimonies of *Horace*, *Martial*, and *Velleius Paterculus*: 'Tis pro-

probable that these, could they be recover'd, would decide the Controversie; but so long as *Aristophanes* and *Plautus* are extant; while the Tragedies of *Euripides*, *Sophocles*, and *Seneca* are in our Hands, I can never see one of those Plays which are now written, but it encreases my Admiration of the Ancients; and yet I must acknowledge further, that to admire them as we ought, we should understand them better than we do. Doubtless many things appear flat to us, the Wit of which depended on some Custom or Story which never came to our Knowledge; or perhaps on some Criticism in their Language, which being so long dead, and only remaining in their Books, 'tis not possible they should make us understand perfectly. To read *Macrobius*, explaining the Propriety and Elegancy of many words in *Virgil*, which I had before pass'd over without consideration, as common things, is enough to assure me that I ought to think the same of *Terence*; and that in the Purity of his Stile (which *Tully* so much valued, that he ever carried his Works about him) there is yet left in him great room for Admiration, if I knew but where to place it. In the mean time, I must desire you to take notice, that the greatest Man of the last Age (*Ben. Johnson*) was willing to give place to them in all things: He was not only a profess'd Imitator of *Horace*, but a learned Plagiary of all the others; you track him every where in their Snow. If *Horace*, *Lucan*, *Petronius Arbiters*, *Seneca*, and *Juvenal*, had their own from him, there are few serious Thoughts which are new in him; you will pardon me therefore, if I presume he lov'd their Fashion when he wore their Cloaths. But since I have otherwise a great Veneration for him, and you, *Eugenius*, prefer him above all other Poets, I will use no farther Arguments to you than his Example: I will produce before you Father *Ben.* dress'd in all the Ornaments and Colours of the Ancients, you will need no other Guide to our Party, if you follow him; and whether you consider the bad Plays of our Age, or regard the good Plays of the last, both the best and worst of

the modern Poets, will equally instruct you to admire the Ancients.

Crites had no sooner left speaking, but *Eugenius*, who had waited with some Impatience for it, thus began:

I have observ'd in your Speech, that the former Part of it is convincing, as to what the Moderns have profited by the Rules of the Ancients; but in the latter you are careful to conceal how much they have excell'd them: We own all the Helps we have from them, and want neither Veneration nor Gratitude, while we acknowledge, that to overcome them we must make use of the Advantages we have received from them; but to these Assistances we have join'd our own Industry; for (had we sat down with a dull Imitation of them) we might then have lost somewhat of the old Perfection, but never acquir'd any that was new. We draw not therefore after their Lines, but those of Nature; and having the Life before us, besides the Experience of all they knew, it is no wonder if we hit some Airs and Features which they have mis'd. I deny not what you urge of Arts and Sciences, that they have flourished in some Ages more than others; but your Instance in Philosophy makes for me: For if Natural Causes be more known now than in the time of *Aristotle*, because more studied, it follows, that Poesie and other Arts may with the same Pains arrive still nearer to Perfection, and, that granted, it will rest for you to prove, that they wrought more perfect Images of human Life, than we; which, seeing in your Discourse you have avoided to make good, it shall now be my task to shew you some part of their Defects, and some few Excellencies of the Moderns; and I think there is none among us can imagine I do it enviously, or with purpose to detract from them; for what Interest of Fame or Profit can the living lose by the Reputation of the dead? on the other side, it is a great Truth which *Velleius Paterculus* affirms, *Audita visis libentius laudamus; & presentia invidia, praterita admiratione prosequimur; & his nos obrui, illis instrui credimus*: That Praise or Censure is certainly the most sincere, which unbrib'd Posterity shall give us.

Be pleas'd then, in the first place, to take notice, that the *Greek Poesie*, which *Crites* has affirm'd to have arriv'd to Perfection in the Reign of the old Comedy, was so far from it, that the distinction of it into Acts was not known to them; or if it were, it is yet so darkly deliver'd to us, that we cannot make it out.

All we know of it, is from the singing of their Chorus, and that too is so uncertain, that in some of their Plays we have reason to conjecture they sung more than five times. *Aristotle* indeed divides the Integral Parts of a Play into four: First, the *Protasis*, or Entrance, which gives light only to the Characters of the Persons, and proceeds very little into any part of the Action: Secondly, the *Epitasis*, or working up of the Plot where the Play grows warmer: The Design or Action of it is drawing on, and you see something promising that it will come to pass: Thirdly, the *Catastasis*, call'd by the *Romans*, *Status*, the Height, and full Growth of the Play: We may call it properly the Counter-turn, which destroys that Expectation, imbroils the Action in new Difficulties, and leaves you far distant from that hope in which it found you, as you may have observ'd in a violent Stream, resist'd by a narrow Passage; it runs round to an Eddy, and carries back the Waters with more swiftness than it brought them on. Lastly, the *Catastrophe*, which the *Grecians* call'd *λύσις*, the *French*, *le denouement*, and we, the discovery or unravelling of the Plot: There you see all things settling again upon their first Foundations, and the Obstacles which hindred the Design or Action of the Play once remov'd, it ends with that resemblance of Truth and Nature, that the Audience are satisfied with the Conduct of it. Thus this great Man deliver'd to us the Image of a Play, and I must confess it is so lively, that from thence much light has been deriv'd to the forming it more perfectly into Acts and Scenes; but what Poet first limited to five the number of the Acts I know not; only we see it so firmly establish'd in the time of *Horace*, that he gives it for a Rule in Comedy; *Non brevior quinto, non sit productior actu*: So that you see the *Grecians* cannot be said

to have consummated this Art; writing rather by Entrances, than by Acts, and having rather a general indigested Notion of a Play, than knowing how, and where to bestow the particular Graces of it.

But since the *Spaniards* at this Day allow but three Acts, which they call *Jornadas*, to a Play; and the *Italians* in many of theirs follow them; when I condemn the Ancients, I declare it is not altogether because they have not five Acts to every Play, but because they have not confin'd themselves to one certain Number; 'tis building an House without a Model: And when they succeeded in such Undertakings, they ought to have sacrific'd to Fortune, not to the Muses,

Next, for the Plot, which *Aristotle* call'd $\delta \mu\upsilon\theta\omicron\varsigma$, and often $\tau\omega\nu \pi\rho\alpha\gamma\mu\acute{\alpha}\tau\omega\nu \sigma\upsilon\nu\delta\epsilon\sigma\iota\varsigma$, and from him the *Romans Fabula*, it has already been judiciously observ'd by a late Writer, that in their Tragedies it was only some Tale deriv'd from *Thebes* or *Troy*, or at least some thing that happen'd in those two Ages; which was worn so thread-bare by the Pens of all the Epique Poets, and even by Tradition it self of the Talkative *Greeklings* (as *Ben. Johnson* calls them) that before it came upon the Stage, it was already known to all the Audience: And the People, so soon as ever they heard the Name of *Oedipus*, knew as well as the Poet, that he had kill'd his Father by a Mistake, and committed Incest with his Mother, before the Play; that they were now to hear of a great Plague, an Oracle, and the Ghost of *Laius*: So that they sate with a yawning kind of Expectation, till he was to come with his Eyes pul'd out, and speak a hundred or more Verses in a Tragick Tone, in complaint of his Misfortunes. But one *Oedipus*, *Hercules*, or *Medea*, had been tolerable; poor People they scap'd not so good cheap: they had still the *Chapon-Bouille* set before them, till their Appetites were cloy'd with the same Dish, and the Novelty being gone, the Pleasure vanish'd: So that one main end of *Dramatick Poesie* in its Definition, which was to cause Delight, was of consequence destroy'd.

In their Comedies, The *Romans* generally borrow'd their Plots from the *Greek* Poets; and theirs was commonly a little Girl stolen or wandred from her Parents, brought back unknown to the City, there got with Child by some lewd young Fellow; who, by the help of his Servant, cheats his Father, and when her time comes, to cry *Juno Lucina fer opem*; one or other sees a little Box or Cabinet which was carried away with her, and so discovers her to her Friends; if some God do not prevent it, by coming down in a Machine, and taking the thanks of it to himself.

By the Plot you may guess much of the Characters of the Persons. An old Father who would willingly before he dies, see his Son well married; his debauch'd Son, kind in his Nature to his Mistress, but miserably in want of Mony; a Servant or Slave, who has so much Wit to strike in with him, and help to dupe his Father, a Braggadochio Captain, a Parasite, and a Lady of Pleasure.

As for the poor honest Maid, on whom the Story is built, and who ought to be one of the principal Actors in the Play, she is commonly a Mute in it: She has the breeding of the Old *Elizabeth* way, which was for Maids to be seen, and not to be heard; and it is enough you know she is willing to be married, when the Fifth Act requires it.

These are Plots built after the *Italian* Mode of Houses, you see through them all at once; the Characters are indeed the Imitations of Nature, but so narrow as if they had imitated only an Eye or an Hand, and did not dare to venture on the Lines of a Face, or the Proportion of a Body.

But in how straight a compass soever they have bounded their Plots and Characters, we will pass it by, if they have regularly pursued them, and perfectly observ'd those three Unities of Time, Place, and Action: the knowledge of which you say is deriv'd to us from them. But in the first Place give me leave to tell you, that the Unity of Place, however it might be practis'd by them, was never any of their Rules: We neither

find it in *Aristotle*, *Horace*, or any who have written of it, till in our Age the *French* Poets first made it a Precept of the Stage. The Unity of Time, even *Terence* himself (who was the best, and most regular of them) has neglected: His *Heautontimoroumenos* or Self-punisher takes up visibly two Days, says *Scaliger*; the two first Acts concluding the first Day, the three last the Day ensuing; and *Euripides*, in tying himself to one Day, has committed an absurdity never to be forgiven him: For in one of his Tragedies he has made *Theseus* go from *Athens* to *Thebes*, which was about forty *English* Miles, under the Walls of it to give Battel, and appear Victorious in the next Act; and yet from the time of his Departure to the return of the *Nuntius*, who gives the Relation of his Victory, *Æthra* and the Chorus have but thirty six Verses; which is not for every Mile a Verse.

The like Error is as evident in *Terence* his *Eunuch*, when *Laches*, the old Man, enters by mistake into the House of *Thais*, where betwixt his Exit, and the Entrance of *Pythias*, who comes to give ample Relation of the Disorders he has rais'd within, *Parmeno* who was left upon the Stage, has not above five Lines to speak: *C'est bien employer un temps si court*, says the *French* Poet, who furnish'd me with one of the Observations: And almost all their Tragedies will afford us Examples of the like Nature.

'Tis true, they have kept the Continuity, or as you call'd it, *Liaison des Scenes* somewhat better: two do not perpetually come in together, talk, and go out together; and other two succeed them, and do the same throughout the Act, which the *English* call by the Name of single Scenes; but the reason is, because they have seldom above two or three Scenes, properly so call'd, in every Act; for it is be accounted a new Scene, not only every time the Stage is empty, but every Person who enters, tho' to others, makes it so; because he introduces a new Business: Now the Plots of their Plays being narrow, and the Persons few, one of their Acts was written in a less compass than one of our well-wrought Scenes,

Scenes, and yet they are often deficient even in this: To go no further than *Terence*, you find in the Eunuch *Antipho* entring single in the midst of the third Act, after *Chremes* and *Pythias* were gone off: In the same Play you have likewise *Dorias* beginning the fourth Act alone; and after she has made a Relation of what was done at the Soldiers entertainment (which by the way was very inartificial) because she was presum'd to speak directly to the Audience, and to acquaint them with what was Necessary to be known, but yet should have been so contriv'd by the Poet as to have been told by Persons of the *Drama* to one another, (and so by them to have come to the Knowledge of the People) she quits the Stage, and *Phadria* enters next, alone likewise: He also gives you an Account of himself, and of his returning from the Country in *Monologue*, to which unnatural way of Narration *Terence* is subject in all his Plays: In his *Adelphi* or Brothers, *Syrus* and *Demea* enter; after the Scene was broken by the Departure of *Sofrata*, *Geta* and *Canthara*; and indeed you can scarce look into any of his Comedies, where you will not presently discover the same interruption.

But as they have fail'd both in laying of their Plots, and in the Management, swerving from the Rules of their own Art, by mis-representing Nature to us, in which they have ill satisfied one intention of a Play, which was Delight; so in the instructive Part they have err'd worse: Instead of punishing Vice, and rewarding Virtue, they have often shewn a prosperous Wickedness, and an unhappy Piety: They have set before us a bloody Image of Revenge in *Medea*, and given her Dragons to convey her safe from Punishment. A *Priam* and *Astyanax* murder'd, and *Cassandra* ravish'd, and the Lust and Murder ending in the Victory of him who acted them. In short, there is no indecorum in any of our modern Plays, which if I would excuse, I could not shadow with some Authority from the Ancients.

And one farther Note of them let me leave you: Tragedies and Comedies were not writ then as they are now, promiscuously, by the same Person; but he who

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found his Genius bending to the one, never attempted the other way. This is so plain, that I need not instance to you, that *Aristophanes, Plautus, Terence*, never any of them writ a Tragedy; *Æschylus, Euripides, Sophocles* and *Seneca*, never meddled with Comedy: The Sock and Buskin were not worn by the same Poet. Having then so much care to excel in one kind, very little is to be pardon'd them if they miscarried in it; and this would lead me to the Consideration of their Wit, had not *Crites* given me sufficient Warning not to be too bold in my Judgment of it; because the Languages being dead, and many of the Customs, and little Accidents on which it depended, lost to us, we are not competent Judges of it. But tho' I grant, that here and there we may miss the Application of a Proverb or a Custom, yet a thing well said will be Wit in all Languages; and tho' it may lose something in the Translation, yet to him who reads it in the Original, 'tis still the same; He has an Idea of its Excellency, tho' it cannot pass from his Mind into any other Expression or Words than those in which he finds it. When *Phadria* in the *Eunuch* had a Command from his Mistress to be absent two Days, and encouraging himself to go through with it, said, *Tandem ego non illâ caream, si opus sit, vel totum triduum? Parmeno*, to mock the softness of his Master, lifting up his Hands and Eyes, cries out as it were in admiration, *Hui! univrsum triduum!* the Elegancy of which *univrsum*, tho' it cannot be rendred in our Language, yet leaves an impression on our Souls: But this happens seldom in him, in *Plautus* oftner; who is infinitely too bold in his Metaphors and coyning Words; out of which many times his Wit is nothing, which questionless was one reason why *Horace* falls upon him so severely in those Verses:

*Sed Proavi nostri Plautinos & numeros, &
Laudavere sales, nimium patienter utrumque,
Ne dicam stolidé.*

For *Horace* himself was cautious to obtrude a new Word on his Readers, and makes Custom and common Use the best Measure of receiving it into our Writings.

*Multa renascentur qua nunc cecidere, cadentque
Qua nunc sunt in honore vocabula, si volet usus,
Quem penes, arbitrium est, & jus, & norma loquendi.*

The not observing this Rule is that which the World has blam'd in our Satyrift *Cleveland*; to express a thing hard and unnaturally, is his new way of Elocution: 'Tis true, no Poet but may sometimes use a *Catachresis*; *Virgil* does it,

Mistaque ridenti Colocasia fundet Acantho.

In his Eclogue of *Pollio*, and in his seventh *Aeneid*.

*Mirantur & unda,
Miratur nemus, insuetum fulgentia longe.
Scuta virum fluvio, pictasque innare carinas.*

And *Ovid* once so modestly, that he asks leave to do it,

*Si verbo audacia detur,
Haud metuum summi dixisse Palatia caeli.*

Calling the Court of *Jupiter* by the Name of *Augustus* his Palace, tho' in another place he is more bold, where he says, *Et longas visent Capitolia pompas*. But to do this always, and never be able to write a Line without it, tho' it may be admir'd by some few Pedants, will not pass upon those who know that Wit is best convey'd to us in the most easie Language; and is most to be admir'd when a great Thought comes drest in words so commonly receiv'd, that it is understood by the meanest Apprehensions, as the best Meat is the most easily digested. But we cannot read a Verse of *Cleveland's* without making a Face at it, as if every word were a Pill to swallow: He gives us many times a hard Nut to break our Teeth, without a Kernel for our Pains. So that there is this difference betwixt his *Satyrs* and Doctor *Dom's*, That the one gives us deep Thoughts in com-
mon

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mon Language, tho' rough Cadence; the other gives us common Thoughts in abstruse Words: 'Tis true, in some places his Wit is independent of his Words, as in that of the Rebel *Scot*:

*Had Cain been Scot, God would have chang'd his Doom;
Not forc'd him wander, but confin'd him home.*

Si sic omnia dixisset! This is Wit in all Languages: 'Tis like Mercury, never to be lost or kill'd: And so that other,

*For Beauty, like White-Powder, makes no noise,
And yet the silent Hypocrite destroys.*

You see the last Line is highly Metaphorical, but it is so soft and gentle, that it does not shock us as we read it.

But, to return from whence I have digress'd, to the Consideration of the Ancients Writing and their Wit, (of which, by this time, you will grant us in some measure to be fit Judges,) Tho' I see many excellent Thoughts in *Seneca*; yet he, of them who had a Genius most proper for the Stage, was *Ovid*; he had a way of writing so fit to stir up a pleasing Admiration and Concernment, which are the Objects of a Tragedy, and to shew the various Movements of a Soul combating betwixt two different Passions, that had he liv'd in our Age, or in his own could have writ with our Advantages, no Man but must have yielded to him; and therefore I am confident the *Medea* is none of his; for though I esteem it for the Gravity and Sententiousness of it, which he himself concludes to be suitable to a Tragedy, *Omne genus scripti gravitate Tragoedia vincit*, yet it moves not my Soul enough to judge that he, who in the Epique way wrote things so near the *Drama*, as the Story of *Myrrha*, of *Camus* and *Biblis*, and the rest, should stir up no more concernment where he most endeavour'd it. The Master-piece of *Seneca* I hold to be that Scene in the *Troades*, where *Ulysses* is seeking for *Astyanax* to kill him;

him; There you see the Tenderness of a Mother, so represented in *Andromache*, that it raises Compassion to a high Degree in the Reader, and bears the nearest Resemblance of any thing in the Tragedies of the Ancients, to the excellent Scenes of Passion in *Shakespear*, or in *Fletcher*: For Love-Scenes you will find few among them, their Tragick Poets dealt not with that soft Passion, but with Lust, Cruelty, Revenge, Ambition, and those bloody Actions they produc'd; which were more capable of raising Horrour than Compassion in an Audience: Leaving Love untouch'd, whose Gentleness would have temper'd them, which is the most frequent of all the Passions, and which being the private Concernment of every Person, is sooth'd by viewing its own Image in a publick Entertainment.

Among their Comedies, we find a Scene or two of Tenderness, and that where you would least expect it, in *Plautus*; but to speak generally, their Lovers say little, when they see each other, but *anima mea, vita mea; Ζωνή κ' Ψυχή*, as the Women in *Juvenal's* time us'd to cry out in the Fury of their Kindness: Any sudden gust of Passion (as an Ecstasie of Love in an unexpected Meeting) cannot better be express'd than in a word, and a sigh, breaking one another. Nature is dumb on such occasions, and to make her speak, would be to represent her unlike her self. But there are a thousand other Concernments of Lovers, as Jealousies, Complaints, Contrivances, and the like, where not to open their Minds at large to each other, were to be wanting to their own Love, and to the Expectation of the Audience; who watch the Movements of their Minds, as much as the Changes of their Fortunes. For the imagining of the first is properly the Work of a Poet, the latter he borrows from the Historian.

Eugenius was proceeding in that part of his Discourse, when *Crites* interrupted him. I see, said he, *Eugenius* and I are never like to have this Question decided betwixt us; for he maintains the Moderns have acquir'd a new Perfection in Writing, I can only grant they have altered the Mode of it. *Homer* describ'd his Heroes, Men
of

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of great Appetites, Lovers of Beef broil'd upon the Coals, and good Fellows; contrary to the Practice of the *French* Romances, whose Heroes neither eat, nor drink, nor sleep for Love. *Virgil* makes *Æneas* a bold Avower of his own Virtues,

Sum pius Æneas famâ super aethera notus;

which in the civility of our Poets is the Character of a Fanfaron or Hector: For with us the Knight takes occasion to walk out, or sleep, to avoid the Vanity of telling his own Story, which the trusty Squire is ever to perform for him. So in their Love-Scenes, of which *Eugenius* spoke last, the Ancients were more hearty, we more talkative: They writ Love as it was then the Mode to make it, and I will grant this much to *Eugenius*, that perhaps one of their Poets, had he liv'd in our Age,

Si foret hoc nostrum fato delapsus in ævum,

(as *Horace* says of *Lucilius*) he had alter'd many things; not that they were not natural before, but that he might accommodate himself to the Age in which he liv'd; yet in the mean time we are not to conclude any thing rashly against those great Men, but preserve to them the Dignity of Masters, and give that Honour to their Memories, (*Quos Libitina sacravit;*) part off which we expect may be paid to us in future Times.

This Moderation of *Crites*, as it was pleasing to all the Company, so it put an end to that Dispute; which *Eugenius*, who seem'd to have the better of the Argument, would urge no farther: But *Lisideius*, after he had acknowledg'd himself of *Eugenius* his Opinion, concerning the Ancients; yet told him he had forbore, till his Discourse were ended, to ask him, why he prefer'd the *English* Plays above those of other Nations? And whether we ought not to submit our Stage to the Exactness of our next Neighbours?

Tho', said *Eugenius*, I am at all times ready to defend the Honour of my Country against the *French*, and to main-

maintain, we are as well able to vanquish them with our Pens as our Ancestors have been with their Swords; yet, if you please, added he, looking upon *Neander*, I will commit this Cause to my Friend's management; his Opinion of our Plays is the same with mine: And besides, there is no reason, that *Crites* and I, who have now left the Stage, should re-enter so suddenly upon it; which is against the Laws of Comedý.

If the Question had been stated, replied *Lisideius*, who had writ best, the *French* or *English* forty Years ago, I should have been of your Opinion, and adjudged the Honour to our own Nation; but since that time, (said he, turning towards *Neander*) we have been so long together bad *Englishmen*, that we had not leisure to be good Poets; *Beaumont*, *Fletcher*, and *Johnson* (who were only capable of bringing us to that degree of Perfection which we have) were just then leaving the World; as if in an Age of so much Horror, Wit and those milder Studies of Humanity had no farther business among us. But the Muses, who ever follow Peace, went to plant in another Country; it was then that the great Cardinal of *Richlieu* began to take them into his Protection; and that, by his Encouragement, *Corneille* and some other *French-men* reform'd their Theatre, (which before was as much below ours, as it now surpasses it and the rest of *Europe*;) but because *Crites*, in his Discourse for the Ancients, has prevented me, by observing many Rules of the Stage, which the Moderns have borrow'd from them; I shall only, in short, demand of you, whether you are not convinc'd that of all Nations the *French* have best observ'd them? In the Unity of time you find them so scrupulous, that it yet remains a dispute among their Poets, whether the artificial Day of twelve Hours, more or less, be not meant by *Aristotle*, rather than the natural one of twenty four; and consequently, whether all Plays ought not to be reduc'd into that compass? This I can testify, that in all their *Drama's* writ within these last twenty Years and upwards, I have not observ'd any that have extended the time to thirty Hours. In the Unity of place they are full as scrupulous, for many of their Criticks

limit

limit it to that very Spot of Ground where the Play is suppos'd to begin; none of them exceed the compass of the same Town or City.

The Unity of Action in all their Plays is yet more conspicuous, for they do not burden them with Under-plots, as the *English* do; which is the reason why many Scenes of our Tragi-comedies carry on a design that is nothing of kin to the main Plot; and that we see two distinct Webs in a Play, like those in ill-wrought Stuffs; and two Actions, that is, two Plays carried on together, to the confounding of the Audience; who, before they are warm in their Concernments for one part, are diverted to another; and by that means espouse the Interest of neither. From hence likewise it arises, that the one half of our Actors are not known to the other. They keep their distances as if they were *Mountagues* and *Capulets*, and seldom begin an Acquaintance 'till the last Scene of the Fifth Act, when they are all to meet upon the Stage. There is no Theatre in the World has any thing so absurd as the *English* Tragi-comedy, 'tis a *Drama* of our own Invention, and the fashion of it is enough to proclaim it so; here a course of Mirth, there another of Sadness and Passion, and a third of Honour and a Duel: Thus in two Hours and a half we run through all the Fits of *Bedlam*. The *French* afford you as much variety on the same Day, but they do it not so unseasonably, or *mal à propos* as we: Our Poets present you the Play and the Farce together; and our Stages still retain somewhat of the original civility of the Red-Bull.

Atque ursum & pugiles media inter carmina poscunt.

The end of Tragedies or serious Plays, says *Aristotle*, is to beget Admiration, Compassion, or Concernment; but are not Mirth and Compassion things incompatible? And is it not evident, that the Poet must of necessity destroy the former by intermingling of the latter? That is, he must ruin the sole End and Object of his Tragedy to introduce somewhat that is forced into it, and is not of the body of it: Would you not think that Physician
mad,

mad, who having prescribed a Purge, should immediately order you to take Restringsents?

But to leave our Plays, and return to theirs, I have noted one great Advantage they have had in the Plotting of their Tragedies; that is, they are always grounded upon some known History; according to that of *Horace*, *Ex noto fictum carmen sequar*; and in that they have so imitated the Ancients, that they have surpass'd them. For the Ancients, as was observ'd before, took for the foundation of their Plays some Poetical Fiction, such as under that consideration could move but little concernment in the Audience; because they already knew the Event of it. But the *French* goes farther;

*Atque ita mentitur; sic veris falsa remiscet,
Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepet immum.*

He so interweaves Truth with probable Fiction, that he puts a pleasing Fallacy upon us; mends the intrigues of Fate, and dispenses with the severity of History, to reward that Virtue which has been render'd to us there unfortunate. Sometimes the Story has left the Success so doubtful, that the Writer is free, by the privilege of a Poet, to take that which of two or more Relations will best suit with his Design: As for Example, In the death of *Cyrus*, whom *Justin* and some others report to have perish'd in the *Scythian* War, but *Xenophon* affirms to have died in his Bed of extream old Age. Nay more, when the Event is past dispute, even then we are willing to be deceiv'd, and the Poet, if he contrives it with appearance of Truth, has all the Audience of his Party; at least during the time his Play is acting: So naturally we are kind to Virtue, when our own Interest is not in question, that we take it up as the general Concernment of Mankind. On the other side, if you consider the Historical Plays of *Shakespear*, they are rather so many Chronicles of Kings, or the Business many times of thirty or forty Years, crampt into a Representation of two Hours and a half, which is not to imitate or paint Nature, but rather to draw her in miniature, to take her in little; to
look

look upon her through the wrong end of a Perspective; and receive her Images not only much less, but infinitely more imperfect than the Life: This, instead of making a Play delightful, renders it ridiculous.

Quodcumque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.

For the Spirit of Man cannot be satisfied but with Truth, or at least Verisimilitude; and a Poem is to contain, if not τὰ ἔτυμα. yet ἐτύμοισιν ὁμοία, as one of the Greek Poets has express'd it.

Another thing in which the *French* differ from us and from the *Spaniards*, is, that they do not embarrass or cumber themselves with too much Plot: They only represent so much of a Story as will constitute one whole and great Action sufficient for a Play; we, who undertake more, do but multiply Adventures; which, not being produc'd from one another, as Effects from Causes, but barely following, constitute many Actions in the *Drama*; and consequently make it many Plays.

But by pursuing closely one Argument, which is not cloy'd with many Turns, the *French* have gain'd more liberty for Verse, in which they write: They have leisure to dwell on a Subject which deserves it; and to represent the Passions (which we have acknowledg'd to be the Poets work) without being hurried from one thing to another, as we are in the Plays of *Calderon*, which we have seen lately upon our Theaters, under the name of *Spanish* Plots. I have taken notice but of one Tragedy of ours, whose Plot has that uniformity and unity of Design in it, which I have commended in the *French*; and that is *Rollo*, or rather, under the name of *Rollo*, The Story of *Bassianus* and *Geta*, in *Herodian*; there indeed the Plot is neither large nor intricate, but just enough to fill the Minds of the Audience, not to cloy them. Besides, you see it founded upon the truth of History, only the time of the Action is not reduceable to the strictness of the Rules; and you see in some places a little Farce mingled, which is below the dignity of the other Parts; and in this all our Poets are extremely peccant, even *Ben.*

Johnson

Johnson himself in *Sejanus* and *Catiline* has given us this Oleo of a Play; this unnatural Mixture of Comedy and Tragedy, which to me sounds just as ridiculously as the History of *David* with the merry Humours of *Goliath*. In *Sejanus* you may take notice of the Scene betwixt *Livia* and the Physician, which is a pleasant Satyr upon the artificial helps of Beauty: In *Catiline* you may see the Parliament of Women; the little Envies of them to one another; and all that passeth betwixt *Curio* and *Fulvia*: Scenes admirable in their kind, but of an ill mingle with the rest.

But I return again to the *French* Writers; who, as I have said, do not burden themselves too much with Plot, which has been reproach'd to them by an ingenious Person of our Nation as a Fault; for he says they commonly make but one Person considerable in a Play; they dwell on him, and his concernments, while the rest of the Persons are only subservient to set him off. If he intends this by it, that there is one Person in the Play who is of greater Dignity than the rest, he must tax, not only theirs, but those of the Ancients, and, which he would be loath to do, the best of ours; for 'tis impossible but that one Person must be more conspicuous in it than any other, and consequently the greatest share in the Action must devolve on him. We see it so in the management of all Affairs; even in the most equal Aristocracy, the ballance cannot be so justly pois'd, but some one will be Superiour to the rest; either in Parts, Fortune, Interest, or the Consideration of some glorious Exploit; which will reduce the greatest part of Business into his Hands.

But, if he would have us to imagine, that in exalting one Character the rest of them are neglected, and that all of them have not some share or other in the Action of the Play, I desire him to produce any of *Corneille's* Tragedies, wherein every Person (like so many Servants in a well-govern'd Family) has not some Employment, and who is not necessary to the carrying on of the Plot, or at least to your understanding it.

There are indeed some protatick Persons in the Ancients, whom they make use of in their Plays, either to hear, or give the Relation: But the *French* avoid this with great Address, making their Narrations only to, or by such, who are some way interess'd in the main Design. And now I am speaking of Relations, I cannot take a fitter Opportunity to add this in favour of the *French*, that they often use them with better judgment and more *a propos* than the *English* do. Not that I commend Narrations in general, but there are two sorts of them; one of those things which are antecedent to the Play, and are related to make the conduct of it more clear to us; but 'tis a Fault to chuse such Subjects for the Stage as will force us on that Rock; because we see they are seldom listned to by the Audience, and that is many times the ruin of the Play: For, being once let pass without Attention, the Audience can never recover themselves to understand the Plot; and indeed it is somewhat unreasonable, that they should be put to so much trouble, as, that to comprehend what passes in their sight, they must have recourse to what was done, perhaps, ten or twenty Years ago.

But there is another sort of Relations, that is of things happening in the Action of the Play, and suppos'd to be done behind the Scenes: And this is many times both convenient and beautiful: For, by it the *French* avoid the Tumult, to which we are subject in *England*, by representing Duels, Battels, and the like; which renders our Stage too like the Theaters where they fight Prizes. For what is more ridiculous than to represent an Army with a Drum and five Men behind it; all which, the Heroe of the other side is to drive in before him? or to see a Duel fought, and one slain with two or three thrusts of the Foyles, which we know are so blunted, that we might give a Man an Hour to kill another in good earnest with them?

I have observ'd, that in all our Tragedies the Audience cannot forbear laughing when the Actors are to die; 'tis the most comick Part of the whole Play. All *Passions* may be lively represented on the Stage, if to the well-writing

writing of them the Actor supplies a good commanded Voice, and Limbs that move easily, and without stiffness; but there are many *Actions* which can never be imitated to a just height: Dying especially is a thing which none but a *Roman* Gladiator could naturally perform on the Stage, when he did not imitate or represent, but do it; and therefore it is better to omit the Representation of it.

The Words of a good Writer which describe it lively, will make a deeper Impression of Belief in us, than all the Actor can insinuate into us, when he seems to fall dead before us; as a Poet in the description of a beautiful Garden, or a Meadow, will please our Imagination more than the place it self can please our sight. When we see Death represented, we are convinc'd it is but Fiction; but when we hear it related, our Eyes (the strongest Witnesses) are wanting, which might have undeceiv'd us; and we are all willing to favour the slight when the Poet does not too grossly impose on us. They therefore who imagine these Relations would make no Concernment in the Audience, are deceiv'd, by confounding them with the other, which are of things antecedent to the Play; those are made often in cold Blood (as I may say) to the Audience; but these are warm'd with our Concernments, which were before awaken'd in the Play. What the Philosophers say of Motion, that, when it is once begun, it continues of it self, and will do so to Eternity without some stop put to it, is clearly true on this Occasion; the Soul being already mov'd with the Characters and Fortunes of those imaginary Persons, continues going of its own accord, and we are no more weary to hear what becomes of them when they are not on the Stage, than we are to listen to the News of an absent Mistress. But it is objected, That if one part of the Play may be related, then why not all? I answer, Some parts of the Action are more fit to be represented, some to be related. *Corneille* says judiciously, that the Poet is not oblig'd to expose to view all particular Actions which conduce to the principal: He ought to select such of them to be seen, which will appear with the greatest Beauty,

Beauty, either by the magnificence of the Show, or the vehemence of Passions which they produce, or some other Charm which they have in them, and let the rest arrive to the Audience by Narration. 'Tis a great mistake in us to believe the *French* present no part of the Action on the Stage: Every alteration or crossing of a Design, every new-sprung Passion, and turn of it, is a part of the Action, and much the noblest, except we conceive nothing to be Action till the Players come to Blows; as if the painting of the Heroes Mind were not more properly the Poets Work, than the strength of his Body. Nor does this any thing contradict the Opinion of *Horace*, where he tells us,

*Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
Quam qua sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.*——

For he says immediately after,

——— *Non tamen intus
Digna geri promes in scenam, multaque tolles.
Ex oculis, qua mox narret facundia prasens.*

Among which many he recounts some.

*Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet,
Aut in avem Progne mutetur, Cadmus in anguem, &c.*

That is, those Actions which by reason of their Cruelty will cause Aversion in us, or by reason of their Impossibility, Unbelief, ought either wholly to be avoided by a Poet, or only deliver'd by Narration. To which we may have leave to add such as to avoid Tumult, (as was before hinted) or to reduce the Plot into a more reasonable compass of time, or for defect of Beauty in them, are rather to be related than presented to the Eye. Examples of all these kinds are frequent, not only among all the Ancients, but in the best receiv'd of our *English* Poets. We find *Ben. Johnson* using them in his *Magnetick Lady*, where one comes out from Dinner, and relates

relates the Quarrels and Disorders of it to save the undecent appearance of them on the Stage, and to abbreviate the Story: And this in exprefs imitation of *Terence*, who had done the same before him in his *Eunuch*, where *Pythias* makes the like Relation of what had happen'd within at the Soldier's Entertainment. The Relations likewise of *Sejanus's* Death, and the Prodigies before it, are remarkable; the one of which was hid from sight to avoid the Horror and Tumult of the Representation; the other to shun the introducing of things impossible to be believ'd. In that excellent Play, *The King and no King*, *Fletcher* goes yet farther; for the whole unravelling of the Plot is done by Narration in the fifth Act, after the manner of the Ancients; and it moves great Concernment in the Audience, tho' it be only a Relation of what was done many Years before the Play. I could multiply other Instances, but these are sufficient to prove, that there is no Error in chusing a Subject which requires this sort of Narrations; in the ill Management of them, there may.

But I find I have been too long in this Discourse, since the *French* have many other Excellencies not common to us; as that you never see any of their Plays end with a Conversion, or simple change of Will, which is the ordinary way which our Poets use to end theirs. It shews little Art in the conclusion of a Dramatick Poem, when they who have hinder'd the felicity during the four Acts, desist from it in the Fifth, without some powerful Cause to take them off their Design; and tho' I deny not but such Reasons may be found, yet it is a Path that is cautiously to be trod, and the Poet is to be sure he convinces the Audience, that the Motive is strong enough. As for Example, The Conversion of the Usurer in *The Scornful Lady*, seems to me a little forc'd; for being an Usurer, which implies a lover of Money to the highest degree of Covetousness, (and such the Poet has represented him) the Account he gives for the sudden Change is, that he has been dup'd by the wild young Fellow, which in reason might render him more wary another time, and make him punish himself with harder

Fare

Fare and coarser Cloaths to get up again what he had lost: But that he should look on it as a Judgment, and so repent, we may expect to hear in a Sermon, but I should never indure it in a Play.

I pass by this; neither will I insist on the Care they take, that no Person after his first Entrance shall ever appear, but the Business which brings him upon the Stage shall be evident: Which Rule if observ'd, must needs render all the Events in the Play more natural: For there you see the probability of every Accident, in the Cause that produc'd it; and that which appears Chance in the Play, will seem so reasonable to you, that you will there find it almost necessary; so that in the Exit of the Actor you have a clear account of his Purpose and Design in the next Entrance: (tho', if the Scene be well wrought, the Event will commonly deceive you) for there is nothing so absurd, says *Corneille*, as for an Actor to leave the Stage, only because he has no more to say.

I should now speak of the beauty of their Rhyme, and the just reason I have to prefer that way of writing in Tragedies before ours in Blank-Verse; but because it is partly receiv'd by us, and therefore not altogether peculiar to them, I will say no more of it in relation to their Plays. For our own, I doubt not but it will exceedingly beautifie them, and I can see but one Reason why it should not generally obtain, that is, because our Poets write so ill in it. This indeed may prove a more prevailing Argument than all others which are us'd to destroy it, and therefore I am only troubled when great and judicious Poets, and those who are acknowledg'd such, have writ or spoke against it; as for others, they are to be answer'd by that one Sentence of an ancient Author.

Sed ut primo ad consequendos eos quos priores ducimus accendimur, ita ubi aut prateriri, aut equari eos posse desperavimus, studium cum spe senescit: quod, scilicet, assequi non potest, sequi desinit; prateritoque eo in quo eminere non possumus, aliquid in quo nitamur conquirimus.

Lisideius concluded in this manner; and *Neander* after a little pause thus answer'd him.

I shall grant *Lisideius*, without much dispute, a great part of what he has urg'd against us; for I acknowledge, that the *French* contrive their Plots more regularly, and observe the Laws of Comedy, and decorum of the Stage (to speak generally) with more Exactness than the *English*. Farther, I deny not but he has tax'd us justly in some Irregularities of ours which he has mention'd; yet, after all, I am of Opinion, that neither our Faults nor their Virtues are considerable enough to place them above us.

For the lively Imitation of Nature being in the definition of a Play, those which best fulfil that Law, ought to be esteem'd Superior to the others. 'Tis true, those Beauties of the *French* Poesie are such as will raise Perfection higher where it is, but are not sufficient to give it where it is not: They are indeed the Beauties of a Statue, but not of a Man, because not animated with the Soul of Poesie, which is imitation of Humour and Passions: And this *Lisideius* himself, or any other, however byas'd to their Party, cannot but acknowledge, if he will either compare the Humours of our Comedies, or the Characters of our serious Plays with theirs. He who will look upon theirs which have been written 'till these last ten Years or thereabouts, will find it an hard matter to pick out two or three passable Humours amongst them. *Corneille* himself, their Arch-Poet, what has he produc'd, except *The Lier*, and you know how it was cry'd up in *France*; but when it came upon the *English* Stage, though well translated, and that part of *Dorant* acted with so much Advantage as I am confident it never receiv'd in its own Country, the most favourable to it would not put it in Competition with many of *Fletcher's* or *Ben. Johnson's*. In the rest of *Corneille's* Comedies you have little Humour; he tells you himself his way is first to shew two Lovers in good Intelligence with each other; in the working up of the Play, to embroil them by some Mistake, and in the latter end to clear it, and reconcile them.

But of late Years *Moliere*, the younger *Corneille*, *Quinault*, and some others, have been imitating afar off the

quick Turns and Graces of the *English* Stage. They have mix'd their serious Plays with Mirth, like our Tragi-Comedies, since the Death of Cardinal *Richelieu*, which *Lisideius*, and many others not observing, have commended that in them for a Virtue, which they themselves no longer practise. Most of their new Plays are, like some of ours, derived from the *Spanish* Novels. There is scarce one of them without a Veil, and a trusty *Diego*, who drols much after the rate of the *Adventures*. But their Humours, if I may grace them with that name, are so thin sown, that never above one of them comes up in any Play: I dare take upon me to find more variety of them in some one Play of *Ben. Johnson's*, than in all theirs together: As he who has seen the *Alchymist*, the *Silent Woman*, or *Bartholomew-Fair*, cannot but acknowledge with me.

I grant the *French* have performed what was possible on the ground-work of the *Spanish* Plays; what was pleasant before, they have made regular; but there is not above one good Play to be writ on all those Plots; they are too much alike to please often, which we need not the Experience of our own Stage to justify. As for their new Way of mingling Mirth with serious Plot, I do not, with *Lisideius*, condemn the thing, though I cannot approve their manner of doing it: He tells us, we cannot so speedily recollect our selves after a Scene of great Passion and Concernment, as to pass to another of Mirth and Humour, and to enjoy it with any relish: But why should he imagine the Soul of Man more heavy than his Senses? Does not the Eye pass from an unpleasant Object to a pleasant, in a much shorter time than is required to this? And does not the Unpleasantness of the first commend the Beauty of the latter? The old Rule of Logick might have convinc'd him, That Contraries when plac'd near, set off each other. A continued Gravity keeps the Spirit too much bent; we must refresh it sometimes, as we bait in a Journey, that we may go on with greater ease. A Scene of Mirth mix'd with Tragedy, has the same effect upon us which our Musick has betwixt the Acts, which we find a Relief to

us from the best Plots and Language of the Stage, if the Discourses have been long. I must therefore have stronger Arguments 'ere I am convinc'd, that Compassion and Mirth in the same Subject destroy each other, and in the mean time, cannot but conclude, to the Honour of our Nation, that we have invented, increas'd, and perfected a more pleasant way of writing for the Stage, than was ever known to the Ancients or Moderns of any Nation, which is Tragi-Comedy.

And this leads me to wonder why *Lisideius* and many others should cry up the Barrenness of the *French* Plots, above the Variety and Copiousness of the *English*. Their Plots are single, they carry on one Design which is push'd forward by all the Actors, every Scene in the Play contributing and moving towards it: Our Plays, besides the main Design, have Under-Plots, or By-Concernments, of less considerable Persons, and Intrigues, which are carried on with the Motion of the main Plot: As they say the Orb of the fix'd Stars, and those of the Planets, though they have Motions of their own, are whirl'd about by the Motion of the *primum mobile*, in which they are contain'd: That Similitude expresses much of the *English* Stage: For if contrary Motions may be found in Nature to agree; if a Planet can go East and West at the same time; one way by Virtue of his own Motion, the other by the force of the first Mover; it will not be difficult to imagine how the Under-Plot, which is only different, not contrary to the great Design, may naturally be conducted along with it.

Eugenius has already shewn us, from the Confession of the *French* Poets, that the Unity of Action is sufficiently preserv'd, if all the imperfect Actions of the Play are conducing to the main Design: But when those petty Intrigues of a Play are so ill order'd, that they have no coherence with the other, I must grant that *Lisideius* has reason to tax that want of due Connexion; for Coordination in a Play is as dangerous and unnatural as in a State. In the mean time, he must acknowledge our Variety, if well order'd, will afford a greater Pleasure to the Audience.

As for his other Argument, that by pursuing one single Theme they gain an Advantage to express and work up the Passions, I wish any Example he could bring from them would make it good: for I confess their Verses are to me the coldest I have ever read: Neither indeed is it possible for them, in the way they take, so to express Passion, as that the Effects of it should appear in the Concernment of an Audience, their Speeches being so many Declamations, which tire us with the length; so that instead of perswading us to grieve for their imaginary Heroes, we are concern'd for our own trouble, as we are in tedious Visits of bad Company; we are in pain till they are gone. When the *French Stage* came to be reform'd by Cardinal *Richelieu*, those long Harangues were introduc'd, to comply with the Gravity of a Churchman. Look upon the *Cinna* and the *Pompey*, they are not so properly to be called Plays, as long Discourses of Reason of State: And *Poliencte* in Matters of Religion is as solemn as the long Stops upon our Organs. Since that time it is grown into a Custom, and their Actors speak by the Hour-glass, like our Parsons; nay, they account it the Grace of their Parts, and think themselves disparaged by the Poet, if they may not twice or thrice in a Play entertain the Audience with a Speech of an hundred Lines. I deny not but this may suit well enough with the *French*; for as we, who are a more sullen People, come to be diverted at our Plays; so they, who are of an airy and gay Temper, come thither to make themselves more serious: And this I conceive to be one reason, why Comedies are more pleasing to us, and Tragedies to them. But to speak generally, it cannot be deny'd, that short Speeches and Replies are more apt to move the Passions, and beget Concernment in us, than the other: For it is unnatural for any one in a Gust of Passion, to speak long together, or for another, in the same Condition, to suffer him without Interruption. Grief and Passion are like Floods rais'd in little Brooks by a sudden Rain; they are quickly up, and if the Concernment be pour'd unexpectedly in upon us, it overflows us: But a long sober Shower gives them

them leisure to run out as they came in, without troubling the ordinary Current. As for Comedy, Repartee is one of its chiefest Graces; the greatest Pleasure of the Audience is a Chace of Wit kept up on both sides, and swiftly manag'd. And this our Fore-Fathers, if not we, have had in *Fletcher's* Plays, to a much higher Degree of Perfection; than the *French* Poets can, reasonably, hope to reach.

There is another part of *Lisideius* his Discourse, in which he has rather excus'd our Neighbours than commended them; that is, for aiming only to make one Person considerable in their Plays. 'Tis very true what he has urged, That one Character in all Plays, even without the Poet's Care, will have Advantage of all the others; and that the Design of the whole *Drama* will chiefly depend on it. But this hinders not that there may be more shining Characters in the Play; many Persons of a second Magnitude, nay, some so very near, so almost equal to the first, that Greatness may be oppos'd to Greatness, and all the Persons be made considerable, not only by their Quality, but their Action. 'Tis evident, that the more the Persons are, the greater will be the Variety of the Plot. If then the Parts are managed so regularly, that the Beauty of the whole be kept intire, and that the Variety become not a perplex'd and confus'd Mass of Accidents, you will find it infinitely pleasing to be led in a Labyrinth of Design, where you see some of your way before you, yet discern not the End till you arrive at it. And that all this is practicable, I can produce for Examples many of our *English* Plays: As the *Maid's Tragedy*, the *Alchymist*, the *Silent Woman*; I was going to have named the *Fox*, but that the Unity of Design seems not exactly observ'd in it; for there appear two Actions in the Play; the first naturally ending with the fourth Act; the second forc'd from it in the fifth: Which yet is the less to be condemn'd in him, because the Disguise of *Volpone*, though it suited not with his Character as a crafty or covetous Person, agreed well enough with that of a Voluptuary: And by it the Poet gain'd the end at which he aim'd, the Punishment

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nishment of Vice, and the Reward of Virtue; both which that Disguise produc'd. So that to judge equally of it, it was an excellent fifth Act, but not so naturally proceeding from the former.

But to leave this, and pass to the latter part of *Lisideius* his Discourse, which concerns Relations, I must acknowledge with him, that the *French* have reason to hide that part of the Action which would occasion too much tumult on the Stage, and to chuse rather to have it made known by Narration to the Audience. Farther, I think it very convenient, for the Reasons he has given, that all incredible Actions were remov'd; but, whether Custom has so insinuated it self into our Country-men, or Nature has so form'd them to Fierceness, I know not; but they will scarcely suffer Combats and other Objects of Horror to be taken from them. And indeed, the Indecency of Tumults is all which can be objected against fighting: For why may not our Imagination as well suffer it self to be deluded with the probability of it, as with any other thing in the Play? For my Part, I can with as great ease periuade my self, that the blows are given in good earnest, as I can, that they who strike them are Kings or Princes, or those Persons which they represent. For Objects of Incredibility, I would be satisfied from *Lisideius*, whether we have any so remov'd from all Appearance of Truth, as are those of *Corneille's Andromede*? A Play which has been frequented the most of any he has writ. If the *Petseus*, or the Son of an Heathen God, the *Pegasus* and the Monster, were not capable to choak a strong belief, let him blame any Representation of ours hereafter. Those indeed were Objects of Delight; yet the Reason is the same as to the probability: For he makes it not a Balette or Masque, but a Play, which is to resemble Truth. But for Death, that it ought not to be represented, I have, besides the Arguments alledged by *Lisideius*, the Authority of *Ben. Johnson*, who has forborn it in his Tragedies; for both the Death of *Sejanus* and *Catiline* are related: Though in the latter I cannot but observe one Irregularity of that great Poet: He has remov'd the Scene in the same Act, from

from Rome to *Catiline's* Army, and from thence again to Rome; and besides, has allow'd a very inconsiderable time after *Catiline's* Speech, for the striking of the Battel, and the return of *Petreius*, who is to relate the event of it to the Senate: Which I should not animadvert on him, who was otherwise a painful Observer of τὸ πρέπον, or the *decorum* of the Stage, if he had not us'd extreme Severity in his Judgment on the incomparable *Shakespeare* for the same fault. To conclude on this Subject of Relations, if we are to be blam'd for shewing too much of the Action, the *French* are as faulty for discovering too little of it: A Mean betwixt both should be observed by every judicious Writer, so as the Audience may neither be left unsatisfied by not seeing what is beautiful, or shock'd by beholding what is either incredible or undecent. I hope I have already prov'd in this Discourse, that though we are not altogether so punctual as the *French*, in observing the Laws of Comed; yet our Errors are so few, and little, and those things wherein we excel them so considerable, that we ought of right to be prefer'd before them. But what will *Lisideius* say, if they themselves acknowledge they are too strictly bounded by those Laws, for breaking which he has blam'd the *English*? I will alledge *Corneille's* Words, as I find them in the end of his Discourse of the three Unities; *Il est facile aux speculatifs d'estre severes, &c.*

“ 'Tis easie for speculative Persons to judge severely;
 “ but if they would produce to publick View ten or
 “ twelve Pieces of this Nature, they would perhaps give
 “ more Latitude to the Rules than I have done, when
 “ by Experience they had known how much we are
 “ limited and constrain'd by them, and how many Beau-
 “ ties of the Stage they banish'd from it. To illustrate
 a little what he has said: By their servile Observations
 of the Unities of time and place, and integrity of Scenes,
 they have brought on themselves that dearth of Plot, and
 narrowness of Imagination, which may be observ'd in
 all their Plays. How many beautiful Accidents might
 naturally happen in two or three Days, which cannot
 arrive with any probability in the Compass of twenty

four-Hours? There is time to be allowed also for maturity of Design, which amongst great and prudent Persons, such as are often represented in Tragedy, cannot, with any likelihood of truth, be brought to pass at so short a warning. Farther, By tying themselves strictly to the Unity of Place, and unbroken Scenes, they are forc'd many times to omit some Beauties which cannot be shewn where the Act began; but might, if the Scene were interrupted, and the Stage clear'd for the Persons to enter in another place; and therefore the *French* Poets are often forc'd upon absurdities: For if the Act begins in a Chamber, all the Persons in the Play must have some Business or other to come thither, or else they are not to be shewn that Act, and sometimes their Characters are very unfitting to appear there: As, Suppose it were the King's Bed-chamber, yet the meanest Man in the Tragedy must come and dispatch his Business there, rather than in the Lobby or Court-yard, (which is fitter for him) for fear the Stage should be clear'd, and the Scenes broken. Many times they fall by it into a greater Inconvenience; for they keep their Scenes unbroken, and yet change the Place; as in one of their newest Plays, where the Act begins in the Street. There a Gentleman is to meet his Friend; he sees him with his Man, coming out from his Father's House; they talk together, and the first goes out: The Second, who is a Lover, has made an appointment with his Mistress; she appears at the Window, and then we are to imagine the Scene lyes under it. This Gentleman is call'd away, and leaves his Servant with his Mistress: Presently her Father is heard from within; the young Lady is afraid the Serving-man should be discover'd, and thrusts him into a place of safety, which is suppos'd to be her Closet. After this, the Father enters to the Daughter, and now the Scene is in a House: For he is seeking from one Room to another for this poor *Philipin*, or *French Diego*, who is heard from within, drolling and breaking many a miserable Conceit on the subject of his sad Condition. In this ridiculous Manner the Play goes forward, the Stage being never empty all the while: so that the
Street,

Street, the Window, the two Houses, and the Closet, are made to walk about, and the Persons to stand still. Now what I beseech you is more easie than to write a regular *French* Play, or more difficult than to write an irregular *English* one, like those of *Fletcher*, or of *Shakespeare*?

If they content themselves as *Corneille* did, with some flat design, which like an ill Riddle, is found out ere it be half propos'd; such Plots we can make every way regular as easly as they: But whene'er they endeavour to rise to any quick turns and counter-turns of Plot, as some of them have attempted, since *Corneille's* Plays have been less in vogue, you see they write as irregularly as we, though they cover it more spèciouly. Hence the reason is perspicuous, why no *French* Plays, when translated, have, or ever can succeed on the *English* Stage. For, if you consider the Plots, our own are fuller of variety; if the Writing, ours are more quick and fuller of spirit: and therefore 'tis a strange mistake in those who decry the way of writing Plays in Verse, as if the *English* therein imitated the *French*. We have borrowed nothing from them; our Plots are weav'd in *English* Looms: we endeavour therein to follow the variety and greatness of Characters which are deriv'd to us from *Shakespeare* and *Fletcher*: the copiousness and well-knitting of the Intrigues we have from *Johnson*; and for the Verse it self we have *English* Precedents of elder date than any of *Corneille's* Plays: (not to name our old Comedies before *Shakespeare*, which were all writ in verse of six feet, or *Alexandrin's*, such as the *French* now use) I can shew in *Shakespeare*, many Scenes of rhyme together, and the like in *Ben. Johnson's* Tragedies: In *Catiline* and *Sejanus* sometimes thirty or forty lines; I mean, besides the Chorus, or the Monologues, which by the way, shew'd *Ben.* no enemy to this way of writing, especially if you read his *Sad Shepherd*, which goes sometimes on Rhyme, sometimes on blank Verse, like an Horse who cases himself on Trot and Amble. You find him likewise commending *Fletcher's* Pastoral of the *Faithful Shepherdes*; which is for the most part Rhyme,

though not refin'd to that Purity to which it hath since been brought: And these Examples are enough to clear us from a servile Imitation of the *French*.

But to return whence I have digress'd, I dare boldly affirm these two things of the *English Drama*: First, That we have many Plays of ours as regular as any of theirs; and which, besides, have more variety of Plot and Characters: And secondly, that in most of the irregular Plays of *Shakespear* or *Fletcher*, (for *Ben. Johnson's* are for the most part regular) there is a more masculine Fancy, and greater Spirit in the writing, than there is in any of the *French*. I could produce even in *Shakespear's* and *Fletcher's* Works, some Plays which are almost exactly form'd; as *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and *The Scornful Lady*: But, because (generally speaking) *Shakespear*, who writ first, did not perfectly observe the Laws of Comedy, and *Fletcher*, who came nearer to Perfection, yet through carelessness made many Faults; I will take the Pattern of a perfect Play from *Ben. Johnson*, who was a careful and learned Observer of the Dramatick Laws, and from all his Comedies I shall select *The Silent Woman*; of which I will make a short Examen, according to those Rules which the *French* observe.

As *Neander* was beginning to examine *The Silent Woman*, *Eugenius*, earnestly regarding him; I beseech you, *Neander*, said he, gratifie the Company, and me in particular so far, as before you speak of the Play, to give us a Character of the Author; and tell us frankly your Opinion, whether you do not think all Writers, both *French* and *English*, ought to give place to him?

I fear, replied *Neander*, That in obeying your Commands, I shall draw some Envy on my self. Besides, in performing them, it will be first necessary to speak somewhat of *Shakespear* and *Fletcher*, his Rivals in Poesie; and one of them, in my Opinion, at least his Equal, perhaps his Superior.

To begin then with *Shakespear*; he was the Man who of all Modern, and perhaps Ancient Poets, had the largest and most comprehensive Soul. All the Images of Nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously,

laboriously, but luckily: When he describes any thing, you more than see it, you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted Learning, give him the greater Commendation: he was naturally learn'd: he needed not the Spectacles of Books to read Nature; he look'd inwards, and found her there. I cannot say he is every where alike; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of Mankind. He is many times flat, and insipid; his Comick Wit degenerating into Clenches, his Serious swelling into Bombast. But he is always great, when some great Occasion is presented to him: No Man can say he ever had a fit subject for his Wit, and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of Poets,

Quantum lenta solent inter Viburna Cupressi.

The Consideration of this made Mr. *Hales* of *Eaton* say, That there was no Subject of which any Poet ever writ, but he would produce it much better done in *Shakespear*; and however others are now generally prefer'd before him, yet the Age wherein he liv'd, which had Contemporaries with him, *Fletcher* and *Johnson*, never equall'd them to him in their Esteem: And in the last King's Court, when *Ben's* Reputation was at highest, Sir *John Suckling*, and with him the greater Part of the Courtiers, set our *Shakespear* far above him.

Beaumont and *Fletcher*, of whom I am next to speak, had, with the Advantage of *Shakespear's* Wit, which was their Precedent, great natural Gifts, improv'd by Study. *Beaumont* especially being so accurate a Judge of Plays, that *Ben. Johnson* while he liv'd submitted all his Writings to his Censure, and, 'tis thought, us'd his Judgment in correcting, if not contriving all his Plots. What value he had for him, appears by the Verses he writ to him; and therefore I need speak no farther of it. The first Play that brought *Fletcher* and him in Esteem, was their *Philaster*; for before that, they had written two or three very unsuccessfully: As the like is reported of *Ben. Johnson*, before he writ *Every Man in his Humour*.
Their

Their Plots were generally more regular than *Shake-spear's*, especially those which were made before *Beaumont's* Death; and they understood and imitated the Conversation of Gentlemen much better; whose wild Debaucheries, and quickness of Wit in Reparties, no Poet before them could paint as they have done. Humour, which *Ben. Johnson* deriv'd from particular Persons, they made it not their Business to describe: They represented all the Passions very lively, but above all, Love. I am apt to believe the *English* Language in them arriv'd to its highest Perfection; what words have since been taken in, are rather Superfluous than Ornamental. Their Plays are now the most pleasant and frequent Entertainments of the Stage; two of theirs being acted through the Year for one of *Shake-spear's* or *Johnson's*: The Reason is, because there is a certain gayety in their Comedies, and Pathos in their more serious Plays, which suits generally with all Mens Humours. *Shake-spear's* Language is likewise a little obsolete, and *Ben. Johnson's* Wit comes short of theirs.

As for *Johnson*, to whose Character I am now arrived, if we look upon him while he was himself, (for his last Plays were but his Dotages) I think him the most learned and judicious Writer which any Theater ever had. He was a most severe Judge of himself as well as others. One cannot say he wanted Wit, but rather that he was frugal of it. In his Works you find little to retrench or alter. Wit and Language, and Humour also in some measure, we had before him; but something of Art was wanting to the *Drama* 'till he came. He manag'd his Strength to more advantage than any who preceded him. You seldom find him making Love in any of his Scenes, or endeavouring to move the Passions; his Genius was too sullen and Saturnine to do it gracefully, especially when he knew he came after those who had performed both to such an height. Humour was his proper Sphere, and in that he delighted most to represent Mechanick People. He was deeply conversant in the Ancients, both *Greek* and *Latin*, and he borrow'd boldly from them; There is scarce a Poet or

Historian

Historian among the *Roman* Authors of those Times, whom he has not translated in *Sejanus* and *Catiline*. But he has done his Robberies so openly, that one may see he fears not to be taxed by any Law. He invades Authors like a Monarch, and what would be Theft in other Poets, is only Victory in him. With the Spoils of these Writers he so represents old *Rome* to us, in its Rites, Ceremonies, and Customs, that if one of their Poets had written either of his Tragedies, we had seen less of it than in him. If there was any Fault in his Language, 'twas, that he weay'd it too closely and laboriously, in his Comedies especially: Perhaps too, he did a little too much Romanize our Tongue, leaving the Words which he translated almost as much *Latin* as he found them: Wherein though he learnedly followed their Language, he did not enough comply with the Idiom of ours. If I would compare him with *Shakespear*, I must acknowledge him the more correct Poet, but *Shakespear* the greater Wit. *Shakespear* was the *Homer*, or Father of our Dramatick Poets; *Johnson* was the *Virgil*, the Pattern of elaborate Writing; I admire him, but I love *Shakespear*. To conclude of him, as he has given us the most correct Plays, so in the Precepts which he has laid down in his Discoveries, we have as many and profitable Rules for perfecting the Stage as any wherewith the *French* can furnish us.

Having thus spoken of the Author, I proceed to the Examination of his Comedy, *The Silent Woman*.

Examen of the Silent Woman.

To begin first with the length of the Action; it is so far from exceeding the Compass of a Natural Day, that it takes not up an Artificial one. 'Tis all included in the Limits of three Hours and an half, which is no more than is required for the Presentment on the Stage. A Beauty perhaps not much observ'd; if it had, we should not have look'd on the *Spanish* Translation of five Hours with so much Wonder. The Scene of it is laid in *London*; the Latitude of Place is almost as little as you can imagine:

imagine: For it lies all within the Compass of two Houses, and after the first Act, in one. The Continuity of Scenes is observ'd more than in any of our Plays, except his own *Fox* and *Alchymist*. They are not broken above twice or thrice at most, in the whole Comedy; and in the two best of *Corneille's* Plays, the *Cid* and *Cinna*, they are interrupted once. The Action of the Play is intirely one; the End or Aim of which is the settling *Morose's* Estate on *Dauphine*. The Intrigue of it is the greatest and most noble of any pure unmix'd Comedy in any Language: You see in it many Persons of various Characters and Humours, and all delightful: As first, *Morose*, or an old Man, to whom all Noise, but his own talking, is offensive. Some, who would be thought Criticks, say this Humour of his is forc'd: But to remove that Objection, we may consider him, first, to be naturally of a delicate hearing, as many are to whom all sharp Sounds are unpleasent; and secondly, we may attribute much of it to the peevishness of his Age, or the wayward Authority of an old Man in his own House, where he may make himself obey'd; and to this the Poet seems to allude in his Name *Morose*. Beside this, I am assur'd from divers Persons, that *Ben. Johnson* was actually acquainted with such a Man, one altogether as ridiculous as he is here represented. Others say it is not enough to find one Man of such an Humour; it must be common to more, and the more common the more natural. To prove this, they instance in the best of comical Characters, *Falstaff*: There are many Men resembling him; Old, Fat, Merry, Cowardly, Drunken, Amorous, Vain, and Lying. But to convince these People, I need but tell them, that Humour is the ridiculous extravagance of Conversation, wherein one Man differs from all others. If then it be common, or communicated to many, how differs it from other Mens? Or what indeed causes it to be ridiculous so much as the singularity of it? As for *Falstaff*, he is not properly one Humour, but a Miscellany of Humours or Images, drawn from so many several Men: That wherein he is singular, is his Wit, or those things he says, *prater expectatum*, unexpected

pected by the Audience; his quick Evasions when you imagine him surpriz'd, which as they are extremely diverting of themselves, so receive a great addition from his Person; for the very sight of such an unweildy old debauch'd Fellow, is a Comedy alone. And here having a place so proper for it, I cannot but enlarge somewhat upon this Subject of Humour into which I am fallen. The Ancients have little of in it their Comedies; for the $\tau\delta\ \gamma\epsilon\lambda\omicron\iota\omicron\nu$ of the old Comedy, of which *Aristophanes* was chief, was not so much to imitate a Man, as to make the People laugh at some odd Conceit, which had commonly somewhat of unnatural or obscene in it. Thus when you see *Socrates* brought upon the Stage, you are not to imagine him made ridiculous by the Imitation of his Actions, but rather by making him perform something very unlike himself: Something so childish and absurd, as by comparing it with the Gravity of the true *Socrates*, makes a ridiculous Object for the Spectators. In their new Comedy which succeeded, the Poets sought indeed to express the $\eta\eta\theta\omicron$, as in their Tragedies the $\pi\omicron\delta\theta\omicron$ of Mankind. But this $\eta\eta\theta\omicron$ contain'd only the general Characters of Men and Manners; as old Men, Lovers, Serving-men, Courtezans, Parasites, and such other Persons as we see in their Comedies; all which they made alike: That is, one old Man or Father; one Lover, one Courtezan so like another, as if the first of them had begot the rest of every sort: *Ex homine hunc natum dicas*. The same Custom they observ'd likewise in the Tragedies. As for the *French*, tho' they have the word *humeur* among them, yet they have small use of it in their Comedies, or Farces; they being but ill Imitations of the *ridiculum*, or that which stirr'd up Laughter in the old Comedy. But among the *English* 'tis otherwise: Where, by Humour is meant some extravagant Habit, Passion, or Affection; particular (as I said before) to some one Person: By the Oddness of which, he is immediately distinguish'd from the rest of Men; which being lively and naturally represented, most frequently begets that malicious Pleasure in the Audience which is testified by Laughter: As all things which

are Deviations from Customs are ever the aptest to produce it: Though by the way this Laughter is only accidental, as the Person represented is Fantastick or Bizarre; but Pleasure is essential to it, as the Imitation of what is natural. The Description of these Humours, drawn from the Knowledge and Observation of particular Persons, was the peculiar Genius and Talent of *Ben. Johnson*; to whose Play I now return.

Besides *Morose*, there are at least, nine or ten different Characters and Humours in the *Silent Woman*, all which Persons have several Concernments of their own, yet all us'd by the Poet, to the conducting of the main Design to Perfection. I shall not waste time in commending the writing of this Play, but I will give you my Opinion, that there is more Wit and Acuteness of Fancy in it than in any of *Ben. Johnson's*. Besides, that he has here describ'd the Conversation of Gentlemen in the Persons of *True-Wit*, and his Friends, with more Gaiety, Air, and Freedom, than in the rest of his Comedies. For the Contrivance of the Plot, 'tis extream elaborate, and yet withal easie; for the *λυσίς*, or untying it, 'tis so admirable, that when it is done, no one of the Audience would think the Poet could have miss'd it; and yet it was conceal'd so much before the last Scene, that any other way would sooner have enter'd into your Thoughts. But I dare not take upon me to commend the Fabrick of it, because it is altogether so full of Art, that I must unravel every Scene in it to commend it as I ought. And this excellent Contrivance is still the more to be admir'd, because 'tis Comedy where the Persons are only of common Rank, and their Business private, not elevated by Passions or high Concernments, as in serious Plays. Here every one is a proper Judge of all he sees; nothing is represented but that with which he daily converses: So that by consequence all Faults lie open to discovery, and few are pardonable. 'Tis this which *Horace* has judiciously observ'd:

*Creditur ex medio quia res arcessit, habere
Sudoris minimum, sed habet Comœdia tanto
Plus oneris, quanto venia minus.*—————

But

But our Poet, who was not ignorant of these Difficulties; has made use of all Advantages; as he who designs a large Leap, takes his rise from the highest Ground. One of these Advantages, is that which *Cornelle* has laid down as the greatest which can arrive to any Poem, and which he himself could never compass above thrice in all his Plays, *viz.* the making Choice of some signal and long-expected Day, whereon the Action of the Play is to depend. This Day was that design'd by *Dauphine*, for the settling of his Uncle's Estate upon him; which to compass he contrives to marry him: That the Marriage had been plotted by him long beforehand, is made evident, by what he tells *True-Wit* in the second Act, that in one Moment he had destroy'd what he had been railing many Months.

There is another Artifice of the Poet, which I cannot here omit, because by the frequent practice of it in his Comedies, he has left it to us almost as a Rule; that is, when he has any Character or Humour wherein he would shew a *Coup de Maistre*, or his highest Skill; he recommends it to your Observation, by a pleasant Description of it before the Person first appears. Thus, in *Bartholomew-Fair*, he gives you the Pictures of *Numps* and *Cokes*, and in this, those of *Daw*, *Lafoole*, *Morose*, and the *Collegiate Ladies*; all which you hear describ'd before you see them. So that before they come upon the Stage, you have a longing Expectation of them, which prepares you to receive them favourably; and when they are there, even from their first appearance you are so far acquainted with them, that nothing of their Humour is lost to you.

I will observe yet one thing further of this admirable Plot; the Business of it rises in every Act. The second is greater than the first; the third than the second, and so forward to the fifth. There too you see, till the very last Scene, new Difficulties arising to obstruct the Action of the Play; and when the Audience is brought into despair that the Business can naturally be effected; then, and not before, the Discovery is made. But that the Poet might entertain you with more Variety

all this while, he reserves some new Characters to show you, which he opens not till the second and third Act. In the second, *Morose, Daw, the Barber and Otter*; in the third, the *Collegiate Ladies*: All which he moves afterwards in By-walks, or under-Plots, as Diversions to the main Design, lest it should grow tedious, though they are still naturally join'd with it, and somewhere or other subservient to it. Thus, like a skilful Chesse-player, by little and little, he draws out his Men, and makes his Pawns of use to his greater Persons.

If this Comedy, and some others of his, were translated into *French* Prose (which would now be no wonder to them, since *Moliere* has lately given them Plays out of Verse, which have not displeas'd them) I believe the Controversie would soon be decided betwixt the two Nations, even making them the Judges. But we need not call our Heroes to our Aid; Be it spoken to the Honour of the *English*, our Nation can never want in any Age such, who are able to dispute the Empire of Wit with any People in the Universe. And though the Fury of a Civil War, and Power, for twenty Years together, abandon'd to a barbarous Race of Men, Enemies of all good Learning, had buried the Muses under the Ruins of Monarchy; yet with the Restoration of our Happiness, we see reviv'd Poesie lifting up its Head, and already shaking off the rubbish which lay so heavy on it. We have seen since his Majesty's return, many Dramatick Poems which yield not to those of any foreign Nation, and which deserve all Laurels but the *English*. I will set aside Flattery and Envy: It cannot be deny'd but we have some little blemish either in the Plot or Writing of all those Plays which have been made within these seven Years: (and perhaps there is no Nation in the World so quick to discern them, or so difficult to pardon them, as ours:) yet if we can persuade our selves to use the Candour of that Poet, who (though the most severe of Criticks) has left us this caution by which to moderate our Censures;

— *Ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis offendar maculis.*

If in consideration of their many and great Beauties, we can wink at some slight and little Imperfections; if we, I say, can be thus equal to our selves, I ask no favour from the *French*. And if I do not venture upon any particular Judgment of our late Plays, 'tis out of the Consideration which an ancient Writer gives me; *Vivorum, ut magna admiratio, ita censura difficilis*: betwixt the Extreames of Admiration and Malice, 'tis hard to judge upright of the living. Only I think it may be permitted me to say, that as it is no less'ning to us to yield to some Plays, and those not many of our own Nation in the last Age, so can it be no addition to pronounce of our present Poets, that they have far surpass'd all the Ancients, and the Modern Writers of other Countries.

This was the substance of what was then spoke on that occasion; and *Lisideius*, I think, was going to reply, when he was prevented thus by *Crites*: I am confident, said he, that the most material things that can be said, have been already urg'd on either side; if they have not, I must beg of *Lisideius* that he will defer his Answer till another time: for I confess I have a joint Quarrel to you both, because you have concluded, without any Reason given for it, that Rhyme is proper for the Stage. I will not dispute how ancient it hath been among us to write this way; perhaps our Ancestors knew no better till *Shakespear's* time. I will grant it was not altogether left by him, and that *Fletcher* and *Ben. Johnson* us'd it frequently in their Pastorals; and sometimes in other Plays. Farther, I will not argue whether we receiv'd it originally from our own Countrymen, or from the *French*; for that is an inquiry of as little Benefit as theirs, who in the midst of the late Plague weré not so solicitous to provide against it, as to know whether we had it from the Malignity of our own Air, or by transportation from *Holland*. I have therefore only to affirm, That it is not allowable in serious Plays; for Comedies I find you already concluding with me. To prove this, I might satisfie my self to tell you, how much in vain it is for you to strive against the Stream of the Peoples
Incli-

Inclination; the greatest part of which are prepossess'd so much with those excellent Plays of *Shakespear*, *Fletcher*, and *Ben. Johnson*, (which have been written out of Rhyme) that except you could bring them such as were written better in it, and those too by Persons of equal Reputation with them, it will be impossible for you to gain your Cause with them, who will still be Judges. This it is to which in fine all your Reasons must submit. The unanimous Consent of an Audience is so powerful, that even *Julius Caesar* (as *Macrobius* reports of him) when he was perpetual Dictator, was not able to ballance it on the other side. But when *Laberius*, a Roman Knight, at his Request contended in the *Mime* with another Poet, he was forc'd to cry out, *Etiā favente me victus es Laberi*. But I will not on this occasion, take the Advantage of the greater Number, but only urge such Reasons against Rhyme, as I find in the Writings of those who have argu'd for the other way. First then, I am of Opinion, that Rhyme is unnatural in a Play; because Dialogue there is presented as the Effect of sudden Thought. For a Play is the imitation of Nature; and since no Man, without Premeditation, speaks in Rhyme, neither ought he to do it on the Stage; this hinders not but the Fancy may be there elevated to an higher Pitch of Thought than it is in ordinary Discourse: For there is a probability that Men of excellent and quick Parts may speak noble things *ex tempore*: But those Thoughts are never fetter'd with the Numbers or sound of Verse, without Study; and therefore it cannot be but unnatural to present the most free way of speaking, in that which is the most constrain'd. For this Reason, says *Aristotle*, 'Tis best to write Tragedy in that kind of Verse which is the least such, or which is nearest Prose: And this amongst the Ancients was the Iambique, and with us is blank Verse, or the Measure of Verse, kept exactly without Rhyme. These Numbers therefore are fittest for a Play; the others for a Paper of Verses, or a Poem; blank Verse being as much below them, as Rhyme is improper for the *Drama*. And if it be objected, that neither are blank Verses made *ex tempore*,

yet

yet as nearest Nature, they are still to be prefer'd. But there are two particular Exceptions which many besides my self have had to Verse; by which it will appear yet more plainly, how improper it is in Plays. And the first of them is grounded on that very reason for which some have commended Rhyme: They say the quickness of Repartees in argumentative Scenes receives an Ornament from Verse. Now what is more unreasonable than to imagine, that a Man should not only imagine the Wit, but the Rhyme too upon the sudden? This nicking of him who spoke before both in sound and measure, is so great an Happiness, that you must at least suppose the Persons of your Play to be born Poets, *Arcades omnes & cantare pares & respondere parati*, they must have arriv'd to the degree of *quicquid conabar dicere*, to make Verses almost whether they will or no: If they are any thing below this, it will look rather like the Design of two, than the answer of one: It will appear that your Actors hold Intelligence together, that they perform their Tricks like Fortune-tellers, by Confederacy. The Hand of Art will be too visible in it against that Maxim of all Professions; *Ars est celare artem*, That it is the greatest Perfection of Art to keep it self undiscover'd. Nor will it serve you to object, that however you manage it, 'tis still known to be a Play; and consequently the Dialogue of two Persons understood to be the Labour of one Poet. For a Play is still an imitation of Nature; we know we are to be deceiv'd, and we desire to be so; but no Man ever was deceiv'd but with a probability of Truth, for who will suffer a gross Lie to be fasten'd on him? Thus we sufficiently understand that the Scenes which represent Cities and Countries to us, are not really such, but only painted on Boards and Canvass: But shall that excuse the ill Painture or Designment of them? Nay, rather, ought they not to be labour'd with so much the more Diligence and Exactness to help the Imagination, since the Mind of Man does naturally tend to truth? and therefore the nearer any thing comes to the Imitation of it, the more it pleases.

Thus

Thus, you see, your Rhyme is uncapable of expressing the greatest Thoughts naturally, and the lowest it cannot with any grace: For what is more unbefitting the Majesty of Verse, than to call a Servant, or bid a Door be shut in Rhyme? And yet you are often forc'd on this miserable Necessity. But Verse, you say, Circumscribes a quick and luxuriant Fancy, which would extend it self too far on every Subject, did not the labour which is requir'd to well turn'd and polish'd Rhyme, set bounds to it. Yet this Argument, if granted, would only prove, that we may write better in Verse, but not more naturally. Neither is it able to evince that; for he who wants Judgment to confine his Fancy in blank Verse, may want it as much in Rhyme; and he who has it, will avoid Errors in both kinds. *Latin Verse* was as great a Confinement to the Imagination of those Poets, as Rhyme to ours: And yet you find *Ovid* saying too much on every subject. *Nescivit* (says *Seneca*) *quod bene cessit relinquere*: of which he gives you one famous Instance in his Description of the Deluge,

Omnia pontus erat, deerant quoque litora ponto.

Now all was Sea, nor had that Sea a Shore. Thus *Ovid's* Fancy was not limited by Verse, and *Virgil* need not Verse to have bounded his.

In our own Language we see *Ben. Johnson* confining himself to what ought to be said, even in the Liberty of blank Verse; and yet *Corneille*, the most judicious of the *French* Poets, is still varying the same Sense an hundred ways, and dwelling eternally on the same Subject, though confin'd by Rhyme. Some other Exceptions I have to Verse, but since these I have nam'd are for the most part already publick; I conceive it reasonable they should first be answer'd.

It concerns me less than any, said *Neander*, (seeing he had ended) to reply to this Discourse; because when I should have prov'd, that Verse may be natural in Plays, yet I should always be ready to confess, that those which

I have written in this kind, come short of that Perfection which is requir'd. Yet since you are pleas'd I should undertake this Province, I will do it, though with all imaginable respect and deference, both to that Person from whom you have borrow'd your strongest Arguments, and to whose Judgment when I have said all, I finally submit. But before I proceed to answer your Objections, I must first remember you, that I exclude all Comedy from my Defence; and next, that I deny not but blank Verse may be also us'd, and content myself only to assert, that in serious Plays, where the Subject and Characters are great, and the Plot unmix'd with Mirth, which might allay or divert these Concernments which are produc'd, Rhyme is there as natural, and more effectual than blank Verse.

And now having laid down this as a Foundation, to begin with *Crites*, I must crave leave to tell him, that some of his Arguments against Rhyme reach no farther than from the Faults or Defects of ill Rhyme, to conclude against the Use of it in general. May not I conclude against blank Verse by the same Reason? If the words of some Poets who write in it, are either ill chosen, or ill placed, (which makes not only Rhyme, but all kind of Verse in any Language unnatural;) Shall I, for their vicious Affectation, condemn those excellent Lines of *Fletcher*, which are written in that kind? Is there any thing in Rhyme more constrain'd than this Line in blank Verse? *I Heav'n invoke, and strong resistance make*; where you see both the Clauses are plac'd unnaturally; that is, contrary to the common way of speaking, and that without the Excuse of a Rhyme to cause it: Yet you would think me very ridiculous, if I should accuse the Stubbornness of blank Verse for this, and not rather the Stiffness of the Poet. Therefore, *Crites*, you must either prove that words, though well chosen, and duly plac'd, yet render not Rhyme natural in it self; or that however natural and easie the Rhyme may be, yet it is not proper for a Play. If you insist on the former Part, I would ask you what other Conditions are requir'd

quir'd to make Rhyme natural in it self, besides an Election of apt Words, and a right Disposition of them? For the due Choice of your Words expresses your Sense naturally, and the due placing them adapts the Rhyme to it. If you object, that one Verse may be made for the sake of another, though both the Words and Rhyme be apt: I answer, it cannot possibly so fall out; for either there is a Dependance of Sense betwixt the first Line and the second, or there is none: If there be that connection, then in the natural Position of the Words, the latter Line must of necessity flow from the former: If there be no Dependance, yet still the due ordering of Words makes the last Line as natural in it self as the other: So that the Necessity of a Rhyme never forces any but bad or lazy Writers to say what they would not otherwise. 'Tis true, there is both Care and Art requir'd to write in Verse; A good Poet never establishes the first Line, till he has sought out such a Rhyme as may fit the Sense, already prepar'd to heighten the second: Many times the close of the Sense falls into the middle of the next Verse, or farther off, and he may often prevail himself of the same Advantages in *English* which *Virgil* had in *Latin*, he may break off in the *Hemistich*, and begin another Line: Indeed, the not observing these two last things, makes Plays, which are writ in Verse, so tedious: For though, most commonly, the Sense is to be confin'd to the Couplet, yet nothing that does *perpetuo tenore fluere*, run in the same Channel, can please always. 'Tis like the murmuring of a Stream, which not varying in the Fall, causes at first Attention, at last Drowsiness. Variety of Cadences is the best Rule, the greatest help to the Actors, and refreshment to the Audience.

If then Verse may be made natural in it self, how becomes it unnatural in a Play? You say the Stage is the Representation of Nature, and no Man in ordinary Conversation speaks in Rhyme. But you foresaw, when you said this, that it might be answer'd; neither does any Man speak in blank Verse, or in Measure without Rhyme.

Rhyme. Therefore you concluded, that which is nearest Nature is still to be preferr'd. But you took no notice, that Rhyme might be made as natural as blank Verse, by the well placing of the Words, &c. all the Difference between them when they are both correct, is the sound in one, which the other wants; and if so, the Sweetness of it, and all the Advantage resulting from it, which are handled in the Preface to the *Rival Ladies*, will yet stand good. As for that place of *Aristotle*, where he says Plays should be writ in that kind of Verse which is nearest Prose; it makes little for you, blank Verse being properly but measur'd Prose. Now Measure alone in any modern Language, does not constitute Verse; those of the Ancients in *Greek* and *Latin*, consisted in quantity of Words, and a determinate number of Feet. But when, by the Inundation of the *Goths* and *Vandals* into *Italy*, new Languages were introduced, and barbarously mingled with the *Latin* (of which the *Italian*, *Spanish*, *French*, and ours, (made out of them, and the *Teutonic*) are Dialects:) a new way of Poesie was practis'd; new, I say, in those Countries, for in all probability it was that of the Conquerors in their own Nations: At least we are able to prove, that the Eastern People have us'd it from all Antiquity, *Vid. Dan. his Defence of Rhyme*. This new way consisted in Measure or Number of Feet and Rhyme. The Sweetness of Rhyme, and Observation of Accent, supplying the place of quantity in Words, which could neither exactly be observ'd by those *Barbarians* who knew not the Rules of it, neither was it suitable to their Tongues as it had been to the *Greek* and *Latin*. No Man is tied in Modern Poesie to observe any farther Rule in the Feet of his Verse, but that they be disyllables; whether *Spondee*, *Trochee*, or *Iambique*, it matters not; only he is obliged to Rhyme: Neither do the *Spanish*, *French*, *Italian*, or *Germans*, acknowledge at all, or very rarely, any such kind of Poesie as blank Verse amongst them. Therefore, at most, 'tis but a Poetick Prose, a *Sermo pedestris*, and, as such, most fit for Comedies, where I acknow-

ledge Rhyme to be improper. Farther, As to that Quotation of *Aristotle*, our Couplet Verses may be rendred as near Prose as blank Verse it self, by using those Advantages I lately nam'd, as Breaks in an Hemistich, or running the Sense into another Line, thereby making Art and Order appear as loose and free as Nature; or not tying our selves to Couplets strictly, we may use the Benefit of the Pindarick way, practis'd in the Siege of *Rhodes*; where the Numbers vary, and the Rhyme is dispos'd carelessly, and far from often chyming. Neither is that other Advantage of the Ancients to be despis'd, of changing the kind of Verse when they please with the change of the Scene, or some new Entrance: For they confine not themselves always to *Iambiques*, but extend their Liberty to all *Lyrique* Numbers, and sometimes even to *Hexameter*. But I need not go so far to prove that Rhyme, as it succeeds to all other Offices of *Greek* and *Latin* Verse, so especially to this of Plays, since the Custom of Nations at this Day confirms it, the *French*, *Italian* and *Spanish* Tragedies are generally writ in it, and sure the universal Consent of the most civiliz'd Parts of the World, ought in this, as it doth in other Customs, to include the rest.

But perhaps you may tell me I have propos'd such a Way to make Rhyme natural, and consequently proper to Plays, as is unpracticable, and that I shall scarce find six or eight Lines together in any Play, where the Words are so plac'd and chosen as is requir'd to make it natural. I answer, No Poet need constrain himself at all times to it. It is enough he makes it his general Rule; for I deny not but sometimes there may be a greatness in placing the Words otherwise; and sometimes they may sound better, sometimes also the variety it self is Excuse enough. But if, for the most part, the Words be plac'd as they are in the negligence of Prose, it is sufficient to denominate the way practicable; for we esteem that to be such, which in the trial oftner succeeds than misses. And thus far you may find the Practice made good in many Plays; where you do not, remember still, that

that if you cannot find six natural Rhymes together, it will be as hard for you to produce as many Lines in Blank Verse, even among the greatest of our Poets, against which I cannot make some reasonable Exception.

And this, Sir, calls to my remembrance the beginning of your Discourse, where you told us we should never find the Audience favourable to this kind of Writing, 'till we could produce as good Plays in Rhyme, as *Ben. Johnson, Fletcher, and Shakespear*, had writ out of it. But it is to raise Envy to the Living, to compare them with the Dead: They are honour'd, and almost ador'd by us, as they deserve; neither do I know any so presumptuous of themselves as to contend with them. Yet give me leave to say thus much, without injury to their Ashes, that not only we shall never equal them, but they could never equal themselves, were they to rise and write again. We acknowledge them our Fathers in Wit, but they have ruin'd their Estates themselves before they came to their Childrens Hands. There is scarce an Humour, a Character, or any kind of Plot, which they have not us'd. All comes sullied or wasted to us: And were they to entertain this Age, they could not now make so plentiful Treatments out of such decay'd Fortunes. This therefore will be a good Argument to us either not to write at all, or to attempt some other way. There is no Bays to be expected in their Walks; *Tentanda via est quâ me quoque possim tollere humo.*

This way of writing in Verse, they have only left free to us; our Age is arriv'd to a Perfection in it, which they never knew; and which (if we may guess by what of theirs we have seen in Verse, as the *Faithful Shepherdes*, and *Sad Shepherd* :) 'tis probable they never could have reach'd. For the Genius of every Age is different: And though ours excel in this, I deny not but that to imitate Nature in that Perfection which they did in Prose, is a greater Commendation than to write in Verse exactly. As for what you have added, that the People are not generally inclin'd to like this way; if it were true, it would be no wonder, that betwixt the shaking off an

old habit, and the introducing of a new, there should be difficulty. Do we not see them stick to *Hopkins* and *Sternhold's* Psalms, and forsake those of *David*, I mean *Sandys's* Translation of them? If by the People, you understand the Multitude, the *οἱ πολλοί*, 'tis no matter what they think; they are sometimes in the right, sometimes in the wrong; their Judgment is a meer Lottery. *Est ubi plebs rectè putat, est ubi peccat.* *Horace* says it of the Vulgar, judging Poesie. But if you mean the mix'd Audience of the Populace, and the Nobles, I dare confidently affirm, that a great Part of the latter sort are already favourable to Verse; and that no serious Plays written since the King's Return, have been more kindly receiv'd by them, than the *Siege of Rhodes*, the *Mustapha*, the *Indian Queen*, and *Indian Emperor*.

But I come now to the Inference of your first Argument. You said, that the Dialogue of Plays is presented as the Effect of sudden Thought, but no Man speaks suddenly, or *ex tempore* in Rhyme: And you infer'd from thence, that Rhyme, which you acknowledge to be proper to Epique Poesie, cannot equally be proper to Dramatick, unless we could suppose all Men born so much more than Poets, that Verses should be made in them, not by them.

It has been formerly urg'd by you, and confess'd by me, that since no Man spoke any kind of Verse *ex tempore*, that which was nearest Nature was to be preferr'd. I answer you therefore, by distinguishing betwixt what is nearest to the Nature of Comedy, which is the Imitation of common Persons and ordinary Speaking, and what is nearest the Nature of a serious Play: This last is indeed the Representation of Nature, but 'tis Nature wrought up to an higher Pitch. The Plot, the Characters, the Wit, the Passions, the Descriptions, are all exalted above the level of common Converse, as high as the Imagination of the Poet can carry them, with proportion to verisimilitude. Tragedy we know is wont to image to us the Minds and Fortunes of Noble Persons; and to portray these exactly; Heroick Rhyme is nearest

nearest Nature, as being the noblest Kind of modern Verse.

*Indignatur enim privatis, & prope focco
Dignis carminibus, narrari coena Thyesta.* (says Horace.)

And in another place,

Effutire leveis indigna tragœdia versus.

Blank Verse is acknowledg'd to be too low for a Poem; nay more, for a Paper of Verses; but if too low for an ordinary Sonnet, how much more for Tragedy; which is by *Aristotle*, in the dispute betwixt the Epick Poesie and the Dramatick, for many Reasons he there alledges, rank'd above it.

But setting this Defence aside, your Argument is almost as strong against the use of Rhyme in Poems as in Plays; for the Epick way is every where interlac'd with Dialogue, or discoursive Scenes; and therefore you must either grant Rhyme to be improper there, which is contrary to your Assertion, or admit it into Plays by the same Title which you have given it to Poems. For though Tragedy be justly prefer'd above the other, yet there is a great Affinity between them, as may easily be discover'd in that Definition of a Play which *Lisideius* gave us. The Genius of them is the same, a just and lively Image of Human Nature, in its Actions, Passions, and Traverses of Fortune: So is the End, namely for the Delight and Benefit of Mankind. The Characters and Persons are still the same, *viz.* the greatest of both Sorts, only the manner of acquainting us with those Actions, Passions and Fortunes is different. Tragedy performs it: *viva voce*, or by Action, in Dialogue, wherein it excels the Epick Poem, which does it chiefly by Narration, and therefore is not so lively an Image of Human Nature. However, the Agreement betwixt them is such, that if Rhyme be proper for one, it must be for the other. Verse, 'tis true, is not the Effect of sudden Thought;

but this hinders not that sudden Thought may be represented in Verse, since those Thoughts are such as must be higher than Nature can raise them without Premeditation, especially to a continuance of them even out of Verse, and consequently you cannot imagine them to have been sudden either in the Poet, or the Actors. A Play, as I have said, to be like Nature, is to be set above it; as Statues which are plac'd on high are made greater than the Life, that they may descend to the Sight in their just Proportion.

Perhaps I have insisted too long on this Objection; but the clearing of it will make my stay shorter on the rest. You tell us, *Crites*, that Rhyme appears most unnatural in Repartees, or short Replies: When he who answers, (it being presum'd he knew not what the other would say, yet) makes up that part of the Verse which was left incompleat, and supplies both the Sound and Measure of it. This, you say, looks rather like the Confederacy of two, than the Answer of one.

This, I confess, is an Objection which is in every Man's Mouth who loves not Rhyme: But suppose, I beseech you, the Repartee were made only in Blank Verse, might not part of the same Argument be turn'd against you? For the Measure is as often supply'd there as it is in Rhyme. The latter half of the Hemistich as commonly made up, or a second Line subjoin'd as a Reply to the former; which any one Leaf in *Johnson's Plays* will sufficiently clear to you. You will often find in the *Greek Tragedians*, and in *Seneca*, that when a Scene grows up into the warmth of Repartees, (which is the close fighting of it) the latter part of the Trimeter is supply'd by him who answers; and yet it was never observ'd as a Fault in them by any of the Ancient or Modern Criticks. The Case is the same in our Verse as it was in theirs; Rhyme to us being in lieu of quantity to them. But if no Latitude is to be allow'd a Poet, you take from him not only his Licence of *quidlibet audendi*, but you tie him up in a straighter compass than you would a Philosopher. This is indeed *Musas colere severiores*: You
would

would have him follow Nature, but he must follow her on Foot: You have dismounted him from his *Pegasus*. But you tell us, this supplying the last half of a Verse, or adjoining a whole Second to the former, looks more like the design of two, than the answer of one. Suppose we acknowledge it: How comes this confederacy to be more displeasing to you than in a Dance which is well contriv'd? You see there the united design of many Persons to make up one Figure: After they have separated themselves in many petty Divisions, they rejoin one by one into a gross: The Confederacy is plain amongst them; for Chance could never produce any thing so beautiful, and yet there is nothing in it that shocks your sight. I acknowledge the Hand of Art appears in *Repartee*, as of necessity it must in all kind of Verse. But there is also the quick and poinant brevity of it (which is an high Imitation of Nature in those sudden Gusts of Passion) to mingle with it: And this joind with the Cadency and Sweetness of the Rhyme, leaves nothing in the Soul of the Hearer to desire. 'Tis an Art which appears; but it appears only like the Shadowings of Painture, which being to cause the rounding of it, cannot be absent; but while that is considered they are lost: So while we attend to the other Beauties of the Matter, the Care and Labour of the Rhyme is carried from us, or at least drown'd in its own Sweetness, as Bees are sometimes buried in their Honey. When a Poet has found the *Repartee*, the last Perfection he can add to it, is, to put it into Verse. However good the Thought may be; however apt the Words in which 'tis couch'd, yet he finds himself at a little unrest, while Rhyme is wanting: He cannot leave it 'till that comes naturally, and then is at ease, and sits down contented.

From Replies, which are the most elevated Thoughts of Verse, you pass to those which are most mean, and which are common with the lowest of household Conversation. In these, you say, the Majesty of Verse suffers. You instance in the calling of a Servant, or commanding a Door to be shut in Rhyme. This, *Crites*, is a good Observati-

on of yours, but no Argument: For it proves no more but that such Thoughts should be wav'd, as often as may be, by the Address of the Poet. But suppose they are necessary in the Places where he uses them, yet there is no need to put them into Rhyme. He may place them in the beginning of a Verse, and break it off, as unfit, when so debas'd for any other use: Or granting the worst, that they require more room than the Hemistich will allow; yet still there is a Choice to be made of the best Words, and least vulgar (provided they be apt) to express such Thoughts. Many have blam'd Rhyme in general, for this Fault, when the Poet, with a little Care, might have redress'd it. But they do it with no more Justice, than if *English* Poesie should be made ridiculous for the sake of the Water-Poet's Rhymes. Our Language is noble, full, and significant; and I know not why he who is Master of it, may not cloath ordinary things in it as decently as the *Latin*; if he use the same diligence in his choice of Words.

Delectus verborum Origo est Eloquentia.

It was the Saying of *Julius Caesar*, one so curious in his, that none of them can be chang'd but for a worse. One would think *unlock the Door* was a thing as vulgar as could be spoken, and yet *Seneca* could make it sound high and lofty in his *Latin*.—

Reserate clufos Regii postes Laris.

Set wide the Palace Gates.

But I turn from this Exception, both because it happens not above twice or thrice in any Play that those vulgar Thoughts are us'd; and then too (were there no other Apology to be made, yet) the necessity of them (which is alike in all kind of writing) may excuse them. For if they are little and mean in Rhyme, they are of Consequence such in Blank Verse. Besides that the great
cager-

eagerness and precipitation, with which they are spoken, makes us rather mind the Substance than the Dress; that for which they are spoken, rather than what is spoke. For they are always the Effect of some hasty Concernment, and something of Consequence depends on them.

Thus, *Crites*, I have endeavour'd to answer your Objections; it remains only that I should vindicate an Argument for Verse, which you have gone about to overthrow. It had formerly been said, that the easiness of Blank Verse renders the Poet too luxuriant; but that the labour of Rhyme bounds and circumscribes an over-fruitful Fancy. The Scene there being commonly confin'd to the Couplet, and the Words so order'd that the Rhyme naturally follows them, not they the Rhyme. To this you answer'd, That it was no Argument to the Question in hand, for the Dispute was not which way a Man may write best; but which is most proper for the Subject on which he writes.

First, give me leave, Sir, to remember you, that the Argument against which you rais'd this Objection, was only secondary: It was built on this *Hypothesis*, that to write in Verse was proper for serious Plays. Which Supposition being granted (as it was briefly made out in that Discourse, by shewing how Verse might be made natural) it asserted, that this way of writing was an help to the Poets Judgment, by putting Bounds to a wild over-flowing Fancy. I think therefore it will not be hard for me to make good what it was to prove on that Supposition. But you add, that were this let pass, yet he who wants Judgment in the liberty of his Fancy, may as well shew the defect of it when he is confin'd to Verse: For he who has Judgment will avoid Errors; and he who has it not, will commit them in all kinds of writing.

This Argument, as you have taken it from a most acute Person, so, I confess, it carries much weight in it. But by using the word Judgment here indefinitely, you seem to have put a Fallacy upon us: I grant he who has Judgment, that is, so profound, so strong, or rather so

infallible a Judgment, that he needs no Helps to keep it always pois'd and upright, will commit no Faults either in Rhyme or out of it. And on the other extream, he who has a Judgment so weak and craz'd, that no Helps can correct or amend it, shall write scurvily out of Rhyme, and worse in it. But the first of these Judgments is no where to be found, and the latter is not fit to write at all. To speak therefore of Judgment as it is in the best Poets: They who have the greatest Proportion of it, want other Helps than from it within. As for Example, you would be loath to say, that he who is indued with a sound Judgment has no need of History, Geography, or Moral Philosophy, to write correctly. Judgment is indeed the Master-workman in a Play: But he requires many subordinate Hands, many Tools to his Assistance. And Verse I affirm to be one of these: 'Tis a Rule and Line by which he keeps his Building compact and even, which otherwise lawless Imagination would raise either irregularly or loosely. At least if the Poet commits Errors with this Help, he would make greater and more without it: 'Tis (in short) a slow and painful, but the surest kind of working. *Ovid*, whom you accuse for luxuriancy in Verse, had perhaps been farther guilty of it, had he writ in Prose. And for your Instance of *Ben. Johnson*, who, you say, writ exactly without the help of Rhyme; you are to remember 'tis only an aid to a luxuriant Fancy, which his was not: As he did not want Imagination, so none ever said he had much to spare. Neither was Verse then refin'd so much, to be an help to that Age, as it is to ours. Thus then the second Thoughts being usually the best, as receiving the maturest digestion from Judgment, and the last and most mature Product of those Thoughts being artful and labour'd Verse, it may well be inferr'd, that Verse is a great help to a luxuriant Fancy; and this is what that Argument which you oppos'd, was to evince.

Neander was pursuing this Discourse so eagerly, that *Eugenius* had call'd to him twice or thrice e'er he took notice that the Barge stood still, and that they were at
the

the Foot of *Somerset-Stairs*, where they had appointed it to land. The Company were all sorry to separate so soon, tho' a great part of the Evening was already spent; and stood a-while looking back on the Water, upon which the Moon-beams play'd, and made it appear like floating Quick-silver: At last they went up thro' a Crowd of *French People*, who were merrily dancing in the open Air, and nothing concern'd for the noise of Guns, which had allarm'd the Town that Afternoon. Walking thence together to the *Piazza*, they parted there; *Eugenius* and *Lisideius* to some pleasant Appointment they had made, and *Crites* and *Neander* to their several Lodgings.





THE
WILD GALLANT:

A
COMEDY.

As it was Acted at the
THEATER - ROYAL,

BY
His MAJESTY'S Servants.



Printed in the YEAR MDCCXVII.

WILLIAM GALLANT

OF THE MIND

THE WATER-BURY

The Master's

to the Y...



P R E F A C E.

IT would be a great Impudence in me to say much of a *Comedy*, which has had but indifferent Success in the Action. I made the Town my Judges; and the greater part condemn'd it. After which I do not think it my Concernment to defend it, with the ordinary Zeal of a Poet for his decry'd Poem. Though *Corneille* is more resolute in his *Preface* before his *Pertbarite*, which was condemn'd more universally than this. For he avows boldly, That, in spite of Censure, his *Play* was well and regularly written; which is more than I dare say for mine. Yet it was receiv'd at Court; and was more than once the Divertisement of His Majesty, by his own Command. But I have more Modesty than to ascribe that to my Merit, which was His particular Act of Grace. It was the first Attempt I made in *Dramatick Poetry*; and, I find since, a very bold one, to begin with *Comedy*; which is the most difficult

P R E F A C E.

difficult part of it. The Plot was not Originally my own: But so alter'd by me, (whether for the better or worse, I know not) that, whoever the Author was, he could not have challeng'd a Scene of it. I doubt not but you will see in it, the Uncorrectness of a young Writer: Which is yet but a small Excuse for him, who is so little amended since. The best Apology I can make for it, and the truest, is only this; That you have since that time received with Applause, as bad, and as uncorrect *Plays* from other Men.





PROLOGUE,

When it was first Acted.

IS it not strange, to hear a Poet say,
He comes to ask you, how you like the Play?
You have not seen it yet! alas 'tis true,
But now your Love and Hatred judge, not You.
And cruel Factions (brib'd by Interest) come,
Not to weigh Merit, but to give their Doom.
Our Poet therefore, jealous of th' Event,
And (though much boldness takes) not confident,
Has sent me, whither you, fair Ladies, too
Sometimes upon as small Occasions go,
And from this Scheme, drawn for the Hour and Day,
Bid me inquire the Fortune of his Play.

The Curtain drawn discovers two Astrologers; the
Prologue is presented to them.

First Astrol. reads. *A Figure of the heavenly Bodies in
their severall Apartments, Feb. the 5th, half an Hour after
Three after Noon, from whence you are to judge the Success
of a new Play called the Wild Gallant.*

2 Astrol. *Who must judge of it, we, or these Gentlemen?
We'll not meddle with it, so tell your Poet. Here are in this
House the ablest Mathematicians in Europe for his Pur-
pose.*

They will resolve the Question e'er they part.

1 Ast. *Yet let us judge it by the Rules of Art.*

*First Jupiter, the Ascendants Lord disgrac'd,
In the twelfth House, and near grim Saturn plac'd,
Denote short Life unto the Play:—*

2 Ast. ————— Jove yet,
In his Apartment Sagittary, set

Under

PROLOGUE.

Under his own Roof, cannot take much wrong;

1 Aft. *Why then the Life's not very short, nor long;*

2 Aft. *The Luck not very good, nor very ill,*

Prolo. *That is to say, 'tis as 'tis taken still.*

1 Aft. *But, Brother, Ptolemy the Learned says,
'Tis the fifth House from whence we judge of Plays.*

Venus the Lady of that House I find

Is Peregrine, your Play is ill design'd,

It should have been but one continued Song,

Or at the least a Dance of three Hours long.

2 Aft. *But yet the greatest Mischief does remain,*

The twelfth Apartment bears the Lord of Spain;

Whence I conclude, it is your Author's Lot,

To be indanger'd by a Spanish Plot.

Prolo. *Our Poet yet Protection hopes from you,*

But Bribes you not with any thing that's new.

Nature is old, which Poets imitate,

And for Wit, those that boast their own Estate,

Forget Fletcher and Ben before them went,

Their Elder Brothers, and that vastly spent:

So much 'twill hardly be repair'd again,

Not, tho' supply'd with all the Wealth of Spain:

This Play is English, and the growth your own;

As such it yields to English Plays alone.

He could have wish'd it better for your sakes;

But that in Plays he finds you love Mistakes:

Besides he thought it was in vain to mend

What you are bound in Honour to defend,

That English Wit (how'er despis'd by some)

Like English Valour still may overcome.





PROLOGUE,

When REVIV'D.

AS some raw Squire, by tender Mother bred,
Till one and Twenty keeps his Maidenhead,
(Pleas'd with some Sport, which he alone does find,
And thinks a secret to all Human-kind;)
Till mightily in love, yet half afraid,
He first attempts the gentle Dairy-maid.
Succeeding there, and led by the Renown
Of Whetston's Park, he comes at length to Town,
Where enter'd, by some School-fellow or Friend,
He grows to break Glas-Windows in the end:
His Valour too, which with the Watch began,
Proceeds to Duel, and he kills his Man.
By such degrees, while Knowledge he did want,
Our unstedg'd Author writ a Wild Gallant.
He thought him monstrous leud (I lay my Life)
Because suspected with his Landlord's Wife:
But since his Knowledge of the Town began,
He thinks him now a very civil Man:
And, much asham'd of what he was before,
Has fairly play'd him at three Wenches more.
Tis some amends his Frailties to confess;
Pray pardon him his want of Wickedness:
He's towardsly, and will come on apace;
His frank Confession shows he has some grace.
You baulk'd him when he was a young Beginner,
And almost spoil'd a very hopeful Sinner:
But, if once more you slight his weak Endeavour;
For ought I know, he may turn Tail for ever.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Lord *Nonfuch*, an old rich humorous Lord.
Justice *Trice*, his Neighbour.
Mr. *Loveby*, the Wild Gallant.
Sir *Timorous*, a bashful Knight.
Failer, } Hangers on of Sir *Timorous*.
Burr, }
Bibber, a Taylor.
Setstone, a Jeweler.

W O M E N.

Lady *Constance*, Lord *Nonfuch* his Daughter.
Madam *Isabella*, her Cousin.
Mrs. *Bibber*, the Taylor's Wife.

Serjeants, *Boy to Loveby*, *Servants*, a *Bawd*
and *Whores*, *Watch* and *Constable*.

SCENE LONDON.

THE



THE
Wild Gallant.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Failer *entring to Burr; who is putting on his Buff-Coat.*

FAILER.



HAT! Not ready yet, Man?

Burr. You do not consider my Voyage from *Holland* last Night.

Fail. Pish, a meer Ferry; get up, get up; my Cousin's Maids will come and Blanket thee anon: Art thou not ashamed to lye a-bed so long?

Burr. I may be more ashamed to rise; and so you'll say, dear Heart, if you look upon my Cloaths; the best is, my Buff-coat will cover all.

Fail. I gad, there goes more cunning than one would think, to the putting thy Cloaths together: Thy Doublet and Breeches are *Guelphs* and *Ghibellins* to one another;

ther; and the Stitches of thy Doublet are so far asunder, that it seems to hang together by the Teeth. No Man could ever guess to what part of the Body these Fragments did belong, unless he had been acquainted with 'em as long as thou hast been. If they once lose their hold, they can never get together again, except by chance the Rags hit the Tallies of one another. He that gets into thy Doublet, must not think to do't by Storm; no, he must win it Inch by Inch, as the *Turk* did *Rhodes*.

Burr. You are very merry with my Wardrobe: But till I am provided of a better, I am resolv'd to receive all Visits in this Truckle-bed.

Fail. Then will I first scotch the Wheels of it, that it may not run; thou hast Cattle enough in it, to carry it down Stairs, and break thy Neck, 'tis got a Yard nearer the Door already.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, Mr. *Bibber* your Taylor's below, and desires to speak with you.

Fail. He's an honest Fellow, and a fashionable; he shall set thee forth I warrant thee.

Burr. I, but where's the Mony for this, dear Heart?

Fail. — Well, but what think you of being put into a Suit of Cloaths, without Mony? [*Aside*.

Burr. You speak of Miracles.

Fail. Do you not know *Will. Bibber's* Humour?

Burr. Prethee, What have I to do with his Humour?

Fail. Break but a Jest, and he'll beg to trust thee for a Suit; nay, he will contribute to his own Destruction; and give thee occasions to make one: He has been my Artificer these three Years; and, all the while, I have liv'd upon his favourable Apprehension: Boy, conduct him up. [*Exit Boy*.

Burr. But, what am I the better for this? I ne'er made Jest in all my Life.

Fail. A bare Clinch will serve the turn; a Carwicket, a Quarterquibble, or a Punn.

Burr. Wit from a Low-Country-Soldier! One that has convers'd with none but dull *Dutchmen* these ten Years!

What

What an unreasonable Rogue art thou? why, I tell thee, 'tis as difficult to me, as to pay him ready Mony.

Fail. Come, you shall be rul'd for your own good; lie down; I'll throw the Cloaths over you to help Meditation. And, upon the first Opportunity, start you up, and surprize him with a Jest.

Burr. Well, I think this impossible to be done: But, however I'll attempt. [*Lies down, Failer covers him.*]

Fail. Husht! he's coming up.

Enter Bibber.

Bib. Morrow Mr. *Failer*: What, I warrant you think I come a Dunning now?

Fail. No, I vow to Gad, *Will*, I have a better Opinion of thy Wit, than to think thou would'st come to so little Purpose.

Bib. Pretty well that: No, no; my Business is to drink my Morning's-draught in Sack with you.

Fail. Will not Ale serve the turn, *Will*?

Bib. I had too much of that last Night; I was a little disguis'd, as they say.

Fail. Why disguis'd? Hadst thou put on a clean Band, or wash'd thy Face lately? Those are thy Disguises, *Bibber*.

Bib. Well, in short, I was drunk; damnably drunk with Ale; great Hogen Mogen bloody Ale: I was porterly drunk, and that I hate of all things in Nature.

Burr. *Rising.*] And of all things in Nature I love it best.

Bib. Art thou there I'faith; and why, old Boy?

Burr. Because when I am porterly drunk, I can carry my self.

Bib. Ha, ha, Boy.

Fail. This Porter brings sad News to you, *Will*, you must trust him for a Suit of Cloaths, as bad as 'tis: Come, he's an honest Fellow, and loves the King.

Bib. Why? It shall be my Suit to him, that I may trust him.

Burr. I grant your Suit, Sir,

Fail.

Fail. Burr, make haste and dress you; Sir *Timorous* dines here to Day: you know him.

Burr. I, I, a good honest young Fellow; but no Conjuror; he and I are very kind.

Fail. I gad we two have a constant Revenue out of him: He would now be admitted Suitor to my Lady *Constance Nonfuch*, my Lord *Nonfuch* his Daughter; our Neighbour here in *Fleetstreet*.

Burr. Is the Match in any forwardness?

Fail. He never saw her before Yesterday, and will not be brought to speak to her this Month yet.

Burr. That's strange.

Fail. Such a bashful Knight did I never see; but we must move for him.

Bib. They say here's a great Dinner to be made to Day here, at your Cousin *Trice's*, on purpose for the Entertainment.

Burr. What, he keeps up his old Humour still?

Fail. Yes certain; he admires eating and drinking well, as much as ever, and measures every Man's Wit, by the goodness of his Palate.

Burr. Who Dines here besides?

Fail. *Fac. Lo: eby.*

Bib. O, my Guest.

Burr. He has ever had the repute of a brave clear-spirited Fellow.

Fail. He's one of your Dear Hearts, a Debauchee.

Burr. I love him the better for't: The best Heraldry of a Gentleman is a Clap deriv'd to him, from three Generations: What Fortune has he?

Fail. Good Fortune at all Games; but no Estate: He had one; but he has made a Devil on't long ago: He's a bold Fellow, I vow to Gad: A Person that keeps Company with his Betters; and commonly has Gold in's Pockets. Come *Bibber*, I see thou longest to be at thy Morning's Watering: I'll try what Credit I have with the Butler.

Burr. Come away my noble *Festus* and new Customer.

Fail.

Fail. Now will he drink 'till his Face be no bigger than a Three-pence. [Exeunt.

Enter Loveby and Boy; follow'd by Frances, Bibber's Wife.

Lov. Nay, the Devil take thee, sweet Landlady, hold thy Tongue: Was't not enough thou hast scolded me from my Lodging, which, as long as I rent it, is my Castle; but to follow me here to Mr. *Trice's*, where I am invited; and to discredit me before Strangers, for a lousie, paltry Sum of Mony?

Franc. I tell you truly, Mr. *Loveby*, my Husband and I cannot live by Love, as they say; we must have where-withal, as they say; and pay for what we take; and so shall you, or some shall smoak for't.

Lov. Smoak! why a piece of hung Beef in *Holland* is not more smoak'd, than thou hast smoak'd me already. Thou know'st I am now fasting; let me have but fair play; when I have lined my Sides with a good Dinner, I'll ingage upon Reputation to come home again, and thou shalt scold at me all the Afternoon.

Franc. I'll take the Law on you.

Lov. The Law allows none to scold in their own Causes: What do'st thou think the Lawyers take our Mony for?

Franc. I hope you intend to deal by my Husband like a Gentleman, as they say?

Lov. Then I should beat him most unmercifully, and not pay him neither.

Franc. Come, you think to fobb me off with your Jest, as you do my Husband; but it won't be: Yonder he comes, and Company with him. Husband, Husband; why *William* I say!

Enter Bibber, Burr, and Failer, at the other end.

Lov. Speak softly, and I will satisfie thee.

Franc. You shall not satisfie me, Sir; pay me for what you owe me, for Chamber-rent, and Diet, and many a good thing besides, that shall be nameless.

Lov. What a Stygian Woman's this to talk thus? Hold thy Tongue 'till they be gone, or I'll Cuckold thy Husband.

Franc. You Cuckold him——would you durst Cuckold him. I will not hold my Tongue, Sir.

Bib. Yonder's my Guest; what say you, Gentlemen? Shall I call him to go down with us?

Lov. I must make a loose from her, there's no other way. Save ye, Mr. *Failer*; is your Cousin *Trice* stirring yet? Answer me quickly, Sir, is your Cousin *Trice* yet stirring?

Fail. I'll go and see, Sir. Sure the Man has a mind to beat me; but I vow to gad I have no mind to be beaten by him. Come away *Burr*. *Will.* you'll follow us.

Bib. I'll be with you immediately——

[*Exeunt* Bur. & *Failer*.

Lov. Who was that with *Failer*, *Will*?

Bib. A Man at Arms, that's come from *Holland*.

Lov. A Man out at Arms thou mean'st, *Will*.

Bib. Good P'faith.

Franc. Ay, Ay; you run questing up and down after your Gambols, and your Jests, *William*; and never mind the main Chance, as they say: Pray get in your Debts, and think upon your Wife and Children.

Lov. Think upon the Sack at *Cary-House*, with the *Abricot* flavour, *Will*. Hang a Wife; what is she, but a lawful kind of Manslayer? Every little hugg in Bed, is a degree of murdering thee: And for thy Children, fear 'em not: Thy part of 'em shall be Taylors, and they shall trust; and those thy Customers get for thee shall be Gentlemen, and they shall be trusted by their Brethren; and so thy Children shall live by one another.

Bib. Did you mark that, *Frances*? There was Wit now; he call'd me Cuckold to my Face, and yet for my Heart I cannot be angry with him: I perceive you love *Frances*, Sir; and I love her the better for your sake; speak truly, do you not like such a pretty brown kind of Woman?

Lov. I do P'faith, *Will*. your fair Women have no Substance in 'em, they shrink i'th' wetting.

Franc. Well, you may be undone if you will, Husband: I hear there are two or three Actions already out against him: You may be the last, if you think good.

Bib.

Bib. 'Tis true she tells me; I love your Wit well, Sir; but I must cut my Coat according to my Cloth.

Franc. Sir, we'll come by our own as we can; if you put us off from Week to Week thus.

Lov. Nay, but good Landlady——

Franc. Will good Landlady set on the Pot, as they say; or make the Jack go? then I'll hear you.

Bib. Now she's too much on t'other Hand; Hold your prating, *Frances*; or I'll put you out of your *Pater Nosters*, with a sorrow to you.

Franc. I did but lay the Law open to him, as they say, whereby to get our Mony in: But if you knew how he had used me, Husband!

Bib. Has he us'd you, *Frances*? put so much more into his Bill for Lodging.

Lov. Honest *Will*, and so he dy'd; I thank thee little *Bibber*, being sober, and when I am drunk, I will kiss thee for't.

Bib. Thank me, and pay me my Mony, Sir; though I could not forbear my Jest, I do not intend to lose by you; if you pay me not the sooner, I must provide you another Lodging; say I gave you warning.

Lov. Against next Quarter, Landlord?

Bib. Of an Hour, Sir.

Lov. That's short warning, *Will*.

Bib. By this Hand you shall up into the Garret, where the little Bed is; I'll let my best Room to a better Paymaster; you know the Garret, Sir?

Franc. I, he knows it by a good Token, Husband.

Lov. I sweat to think of that Garret, *Will*, thou art not so unconscionable to put me there: Why 'tis a kind of little ease, to cramp thy rebellious Prentices in. I have seen an Usurer's Iron Chest would hold two on't: A penny Looking-glass cannot stand upright in the Window, that and the Brush fills it: The Hat-case must be dispos'd under the Bed, and the Comb-case will hang down from the Ceiling to the Floor. If I chance to Dine in my Chamber, I must stay till I am empty be-

fore I can get out: And if I chance to spill the Chamber-pot, it will over-flow it from top to bottom.

Bib. Well, for the Description of the Garret, I'll bate you something of the Bill.

Lov. All, all, good *Will*; or to stay thy Fury till my Rents come up, I will describe thy little Face.

Bib. No, rather describe your own little Mony; I am sure that's so little, it is not visible.

Lov. You are i'th'right, I have not a Cross at present, as I am a Sinner; and you will not believe me, I'll turn my Pockets inside outward——Ha! What's the meaning of this, my Pockets heavy? Has my small Officer put in Counters to abuse me?——How now! yellow Boys, by this good Light! Sirrah, Varlet, how came I by this Gold? Ha!

Boy. What Gold do you mean, Sir? the Devil-a-piece you had this Morning: In these last three Weeks, I have almost forgot what my Teeth were made for; last Night good Mrs. *Bibber* here took pity on me, and crumm'd me a Mefs of Gruel, with the Children, and I popt and popt my Spoon three or four Times to my Mouth, before I could find the way to't.

Lov. 'Tis strange, how I should come by so much Mony! [*Aside.*] Has there been no body about my Chamber this Morning, Landlady?

Boy. O Yes, Sir; I forgot to tell you that: This Morning a strange Fellow, as ever Eyes beheld, would needs come up to you when you were asleep; but when he came down again, he said, He had not wak'd you.

Lov. Sure this Fellow, who-e'er he was, was sent by Fortune to mistake me into so much Mony.——Well, this is not the first Time my Necessities have been strangely supply'd: Some *Cadua* or other has a Kindness for me, that's certain: [*Aside.*] ——Well, *Monf. Bibber*, from henceforward I'll keep my Wit for more refin'd Spirits; you shall be paid with Dirt;——there's Mony for you.

Bib. Nay, good Sir.

Lov.

Lov. What's your Sum? tell it out: Will the Mony burn your Fingers? Sirrah, Boy, fetch my Suit with the Gold Lace at Sleeves from Tribulation—*Gives him Gold. Exit Boy.*] Mr. *Taylor*, I shall turn the better Bill-man, and knock that little Coxcomb of yours, if you do not answer me what I owe you.

Bib. Pray, Sir, trouble not your self; 'tis nothing; I'feck now 'tis not.

Lov. How, nothing, Sir?

Franc. And't please your Worship, it was seventeen Pounds and a Noble, Yesterday at Noon, your Worship knows: And then your Worship came home ill last Night, and complain'd of your Worship's Head; and I sent for three Dishes of Tea for your good Worship, and that was Six Pence more, and please your Worship's Honour.

Lov. Well; there's eighteen Pieces, tell 'em.

Bib. I say, *Frances*, do not take 'em.

Lov. What, is all your pleading of Necessity come to this?

Bib. Now I see he will pay, he shall not pay, *Frances*; go home, and fetch him the whole Bag of forty Pounds, I'll lend it him, and the Lease of the House too; he shall want for nothing.

Lov. Take the Mony, or I'll leave your House.

Bib. Nay, rather than displease his Worship, take it.

[*She takes it.*

Lov. So, so; go home quietly, and suckle my Godson, *Frances*.

[*Exit Frances.*

Bib. If you are for the Cellar, Sir, you know the Way.

[*Exit Bibber.*

Lov. No, my first Visit shall be to my Mistress, the Lady *Constance Nonfuch*: She's discreet, and how the Devil she comes to love me, I know not; yet I am pretty confident she loves me: Well, no Woman can be wiser, than you know what will give her leave to be.

Enter Lady Constance, and Madam Isabella.

Isa. Look, look; is not that your Servant *Loveby*?

Low. 'Tis she; there's no being seen, till I am better habited—— [Exit *Loveby*.

Const. Let him go, and take no Notice of him: Poor Rogue! He little thinks I know his Poverty.

Isa. And less, that you supply it by an unknown Hand.

Const. Ay, and falsified my Father's Keys to do it.

Isa. How can you answer this to your Discretion?

Const. Who could see him want she loves?

Enter Setstone.

Isa. Oh here's Mr. *Setstone* come, your Jeweller, Madam.

Const. Welcome *Setstone*, hast thou perform'd thy Visit happily, and without Discovery?

Set. As you would wish it, Madam: It went up to his Chamber without Interruption; and there found him drowning his Cares, and pacifying his Hunger, with Sleep; which Advantage I took, and undiscovered by him left the Gold divided in his Pockets.

Const. Well, this Mony will furnish him I hope, that we may have his Company again.

Set. Two hundred and fifty good Pounds, Madam! Has your Father miss'd it yet?

Const. No; if he had, we should have all heard on't before now: But, pray God Monsieur *Loveby* has no other haunts to divert him now he's ransom'd: What a kind of Woman is his Landlady?

Set. Well enough to serve a Taylor; or to kiss when he comes home drunk, or wants Mony; but far unlikely to create Jealousie in your Ladyship.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, Justice *Trice* desires your Ladyship's Excuse, that he has not yet perform'd the Civilities of his Hour to you; he is dispatching a little Business, about which he is earnestly employed.

Const. He's Master of his own Occasions. [Exit *Servant*.

Isa. We shall see him anon, with his Face as red as if it had been boil'd in Pump-water: But, when comes this Mirror of Knighthood that is to be presented you for your Servant?

Const.

Const. Oh, 'tis well thought on; 'Faith thou know'st my Affections are otherwise dispos'd; he's rich, and thou want'st a Fortune; atchieve him if thou can'st; 'tis but trying, and thou hast as much Wit as any Wench in *England*.

Isa. On Condition you'll take it for a Courtesie to be rid of an Ass, I care not if I marry him: the old Fool, your Father, would be so importunate to match you with a young Fool, that partly for quietness sake I am content to take him.

Const. To take him! then you make sure on't.

Isa. As sure, as if the Sack Posslet were already eaten.

Const. But, what means wilt thou use to get him?

Isa. I'll bribe *Failer*, he's the Man.

Const. Why, this Knight is his Inheritance; he lives upon him: Do'st thou think he'll ever admit thee to govern him? No, he fears thy Wit too much: Besides, he has already received an hundred Pound to make the Match between Sir *Timorous* and me.

Isa. 'Tis all one for that; I warrant you he sells me the Fee-simple of him.

Set. Your Father, Madam.—————

Enter Nonfuch.

Isa. The Tempest is risen; I see it in his Face; he puffs and blows yonder, as if two of the Winds were fighting upwards and downwards in his Belly.

Set. Will he not find your false Keys, Madam?

Isa. I hope he will have more Humanity than to search us.

Const. You are come after us betimes, Sir.

Non. Oh Child! I am undone; I am robb'd, I am robb'd; I have utterly lost all Stomach to my Dinner.

Const. Robb'd! good my Lord how, or of what?

Non. Two hundred and fifty Pounds in fair Gold out of my Study: An hundred of it I was to have paid a Courtier this Afternoon for a Bribe.

Set. I protest, my Lord, I had as much ado to get that Parcel of Gold for your Lordship—————

Non. You must get me as much more against to Morrow; for then my Friend at Court is to pay his Mercer.

Isa. Nay, if that be all, there's no such haste; The Courtiers are not so forward to pay their Debts.

Const. Has not the *Monkey* been in the Study? He may have carried it away, and dropt it under the Garden-window: The Grass is long enough to hide it.

Non. I'll go see immediately.

Enter Failer, Burr, Timorous.

Fail. This is the Gentleman, my Lord.

Non. He's welcome——

Fail. And this the Particular of his Estate.

Non. That's welcome too.

Fail. But, besides the Land here mentioned, he has Wealth in Specie.

Non. A very fine young Gentleman.

Tim. Now, my Lord, I hope there's no great need of Wooing: I suppose my Estate will speak for me; yet, if you please to put in a word.

Non. That will I instantly.

Tim. I hope I shall have your good word too, Madam, to your Cousin for me.

[To *Isabella*.]

Isa. Any thing within my Power, Sir *Timorous*.

Non. Daughter, here's a Person of Quality, and one that loves and honours you exceedingly——

Tim. Nay, good my Lord! you discover all at first dash.

Non. Let me alone, Sir; have not I the dominion over my own Daughter? *Constance*, here's a Knight in love with you, Child.

Const. In love with me, my Lord, it is not possible.

Non. Here he stands that will make it good, Child.

Tim. Who I, my Lord? I hope her Ladyship has a better Opinion of me than so.

Non. What, are not you in love with my Daughter? I'll be sworn you told me so but even now: I'll eat Words for no Man.

Tim. If your Ladyship will believe all Reports that are raised on Men of Quality——

Non.

Non. He told it me with his own Mouth, Child: I'll eat Words for no Man; that's more than ever I told him yet.

Fail. You told him so but just now; fie, Sir *Timorous*.

Non. He shall have no Daughter of mine and he were a thousand Knights; he told me, he hop'd I would speak for him: I'll eat no Man's Words; that's more than ever I told him yet.

Isa. You need not keep such a pudder about eating his Words; you see he has eaten 'em already for you.

Non. I'll make him stand to his Words, and he shall not marry my Daughter neither: By this good Day, I will _____ [Exit *Non* such.]

Const. 'Tis an ill Day to him, he has lost two hundred and fifty Pounds in't. [To *Isa.*

Burr. He Swears at the rate of two thousand Pounds a Year, if the *Rump* Act were still in being.

Fail. He's in Passion, Man; and besides, he has been a great Fanatick formerly, and now has got a habit of Swearing, that he may be thought a Cavalier.

Burr. What Noise is that? I think I hear your Cousin *Trice's* Voice.

Fail. I'll go see _____ [Exit *Fail.*

Isa. Come Sir *Timorous*, be not discouraged: 'Tis but an old Man's frowardness; he's always thus against Rain.

Enter *Failer*.

Fail. O Madam, follow me quickly; and if you do not see Sport, Melancholy be upon my Head _____

[*Exeunt omnes.*

The SCENE changes, and *Trice* is discovered playing at Tables by himself, with Spectacles on, a Bottle and *Parmezan* by him; they return and see him, undiscovered by him.

Trice. *Cinque* and *Cater*: My *Cinque* I play here, Sir; my *Cater* here, Sir: Now for you, Sir: But first I'll drink to you, Sir; upon my Faith I'll do you Reason,

Sir: Mine was thus full, Sir: Pray mind your Play, Sir:
—Size Ace I have thrown: I'll play 'em at length, Sir.

——Will you, Sir? Then you have made a blot,
Sir; I'll try if I can enter: I have hit you, Sir.

——I think you can cog a Dye, Sir.

——I cog a Dye, Sir? I play as fair as you, or
any Man.

——You Lie, Sir.

——How! Lie, Sir? I'll teach you what 'tis to give
a Gentleman the Lie, Sir. [Throws down the Tables.

[They all laugh and discover themselves.

Isa. Is this your serious Business?

Trice. O you Rogue, are you there? You are welcome
Hufwife, and so are you *Constance*, *Fa tol de re tol de re la.*

[Claps their Backs.

Isa. Prithee be not so rude, *Trice.*

Trice. Hufwife *Constance*, I'll have you into my Lar-
der, and shew you my Provision: I have Cockles, dain-
ty fat Cockles that came in the Night; if they had seen
the Day, I would not have given a Fart for 'em. I
would the King had 'em.

Const. He has as good, I warrant you.

Trice. Nay, that's a Lie. I could sit and cry for him
sometimes, he does not know what 'tis to eat a good
Meal in a whole Year: His Cooks are Asses: I have a
delicate Dish of Ruffs to Dinner, Sirrah.

Const. To Dinner!

Trice. To Dinner! why by Supper they had been past
their prime. I'll tell thee the Story of 'em: I have a
Friend——

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, Dinner's upon the Table.

Trice. Well, well; I have a Friend, as I told you——

Serv. Dinner stays, Sir; 'tis Dinner that stays: Sure
he will hear now.

Trice. I have a Friend, as I told you——

Isa. I believe he's your Friend, you are so loath to
part with him——

Trice. Away, away;——I'll tell you the Story be-
tween the Courses. Go you to the Cook immediately,
Sirrah;

Sirrah; and bring me Word what we have to Supper, before we go to Dinner; I love to have the Satisfaction of the Day before me. [*Exeunt omnes.*]



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter as from Dinner, Trice, Timorous, Failer, Burr, Constance, Isabella.

Trice. Speak thy Conscience; was it not well dress'd, Sirrah?

Tim. What think you of the Park after our plenteous Entertainment, Madam?

Isa. I despise the Park, and all its Works.

Const. Come, Mr. *Trice*, we'll walk in your Garden.

[*Exeunt all but Failer and Burr.*]

Fail. O, one thing I had almost forgot to tell you: One of us two must ever be near Sir *Timorous*.

Burr. Why?

Fail. To guard our Interest in him from the Enemy, Madam *Isabella*; who, I doubt, has Designs upon him. I do not fear her Wit, but her Sex; she carries a prevailing Argument about her.

Enter Bibber with a Bottle.

Bib. By this Hand, I have a-light upon the best Wine in your Cousin's Cellar; drink but one Glass to me, to shew I am welcome, and I am gone.

Fail. Here then, honest *Will*. 'tis a Cup of Forbearance to thee.

Bib. Thank you, Sir, I'll pledge you——now here's to you again.

Fail. Come away; what is't, *Will*?

Bib. 'Tis what you christened it, a Cup of Forbearance, Sir.

Fail.

Fail. Why, I drank that to thee, *Will*, that thou shouldst forbear thy Money.

Bib. And I drink this to you, Sir; henceforward I'll forbear working for you.

Fail. Then say I: Take a little *Bibber*, and throw him in the River, and if he will Trust never, then there let him lie ever.

Bib. Then say I: Take a little *Failer*, and throw him to the Jaylor; and there let him lie, 'till he has paid his Taylor.

Burr. You are very smart upon one another, Gentlemen.

Fail. This is nothing between us; I use to tell him of his Title, *Fiery facias*; and his Setting-Dog, that runs into Ale-houses before him, and comes questing out again, if any of the Woots his Customers be within.

Bib. I faith 'tis true; and I use to tell him of his two Capon's Tails about his Hat, that are laid spread Eagle wise to make a Feather; I would go into the Snow at any time, and in a Quarter of an Hour I would come in with a better Feather upon my Head; and so farewell, Sir; I have had the better on you hitherto; and for this time I am resolved to keep it. [Exit *Bibber*.

Fail. The Rogue's too hard for me; but the best on't is, I have my Revenge upon his Purse.

Enter Isabella.

Isa. Came not Sir *Timorous* this way, Gentlemen? He left us in the Garden, and said he would look out my Lord *Nonfuch*, to make his Peace with him.

Fail. Madam, I like not your enquiring after Sir *Timorous*: I suspect you have some Design upon him: You would fain undermine your Cousin, and marry him your self.

Isa. Suppose I should design it; what are you the worse for my good Fortune? Shall I make a Proposition to you? I know you two carry a great stroke with him: Make the Match between us, and propound to your selves what Advantages you can reasonably hope: You shall chouse him of Horses, Cloaths and Money, and I'll wink at it.

Burr.

Burr. And if he will not be chous'd, shall we beat him out on't?

Isa. For that, as you can agree.

Fail. Give us a Handsel of the Bargain; let us enjoy you, and 'tis a Match.

Isa. Grammarcy I'faith Boys; I love a good Offer, how e'er the World goes: But you would not be so base to wrong him that way.

Fail. I vow to gad but I would, Madam: In a Horse or a Woman I may lawfully cheat my own Father: Besides, I know the Knight's Complexion; he would be sure to follow other Women; and all that.

Isa. Nay, if he fought with the Sword, he should give me leave to fight with the Scabbard.

Burr. What say you, Madam? Is't a Bargain?

Isa. 'Tis but a Promise; and I have learnt a Court Trick for performing any thing. [*Aside.*] Well Gentlemen, when I am married I'll think upon you; you'll grant there's a Necessity I should Cuckold him, if it were but to prove my self a Wit.

Fail. Nay, there's no doubt you'll Cuckold him; and all that; for look you, he's a Person fit for nothing else; but I fear we shall not have the grafting of the Horns; we must have Livery and Seisin before-hand of you, or I protest to gad we believe you not.

Isa. I have past my Word, is't not sufficient? What do you think, I would tell a Lie to save such a paltry thing as a Night's Lodging?—Hark you Sir.

[*To Burr.*]

Fail. Now will she attempt *Burr*; i'gad, she has found him out for the weaker Vessel.

Isa. I have no Kindness for that *Failer*, we'll strike him out, and manage Sir *Timorous* our selves.

Burr. Indeed we won't.

Isa. *Failer's* a Rook, and besides, he's such a debauch'd Fellow——

Burr. I am ten times worse.

Isa. Leave it, and him that taught it you: You have virtuous Inclinations, and I would not have you ruin your
your

your self. He that serves many Mistresses, surfeits on his Diet, and grows dead to the whole Sex: 'Tis the Folly in the World next long Ears and braying.

Burr. Now I'm sure you have a Mind to me; when a Woman once falls to Preaching, the next thing is ever Use and Application.

Isa. Forbear your Rudeness——

Burr. Then I am sure you meant to Jilt me: You decline *Failer* because he has Wit; and you think me such an Ass, that you may pack me off so soon as you are married; no, no, I'll not venture Certainties for Uncertainties.

Isa. I can hold no longer; Mr. *Failer*, what do you think this Fellow was saying of you?

Fail. Of me, Madam?

Isa. That you were one of the errantest Cowards in Christendom, though you went for one of the dear Hearts: That your Name had been upon more Posts than Play-Bills: And that he had been acquainted with you these seven Years, drunk and sober, and yet could never fasten a Quarrel upon you.

Burr. Do you believe this, dear Heart?

Isa. If you deny it, I'll take his Sword, and force you to confess it.

Fail. I vow to gad, this will not do, Madam: You shall not set us at Variance so easily; neither shall you have Sir *Timorous*.

Isa. No! then mark my Words: I'll marry him in spite of you; and which is worse, you shall both work my Ends; and I'll discard you for your Pains.

Fail. You shall not touch a Bit of him: I'll preserve his Humbles from you i'gad; they shall be his Keepers Fees.

Burr. She shall cut an Atome sooner than divide us.

[*Exeunt Burr and Failer.*]

Enter Constance.

Const. I have given 'em the slip in the Garden, to come and over-hear thee: No Fat overgrown Virgin of forty ever offer'd her self so dog-cheap, or was more despis'd:

despis'd: Methinks now this should mortifie thee exceedingly.

Isa. Not a whit the more for that: Cousin mine, our Sex is not so easily put out of conceit with our own Beauties.

Const. Thou hast lost the Opinion of thy Honesty, and got nothing in Recompence: Now that's such an Oversight in a Lady.

Isa. You are deceiv'd; they think me too Virtuouse for their Purpose; but I have yet another way to try, and you shall help me.

Enter Loveby new habited.

Const. Mr. *Loveby*, welcome, welcome: Where have you been this Fortnight?

Lov. Faith, Madam, out of Town to see a little thing that's fallen to me upon the Death of a Grandmother.

Const. You thank Death for the Windfall, Servant: But why are you not in Mourning for her?

Lov. Troth, Madam, it came upon me so suddenly, I had not time: 'Twas a Fortune utterly unexpected by me.

Isa. Why, was your Grandmother so young you could not look for her Decease?

Lov. Not for that neither; but I had many other Kindred whom she might have left it to, only she heard I liv'd here in fashion, and spent my Mony in the Eye of the World.

Const. You forge these things prettily; but I have heard you are as poor as a decimated Cavalier, and had not one foot of Land in all the World.

Lov. Rivals Tales, Rivals Tales, Madam.

Const. Where lyes your Land, Sir?

Lov. I'll tell you, Madam, it has upon it a very fair Manor House; from one side you have in prospect an hanging Garden.

Isa. Who was hang'd there? not your Grandmother, I hope?

Lov. In the midst of it you have a Fountain: You have seen that at *Hampton-Court*; it will serve to give you

you a slight Image of it. Beyond the Garden you look to a River through a Perspective of Fruit-trees; and beyond the River you see a Mead so flowry: — Well, I shall never be at quiet, till we two make Hay there.

Const. But where lyes this Paradise?

Lov. Pox on't; I am thinking to sell it, it has such a Villanous unpleasant Name; it would have sounded so harsh in a Lady's Ear. But for the Fountain, Madam—

Const. The Fountain's a poor Excuse, it will not hold Water; come, the Name, the Name.

Lov. Faith it is come so lately into my Hands, that I have forgot the Name on't.

Isa. That's much, now, you should forget the Name, and yet could make such an exact Description of the Place.

Lov. If you will needs know, the Name's *Bawdy*. Sure this will give a stop to their Curiosity. [*Aside.*]

Isa. At least you'll tell us in what County it lyes, that my Cousin may send to enquire about it; come, this shall not serve your turn, tell us any Town that's near it.

Lov. 'Twill be somewhat too far to send; it lyes in the very North of *Scotland*.

Isa. In good time, a Paradise in the *Highlands*; is't not so, Sir?

Const. It seems you went Post, Servant: In troth you are a Rank Rider, to go to the North of *Scotland*, stay and take Possession, and return again, in ten Days time.

Isa. I never knew your Grandmother was a *Scotch* Woman: Is she not a *Tartar* too? Pray whistle for her, and lets see her Dance; Come——whist Grannee!

Const. Fie, fie, Servant; what, no invention in you? all this while a studying for a Name of your Manor? come, come, where lyes it? tell me.

Lov. No Faith, I am wiser than so; I'll discover my Seat to no Man; so I shall have some damn'd Lawyer keep a prying into my Title to defeat me of it.

Const. How then shall I be satisfied there is such a thing in Nature?

Lov.

Lov. Tell me what Jewel you would wear, and you shall have it: Enquire into my Mony, there's the Tryal.

Const. Since you are so flush, Sir, you shall give me a Locket of Diamonds of three hundred Pounds.

Isa. That was too severe; you know he has but two hundred and fifty Pounds to bestow. [To her.]

Lov. Well you shall have it, Madam: But I cannot higggle: I know you'll say it did not cost above two hundred Pieces.

Isa. I'll be hanged if he does not present you with a Parcel of melted Flints set in Gold, or *Norfolk* Pebbles.

Lov. Little Gentlewoman, you are so keen——Madam, this Night I have appointed Business, to morrow I'll wait upon you with it. [Exit Loveby.]

Isa. By that time he has bought his Locket, and paid his Landlady, all his Mony will be gone: But, do you mean to prosecute your Plot, to see him this Evening?

Const. Yes, and that very privately; if my Father know it, I am undone.

Enter Setstone.

Isa. I heard him say this Night he had appointed Business.

Set. Why that was it, Madam; according to your Order I put on a Disguise, and found him in the *Temple-Walks*: Having drawn him aside, I told him, if he expected Happiness, he must meet me in a blind Alley I nam'd to him, on the back-side of Mr. *Trice's* House, just at the close of Evening; there he should be satisfied from whom he had his supplies of Mony.

Const. And how did he receive the Summons?

Set. Like a bold *Hector* of *Troy*; without the least doubt or scruple: But, the jest on't was, he would needs believe that I was the Devil.

Const. Sure he was afraid to come then.

Set. Quite contrary; he told me I need not be so shy, to acknowledge my self to him; he knew I was the Devil; but he had learnt so much civility, as not to press his Friend to a farther Discovery than he was pleased. I should see I had to do with a Gentleman; and any Courtesie

tesie I should confer on him he would not be unthankful; for he hated Ingratitude of all things.

Const. 'Twas well carried not to dis-abuse him; I laugh to think what sport I shall have anon, when I convince him of his Lies, and let him know I was the Devil to whom he was beholden for his Mony: Go *Setstone*; and in the same Disguise be ready for him. [*Exit Setstone.*]

Isa. How dare you trust this Fellow?

Const. I must trust some body; Gain has made him mine, and now fear will keep him Faithful.

To them, Burr, Failer, Timorous, Trice, and Nonsuch.

Fail. Pray, my Lord, take no picque at it: 'Tis not given to all Men to be confident: I gad you shall see Sir *Timorous* will redeem all upon the next occasion.

Non. A raw mieking Boy.

Isa. And what are you but an old Boy of five and fifty? I never knew any thing so humourfome.——I warrant you, Sir *Timorous*, I'll speak for you.

Non. Would'st thou have me be Friends with him! for thy sake he shall only add five hundred a Year to her Jointure, and I'll be satisfied: Come you hither, Sir.

[*Here Trice and Nonsuch and Timorous talk privately; Burr with Failer apart; Constance with Isabella.*]

Const. You'll not find your account in this Trick to get *Failer* beaten; 'tis too palpable and open.

Isa. I warrant you 'twill pass upon *Burr* for a time; So my Revenge and your Interest will go on together.

Fail. *Burr*, there's Mischief a brewing, I know it by their whispering I vow to gad: Look to your self, their Design's on you; for my part I am a Person that am above 'em.

Tim. to *Trice*. But then you must speak for me, Mr. *Trice*; and you too, my Lord.

Non. If you deny't again, I'll beat you; look to't Boy.

Trice. Come on; I'll make the Bargain.

Isa. You were ever good in a Flesh Market.

Trice. Come you little Harlotry; what Satisfaction can you give me for running away before the Ruffis came in?

Const.

Const. Why I left you to 'em, that ever invite your own Belly to the greatest Part of all your Feasts.

Trice. I have brought you a Knight here Hufwife, with a plentiful Fortune to furnish out a Table; and, what would you more? Would you be an Angel in Heaven?

Isa. Your Mind's ever upon your Belly.

Trice. No; 'tis sometimes upon yours: But, what say'st thou to Sir *Timorous*, little *Constance*?

Const. Would you have me married to that King *Midas*'s Face?

Trice. *Midas* me no *Midas*; he's a Wit; he understands eating and drinking well: *Poeta coquus*, the Heathen Philosopher could tell you that.

Const. Come on, Sir; what's your Will with me?

[Laughs.

Tim. Why, Madam, I could only wish we were a little better acquainted, that we might not laugh at one another so.

Const. If the Fool puts forward I am undone,

Tim. Fool! Do you know me, Madam?

Const. You may see I know you, because I call you by your Name.

Fail. You must endure these Rebukes with [Patience, Sir *Timorous*.

Const. What, are you Planet struck? Look you, my Lord, the Gentleman's Tongue-ty'd.

Non. This is past enduring.

Fail. 'Tis nothing, my Lord; Courage, Sir *Timorous*.

Non. I say 'tis past enduring; that's more than ever I told you yet: Do you come to make a Fool of my Daughter?

Isa. Why Lord——

Non. Why Lady——

[Exit *Non* such.

Trice. Let's follow the old Man, and pacifie him.

Isa. Now Cousin—— [Exeunt *Isa.* *Trice*, *Burr*.

Const. Well, Mr. *Failer*, I did not think you of all the rest would have endeavoured a thing so much against my

my Inclination, as this Marriage: if you had been acquainted with my Heart, I am sure you would not.

Fail. What can the Meaning of this be? you would not have me believe you love me; and yet how otherwise to understand you I vow to gad I cannot comprehend.

Const. I did not say I lov'd you; but if I should take a Fancy to your Person and Humour, I hope it is no Crime to tell it you: Women are ty'd to hard unequal Laws: The Passion is the same in us, and yet we are debarr'd the Freedom to express it. You make poor *Grecian* Beggars of us Ladies; our Desires must have no Language; but only be fastned to our Breasts.

Fail. Come, come; I gad I know the whole Sex of you: Your Love's at best but a kind of Blind-mans-buff, catching at him that's next in your Way.

Const. Well, Sir, I can take nothing ill from you; when 'tis too late you'll see how unjust you have been to me——I have said too much already—— [*Is going.*]

Fail. Nay, stay sweet Madam: I vow to gad my Fortune's better than I could imagine.

Const. No, pray let me go, Sir; perhaps I was in jest.

Fail. Really, Madam, I look upon you as a Person of such worth, and all that, that I vow to gad I honour you of all Persons in the World; and tho' I am a Person that am inconsiderable in the World, and all that, Madam, yet for a Person of your Worth and Excellency, I would——

Const. What would you, Sir?

Fail. Sacrifice my Life and Fortunes, I vow to gad, Madam.

Enter Isabella, Burr and Timorous, at a distance from them.

Isa. There's *Failer* close in Talk with my Cousin; he's solliciting your Suit, I warrant you, Sir *Timorous*: Do but observe with what Passion he courts for you.

Burr. I do not like that kneading of her Hand though.

Isa. Come, you are such a jealous Coxcomb: I warrant you suspect there's some Amour between 'em; there can be nothing in't it is so open: Pray observe.

Burr.

Burr. But, how come you so officious, Madam; you, that e'er now had a Design upon Sir *Timorous* for your self?

Isa. I thought you had a better Opinion of my Wit, than to think I was in earnest. My Cousin may do what she pleases, but he shall never pin himself upon me, assure him.

Const. to *Fail.* Sir *Timorous* little knows how dangerous a Person he has employ'd in making Love:—

[*Aloud.*

Burr. How's this! Pray my Lady *Constance*, what's the Meaning of that you say to *Failer*?

Fail. What luck was this, that he should over-hear you! Pax on't!

Const. Mr. *Burr*, I owe you not that Satisfaction; what you have heard you may interpret as you please.

Tim. The Rascal has betray'd me.

Isa. In earnest, Sir, I do not like it.

Fail. Dear Mr. *Burr*, be pacify'd; you are a Person I have an Honour for; and this change of Affairs shall not be the worse for you, I gad Sir.

Const. Bear up resolutely Mr. *Failer*; and maintain my Favours, as becomes my Servant.

Burr. He maintain 'em! go you *Judas*! I'll teach you what 'tis to play fast and loose with a Man of War.

[*Kicks him.*

Tim. Lay it on, *Burr*.

Isa. Spare him not, *Burr*.

Const. Fear him not, Servant.

Fail. Oh, oh; would no body were on my Side; here I am prais'd, I vow to gad, into all the Colours of the Rainbow.

Const. But, remember 'tis for me.

Burr. As you like this, proceed, Sir; but, come not near me to Night, while I'm in wrath.

[*Exeunt Burr and Timorous.*

Const. Come, Sir; how fare you after your fore Tryal? You bore it with a most heroick Patience.

Isa. Brave Man at Arms, but weak to *Balthazer*!

Fail.

Fail. I hope to gad, Madam, you'll consider the Merit of my Sufferings: I would not have been beaten thus, but to obey that Person in the World——

Const. Heaven reward you for't: I never shall.

Fail. How, Madam!

Isa. Art thou such an Afs as not to perceive thou art abused? This Beating I contriv'd for you: You know upon what Account; and have yet another or two at your Service; Yield up the Knight in time, 'tis your best Course.

Fail. Then, does not your Ladyship love me, Madam?

Const. Yes, yes; I love to see you beaten.

Isa. Well, methinks now you have had a hard Bargain on't: You have lost your Cully, Sir *Timorous*; and your Friend *Burr*, and all to get a poor Beating: But I'll see it mended against next time for you.

[*Exeunt Constance, and Isabella laughing.*]

Fail. I am so much amaz'd, I vow to gad, I do not understand my own Condition. [Exit Failer.

Enter Loveby solus, in the dark; his Sword drawn; groping out his way.

Lov. This is the Time and Place he 'pointed me; and 'tis certainly the Devil I am to meet; for no mortal Creature could have that Kindness for me, to supply my Necessities as he has done, nor could have done it in so strange a manner: He told me he was a Scholar, and had been a Parson in the Fanaticks Times; a shrewd Suspicion it was the Devil; or at least a Limb of him. If the Devil can send Churchmen on his Errands, Lord have mercy on the Layety! Well, let every Man speak as he finds, and give the Devil his due; I think him a very honest and well-natur'd Fellow: And if I hear any Man speak Ill of him, (except it be a Parson that gets his Living by it) I wear a Sword at his Service: Yet for all this I do not much care to see him. He does not mean to hook me in for my Soul, does he? If he does, I shall desire to be excus'd. But what a Rogue am I, to suspect a Person that has dealt so like a Gentleman by me? He comes to bring me Mony, and would do it hand-

handsomely, that it might not be perceiv'd: Let it be as 'twill, I'll seem to trust him, and then if he have any thing of a Gentleman in him, he will scorn to deceive me, as much as I would to cousin him, if I were the Devil, and he *Jack Loveby*.

Enter Failer at t'other end of the Stage.

Fail. What will become of me to Night! I am just in the Condition of an out-lying Deer, that's beaten from his Walk for offering to Rutt: Enter I dare not for *Burr*.

Lov. I hear a Voice, but nothing do I see; speak what thou art.

Fail. There he is, watching for me: I must venture to run by him; and when I am in, I hope my Cousin *Trice* will defend me: The Devil would not lie abroad in such a Night.

Lov. I thought it was the Devil before he nam'd himself. [*Failer goes to run off, and falls into Loveby's Arms.*]

Lov. Honest Sathan! well encounter'd! I am sorry with all my Heart it is so dark: 'Faith I should be very glad to see thee at my Lodging; prithee let's not be such Strangers to one another for the time to come; and, what hast thou got under thy Cloak there little Sathan? I warrant thou hast brought me some more Money.

Fail. Help, help; Thieves, Thieves.

[*Loveby let's him go.*]

Lov. This is *Failer's* Voice: How the Devil was I mistaken! I must get off, e'er Company comes in.

[*Exit Loveby.*]

Fail. Thieves! Thieves!

Enter Trice, Burr, Timorous, undress'd.

All. Where! where!

Fail. One was here just now; and it should be *Loveby* by his Voice, but I have no Witness.

Trice. It cannot be; he wants no Money.

Burr. Come, Sirrah; I'll take pity on you to Night; you shall lie in the Truckle-bed.

Trice. Pox o'this Noise, it has disturb'd me from such a Dream of Eating!

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

A C T



ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Constance, and Isabella.

Const. 'T WAS ill Luck to have the Meeting broke last Night, just as *Setstone* was coming towards him.

Isa. But in part of Recompence you'll have the Pleasure of putting him on farther Streights. O, these little Mischiefs are Meat and Drink to me.

Const. He shall tell me from whence he has his Mony: I am resolv'd now to try him to the utmost.

Isa. I would devise something for him to do, which he could not possibly perform.

Const. As I live yonder he comes with the Jewel in his Hand he promis'd me; prithee leave me alone with him.

Isa. Speed the Plough; if I can make no Sport, I'll hinder none: I'll to my Knight, Sir *Timorous*; shortly you shall hear News from *Dametas*. [Exit Isabella.]

Enter Loveby.

Lov. Look you, Madam, here's the Jewel; do me the Favour to accept it, and suppose a very good Complement deliver'd with it.

Const. Believe me a very fair Jewel: But, why will you be at this needless Charge? What Acknowledgment do you expect? You know I will not marry you.

Lov. How the Devil do I know that? I do not conceive my self, under Correction, so inconsiderable a Person.

Const. You'll alter your partial Opinion, when I tell you 'tis not a flash of Wit fires me; nor is it a gay Outside can seduce me to Matrimony.

Lov. I am neither Fool, nor deform'd so much as to be despicable. What do I want?

Const.

Const. A good Estate, that makes every thing handsome; nothing can look well without it.

Lov. Does this Jewel express Poverty?

Const. I conjure you by your Love to me, tell me one Truth not minc'd by your Invention: How came you by this Jewel?

Lov. 'Tis well I have a Voucher; pray ask your own Jeweller *Setstone*, if I did not buy it of him.

Const. How glad you are now, you can tell a Truth so near a Lie: But, where had you the Mony that purchased it? Come,——without Circumstances and Preambles——

Lov. Umph——perhaps that may be a Secret.

Const. Say it be one; yet he that lov'd indeed, could not keep it from his Mistress.

Lov. Why should you be thus importunate?

Const. Because I cannot think you love me, if you will not trust that to my Knowledge, which you conceal from all the World beside.

Lov. You urge me deeply——

Const. Come, sweet Servant, you shall tell me; I am resolv'd to take no denial: Why do you sigh?

Lov. If I be blasted, it must out.

Const. Either tell me, or resolve to take your Leave for ever.

Lov. Then know I have my Means, I know not how.

Const. This is a fine Secret.

Lov. Why then if you will needs know; 'tis from the Devil; I have Mony from him, what, and when I please.

Const. Have you seal'd a Covenant, and given away your Soul for Mony?

Lov. No such thing intended on my part.

Const. How then?

Lov. I know not yet what Conditions he'll propose: I should have spoke with him last Night, but that a cross Chance hinder'd it.

Const. Well, my Opinion is, some great Lady that is in Love with you, supplies you still; and you tell me

an incredible Tale of the Devil, meerly to shadow your Infidelity.

Lov. Devise some means to try me.

Const. I take you at your Word; you shall swear freely to bestow on me, whatever you shall gain this unknown way; and for a Proof, because you tell me you can have Mony, what, and when you please; bring me an hundred Pounds e'er Night.—If I do marry him for a Wit, I'll see what he can do; he shall have none from me. [*Aside.*

Lov. You overjoy me, Madam; you shall have it, and 'twere twice as much.

Const. How's this!

Lov. The Devil a Cross that I have, or know where to get; but I must promise well, to save my Credit: Now Devil, if thou do'st forsake me! [*Aside.*

Const. I mistrust you; and therefore if you fail, I'll have your Hand to show against you; here's Ink and Paper. [*Loveby writes.*

Enter Burr and Timorous.

Burr. What makes *Loveby* yonder? He's writing somewhat.

Tim. I'll go see.

[*Looks over him.*

Lov. Have you no more Manners than to overlook a Man when he's a Writing?——Oh, is't you, Sir *Timorous*? You may stand still; now I think on't, you cannot read written Hand.

Burr. You are very familiar with Sir *Timorous*.

Lov. So I am with his Companions, Sir.

Burr. Then there's hopes you and I may be better acquainted: I am one of his Companions.

Lov. By what Title, as you are an Afs, Sir?

Const. No more, *Loveby*.——

Lov. I need not, Madam; alas this Fellow is only the Sollicitor of a Quarrel, 'till he has brought it to an head; and will leave the fighting part to the courteous Pledger. Do not I know these Fellows? You shall as soon persuade a Mastiff to fasten on a Lion, as one of these to ingage with a Courage above their own: They know well

well enough who they can beat, and who can beat them.

Enter Failer at a distance.

Fail. Yonder they are; now would I compound for a reasonable Sum, that I were Friends with *Burr*: If I am not, I shall lose Sir *Timorous*.

Const. O, Servant, have I spy'd you! let me run into your Arms.

Fail. I renounce my Lady *Constance*: I vow to gad I renounce her.

Tim. To your Task, *Burr*.

Enter Nonfuch and Isabella.

Const. Hold, Gentlemen; no sign of Quarrel.

Non.—O Friends! I think I shall go mad with Grief: I have lost more Mony.

Lov. Would I had it: That's all the Harm I wish myself: Your Servant, Madam; I go about the Business—

[*Exit Loveby.*

Non. What! does he take no pity on me?

Const. Prithee moan him, *Isabella*.

Isa. Alas, al s poor Uncle! could they find in their Hearts to rob him!

Non. Five hundred Pounds out of poor six thousand Pounds a Year! I and mine are undone for ever.

Fail. Your own House you think is clear, my Lord?

Const. I dare answer for all there, as much as for myself.

Burr. Oh that he would but think that *Loveby* had it!

Fail. If you'll be Friends with me, I'll try what I can perswade him to.

Burr. Here's my Hand, I will dear Heart.

Fail. Your own House being clear, my Lord; I am apt to suspect this *Loveby* for such a Person: Did you mark how abruptly he went out?

Non. He did indeed, Mr. *Failer*: But, why should I suspect him? his Carriage is fair, and his Means great: He could never live after this rate, if it were not.

Fail. This still renders him the more suspicious: He has no Land, to my Knowledge.

Burr. Well said, Mischief. [*Aside.*

Const. My Father's credulous, and this Rogue has found the blind side of him; would *Loveby* heard him!—

[*To Isabella.*

Fail. He has no Means, and he loses at Play: So that for my part, I protest to gad, I am resolv'd, he picks Locks for his Living.

Burr. Nay, to my Knowledge, he picks Locks.

Tim. And to mine.

Fail. No longer ago than last Night he met me in the dark, and offer'd to dive into my Pockets.

Non. That's a main Argument for Suspicion.

Fail. I remember once when the Keys of the *Exchequer* were lost in the Rump-time, he was sent for upon an Extremity, and i'gad he opens me all the Locks with the Blade-bone of a Breast of Mutton.

Non. Who, this *Loveby*?

Fail. This very *Loveby*: Another time, when we had fate up very late at *Ombre* in the Country, and were hungry towards Morning, he plucks me out (I vow to gad I tell you no Lie) four ten-penny Nails from the Dairy-Lock with his Teeth, fetches me out a Mess of Milk; and knocks me 'em in again with his Head, upon Reputation.

Isa. Thou Boy!

Non. What shall I do in this Case? My Comfort is, my Gold's all mark'd.

Const. Will you suspect a Gentleman of *Loveby's* Worth, upon the bare Report of such a Rascal as this *Failer*?

Non. Hold thy Tongue, I charge thee; upon my Blessing hold thy Tongue. I'll have him apprehended before he sleeps; come along with me, Mr. *Failer*.

Fail. *Burr*, look well to Sir *Timorous*; I'll be with you instantly.

Const. I'll watch you, by your Favour. [*Aside.*

[*Exeunt Non such and Failer, Constance following them.*

Isa. A word, Sir *Timorous*.

Burr.

Burr. [*Gets behind.*] She shall have a Course at the Knight, and come up to him, but when she is just ready to pinch, he shall give such a loose from her, shall break her Heart.

Isa. *Burr* there still, and watching us? There's certainly some Plot in this, but I'll turn it to my own advantage. [*Aside.*]

Tim. Did you mark *Burr's* retirement, Madam?

Isa. Ay; his Guilt it seems makes him shun your Company.

Tim. In what can he be guilty?

Isa. You must needs know it; he Courts your Mistress.

Tim. Is he too in love with my Lady *Constance*?

Isa. No, no; but, which is worse, he Courts me.

Tim. Why, what have I to do with you? You know I care not this for you.

Isa. Perhaps so; but he thought you did: And good Reason he had for it.

Tim. What Reason, Madam?

Isa. The most convincing in the World: He knew my Cousin *Constance* never lov'd you: He has heard her say, you were as invincibly ignorant as a Town-fop judging a new Play: As shame-fac'd as a great over-grown School-boy: In fine, good for nothing but to be worm'd out of your Estate, and sacrificed to the God of Laughter.

Tim. Was your Cousin so barbarous to say this?

Isa. In his hearing.

Tim. And would he let me proceed in my suit to her?

Isa. For that I must excuse him; he never thought you could love one of my Cousin's Humour: But took your Court to her, only as a blind to your Affection for me: And being possessed with that Opinion, he thought himself as worthy as you to marry me.

Tim. He is not half so worthy; and so I'll tell him, in a fair way.

Burr. [*to a Boy entering.*] Sirrah, Boy, deliver this Note to Madam *Isabella*; but be not known I am so near.

Boy. I warrant you, Sir.

Burr. Now Fortune, all I desire of thee, is, that Sir *Timorous* may see it; if he once be brought to believe there is a Kindness between her and me, it will ruin all her Projects.

Isa. [to the Boy.] From whom?

Boy. From Mr. *Burr*, Madam.

Isabella reads. These for Madam *Isabella*.

Dear Rogue,

Sir Timorous knows nothing of our Kindness, nor shall for me; seem still to have Designs upon him; it will hide thy Affection the better to thy Servant *Burr*.

Isa. Alas, poor Woodcock, dost thou go a Birding? Thou hast e'en set a Sprindge to catch thy own Neck. Look you here Sir *Timorous*; here's something to confirm what I have told you. [Gives him the Letter.

Tim. D, e, a, re, dear, r, o, g, u, e, ro-gue. Pray, Madam, read it: This written Hand is such a damn'd Pedantick thing, I could never away with it.

Isa. He would fain have robbed you of me: Lord, Lord! to see the Malice of a Man.

Tim. She has perswaded me so damnably, that I begin to think she's my Mistress indeed.

Isa. Your Mistress? why, I hope you are not to doubt that at this time of Day. I was your Mistress from the first Day you ever saw me.

Tim. Nay, like enough you were so; but I vow to gad now, I was wholly ignorant of my own Affection.

Isa. And this Rogue pretends he has an interest in me, meerly to defeat you: Look you, look you where he stands in ambush, like a Jesuit behind a Quaker, to see how his Design will take.

Tim. I see the Rogue: Now could I find in my Heart to marry you in spite to him; what think you on't in a fair Way?

Isa. I have brought him about as I would wish; and now I'll make my own Conditions [Aside.] Sir *Timorous*, I wish you well; but he I marry must promise me to live at *London*: I cannot abide to be in the Country, like

like a wild Beast in the Wilderness, with no Christian Soul about me.

Tim. Why, I'll bear you company.

Isa. I cannot endure your early Hunting-matches there; to have my Sleep disturbed by break of Day, with heigh *Fowler, Fowler*, there *Venus*, ah *Beauty!* and then a Serenade of deep-mouth'd Currs, to answer the Salutation of the Huntsman, as if Hell were broke loose about me; And all this to meet a Pack of Gentlemen Salvages to ride all Day like mad Men, for the immortal Fame of being first in at the Hare's Death: To come upon the Spur after a Trail at four in the Afternoon to destruction of cold Meat and Cheese, with your lewd Company in Boots; fall a drinking till Supper time, be carried to Bed, rop'd out of your Seller, and be good for nothing all the Night after.

Tim. Well, Madam, what is it you would be at? you shall find me reasonable to all your Propositions.

Isa. I have but one condition more to add; for I will be as reasonable as you; and that is a very poor Request, to have all the Mony in my Disposing:

Tim. How, all the Mony?

Isa. Ay, for I am sure I can Hufwife it better for your Honour; not but that I shall be willing to encourage you with Pocket-Mony, or so, sometimes.

Tim. This is somewhat hard.

Isa. Nay, if a Woman cannot do that, I shall think you have an ill Opinion of my Virtue: Not trust your own Flesh and Blood, Sir *Timorous*?

Tim. Well, is there any thing more behind?

Isa. Nothing more, only the Choice of my own Company, my own Hours, and my own Actions: These trifles granted me, in all things of moment, I am your most obedient Wife and Servant *Isabella*.

Tim. Is't a Match then?

Isa. For once I am content it shall; but 'tis to redeem you from those Rascals *Burr* and *Failer*——that way, Sir *Timorous*, for fear of Spies; I'll meet you at the Garden-door——

[Exit *Timorous*.

Isa. I have led all Women the Way, if they dare but follow me;

And now march off, if I can scape but spying,
With my Drums beating, and my Colours flying. [*Exit.*

Burr. So, their Wooing's at an end; thanks to my Wit.
Enter Failer.

Fail. Oh *Burr!* whither is it Sir *Timorous* and *Madam Isabella* are gone together?

Burr. Adore my Wit, Boy; they are parted never to meet again.

Fail. I saw 'em meet just now at the Garden-door: So ho, ho, ho, who's within there: Help here quickly, quickly.

Enter Nonsuch and two Servants.

Non. What's the Matter?

Fail. Your Neice *Isabella* has stollen away Sir *Timorous*.

Non. Which way took they?

Fail. Follow me, I'll shew you.

Non. Break your Necks after him, you idle Varlets.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter Loveby: *Loveby's Collar unbutton'd, Band carelessly on, Hat on the Table, as new rising from sleep.*

Lov. Boy! how long have I slept, Boy?

Enter Boy.

Boy. Two Hours and a half, Sir.

Lov. What's a-Clock, Sirrah?

Boy. Near four, Sir.

Lov. Why there's it: I have promised my Lady *Constance* an hundred Pounds e'er Night; I had four Hours to perform it in when I engaged to do it; and I have slept out more than two of them: All my Hope to get this Mony lyes within the Compass of that Hat there. — Before I lay down I made bold a little to prick my Finger, and write a Note in the Blood of it, to this same Friend of mine in t'other World, that uses to supply me; the Devil has now had above two Hours to perform it in; all which time I have slept to give him the better Opportunity: Time enough for a Gentleman
of

of his Agility to fetch it from the *East-Indies*, out of one of his Temples where they worship him; or if he were lazy, and not minded to go so far; 'twere but stepping over Sea, and borrowing so much Mony out of his own Bank at *Amsterdam*! hang't, what's an hundred Pounds between him and me——Now does my Heart go pit a pat, for fear I should not find the Mony there: I would fain lift it up to see, and yet I am so fraid of missing: Yet a Plague, why should I fear he'll fail me; the Name of Friend's a sacred thing; sure he'll consider that:——Methinks this Hat looks as if it should have something under it: If one could see the yellow Boys peeping underneath the Brims now: Ha! [*Looks under round about.*] in my Conscience I think I do: Stand out o'th' way, Sirrah, and be ready to gather up the Pieces that will flush out of the Hat as I take it up.

Boy. What, is my Master mad trow?

[*Loveby snatches up the Hat, looks in it hastily, and sees nothing but the Paper.*

Lov. Now the Devil take the Devil: Ah Plague! was ever Man serv'd so as I am: [*Throws his Hat upon the Ground.*] To Break the Bonds of Amity for one hundred Pieces: Well, it shall be more out of thy way than thou imagin'st, Devil; I'll turn Parson, and be at open defiance with thee; I'll lay the wickedness of all People upon thee, though thou art never so innocent; I'll convert thy Bawds and Whores; I'll Hector thy Gamesters, that they shall not dare to swear, curse or bubble; nay, I'll set thee out so, that thy very Usurers and Aldermen shall fear to have to do with thee.

[*A Noise within of Isabella and Frances.*

Enter Frances, thrusting back Isabella and Timorous.

Fran. How now, what's the matter?

Isa. Nay, sweet Mistrefs, be not so hard-hearted; all I desire of you is but harbour for a minute: you cannot in humanity deny that small succour to a Gentlewoman.

Franc. A Gentlewoman! I thought so; my House affords no Harbour for Gentlewomen: You are a Company of proud Harlotries; I'll teach you to take place of Tradesmens Wives with a wannion to you.

Lov. How's this! Madam *Isabella*!

Isa. Mr. *Loveby*! how happy am I to meet with you in my Distress!

Lov. What's the matter, Madam?

Isa. I'll tell you, if this Gentlewoman will give me leave.

Franc. No Gentlewoman, I will not give you leave; they are such as we maintain your Pride, as they say. [*Isabella and Loveby whisper.*] Our Husbands trust you, and you must go before their Wives. I am sure my Good-man never goes to any of your Lodgings, but he comes home the worse for it, as they say.

Lov. Is that all! prithee good Landlady, for my sake entertain my Friends.

Franc. If the Gentleman's Worship had come alone, it may be I might have entertained him; but for your Minion!

Enter Nonfuch, Failer, Burr, and Officers: Cry within, Here, here.

Fail. My Lord, arrest Sir *Timorous* upon a Promise of Marriage to your Daughter, and we'll witness it.

Tim. Why, what a strange thing of you's this, Madam *Isabella*, to bring a Man into trouble thus!

Fail. You are not yet married to her?

Tim. Not that I remember.

Isa. Well, *Failer*, I shall find a time to reward your Diligence.

Lov. If the Knight would have own'd his Action, I should have taught some of you more Manners, than to come with Officers into my Lodging.

Franc. I'm glad with all my Heart this Minx is prevented of her Design: The Gentleman had got a great Catch of her, as they say. His old Father in the Country would have given him but little thank for't, to see him bring down a fine-bred Woman, with a Lute, and

a Dressing-box, and a handful of Mony to her Portion.

Isa. Good Mistress Whatdeelack! I know your Quarrel to the Ladies, do they take up the Gallants from the Tradesmens Wives? Lord, what a grievous thing it is for a she Citizen to be forced to have Children by her own Husband!

Franc. Come, come, you're a slanderful Huswife, and I squorn your Harlotry-trick that I do, so I do.

Isa. Steeple-hat your Husband never gets a good Look when he comes home, except he brings a Gentleman to Dinner; who if he casts an amorous Eye towards you, then, Trust him good-Husband, sweet Husband trust him for my sake: Verily the Gentleman's an honest Man, I read it in his Countenance: And if you should not be at home to receive the Mony, I know he will pay the Debt to me. Is't not so, Mistress?

Enter Bibber in Slippers, with a Skein of Silk about his Neck.

Franc. Will you see me wronged thus, under my own Roof, as they say, *William?*

Isa. Nay, 'tis very true, Mistress: You let the Men with old Compliments take up new Cloaths: I do not mean your Wife's Cloaths, Mr. Merchant-Tailor.

Bib. Good i'Faith! a notable smart Gentlewoman!

Isa. Look to your Wife, Sir, or in time she may undo your Trade: For she'll get all your Men-Customers to her self.

Bib. And I should be hang'd, I can forbear no longer.

[He plucks out his Measure, and runs to Isabella, to take measure of her.]

Isa. How now! what means Prince *Pericles* by this?

Bib. *[On his Knees.]* I must beg your Ladyship e'en to have the Honour to trust you but for your Gown, for the sake of that last Jest. Flower'd Satten, wrought Tabby, Silver upon any Grounds: I shall run mad if I may not trust your Ladyship.

Franc. I think you are mad already, as they say, *William*: You shall not trust her——— *[Plucks him back.]*

Bib. Let me alone, *Frances*; I am a Lion when I am anger'd.

Isa. Pray do not pull your Lion by the Tail so, *Mistress*—In these Cloaths that he now takes measure of me for, will I marry *Sir Timorous*, mark that, and tremble, *Failer*.

Fail. Never threaten me, *Madam*, you're a Person I despise.

Isa. I vow to gad I'll be even with you, *Sir*. [*Exit Isa.*

Non. [*to the Bailiffs*] ——— And when you have arrested him, be sure you search him for my Gold.

Bailiffs to Loveby. We arrest you, *Sir*, at my Lord *Nonfuch* his Suit.

Lov. Me, you Rascals!

Non. Search him for my Gold; you know the Marks on't.

Lov. If they can find any mark'd or unmark'd Gold about me, they'll find more than I can. You expect I should resist now; no, no, I'll hamper you for this.

Bail. There's nothing to be found about him.

Fail. 'Tis no matter, to Prison with him; there all his Debts will come upon him.

Lov. What, hurried to durance like a Stinkard!

Bib. Now as I live, a pleasant Gentleman; I could find in my Heart to Bail him; but I'll overcome my self, and steal away. [*Is going.*

Bail. Come, *Sir*, we must provide you of another Lodging; but I believe you'll scarce like it.

Lov. If I do not, I ask no Favour; pray turn me out of Doors.

Bib. Turn him out of Door! What a Jest was there? Now and I should be hang'd I cannot forbear Bailing him: Stay Officers; I Bail him Body and Soul for that Jest.

Fail. Let us be gone in time, *Burr*.

[*Exeunt Burr, Failer, and Timorous.*

Franc. You shall not Bail him.

Bib. I know I am a Rogue to do it; but his Wit has prevailed upon me, and a Man must not go against his Conscience. There Officers——

Lov.

Lov. to Non. Old Man, if it were not for thy Daughter——

Non. Well, well; take your Course, Sir.

[*Ex. Nonsuch and Bailiffs.*]

Lov. Come *Will.* I'll thank thee at the Tavern. *Frances*, remember this the next time you come up to make my Bed.

Franc. Do your worst, I fear you not, Sir. This is twice to Day, *William*; to trust a Gentlewoman, and Bail a Ragamuffin: I am sure he call'd you Cuckold but Yesterday, and said he would make you one.

Lov. Look you *Frances*, I am a Man of Honour, and if I said it, I'll not break my Word with you.

Bib. There he was with you again, *Frances*: An excellent good Jest i'faith la.

Franc. I'll not endure it, that I won't, so I won't: I'll go to the Justices Worship and fetch a Warrant for him.

Lov. But Landlady, the word Cuckold will bear no Action in the Law, except you could prove your Husband prejudiced by it. Have any of his Customers forsook him for't? Or, any Mercer refus'd to trust him the less, for my calling him so?

Franc. Nay, I know not for the Mercers; perhaps the Citizens may take it for no Slander among one another, as they say: but for the Gentlemen——

Lov. *Will.* have they forsaken thee upon it?

Bib. No, I assure you, Sir.

Lov. No, I warrant 'em: A Cuckold has the signification of an honest well-meaning Citizen; one that is not given to Jealousies or Suspicions; a just Person to his Wife, &c. one that to speak the worst of him, does but to her, what he would be content should be done to her by other Men.

Franc. But that another Man should be the Father of his Children, as they say; I don't think that a civil thing, Husband.

Lov. Not civil, Landlady! why all things are civil that are made so by Custom.

Bib. Why may not he get as fine Children as I, or any Man?

Franc.

Franc. But if those Children, that are none of yours, should call you Father, *William!*

Bib. If they call me Father, and are none of mine, I am the more beholden to 'em.

Franc. Nay, if that be your Humour, Husband, I am glad I know it, that I may please you the better another time, as they say. [Exit Frances.

Bib. Nay, but *Frances, Frances;* 'tis such another Woman. [Exit Bibber.

Lov. 'Tis such another Man:—My Coat and Sword Boy, I must go to Justice *Trice's;* bring the Women, and come after me. [Exit Loveby.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Table set, with Cards upon it.

Trice walking: Enter Servant.

Serv. SIR, some Company is without upon Justice-business.

Trice. Sawcy Rascal, to disturbe my Meditations.

[Exit Servant.

—Ay, it shall be he: *Jack Loveby,* what think'st thou of a Game at Picquet, we two, Hand to Fist! you and I will play one single Game for ten Pieces: 'Tis deep Stake, *Jack,* but 'tis all one between us two: You shall Deal, *Jack:* Who I, Mr. Justice, that's a good one, you must give me use for your Hand then; that's six i'th' hundred. Come, lift, lift; mine's a Ten; Mr. Justice:—mine's a King, oh ho, *Jack,* you Deal. I have the advantage of this i'faith, if I can keep it.

[He Deals 12 a piece; 2 by 2, and looks on his own Cards.

I take seven, and look on this——Now for you, *Jack Loveby.*

Enter

Enter Loveby behind.

Lov. How's this? Am I the Man he fights with?

Trice. I'll do you right, *Jack*; as I am an honest Man you must discard this, there's no other way: If you were my own Brother, I could do no better for you.—
Zounds, the Rogue has a Quint-Major, and three Aces younger hand.— [Looks on t'other Cards.

Stay; what am I for the Point? But bare forty, and he fifty one: Fifteen and five for the Point, 20, and 3 by Aces, 23, well, I am to play first: 1, 23; 2, 23; 3, 23; 4, 23;—Pox on't, now I must play into his Hand: 5—now you take it, *Jack*, 5, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and the Cards forty.

Lov. Hitherto it goes well on my side.—

Trice. Now I Deal: How many do you take, *Jack*? All? Then I am gone: What a rise is here! 14 by Aces, and a Sixieme-Major; I am gone, without looking into my Cards.— [Takes up an Ace and bites it.] Ay, I thought so: If ever Man play'd with such curs'd Fortune, I'll be hang'd, and all for want of this damn'd Ace—there's your ten Pieces, with a Pox to you, for a rooking beggarly Rascal as you are.

Loveby Enters.

Lov. What occasion have I given you for these Words, Sir? Rook and Rascal! I am no more Rascal than your self, Sir.

Trice. How's this, how's this!

Lov. And though for this time I put it up, because I am a winner.— [Snatches the Gold.

Trice. What a Devil do'st thou put up? Not my Gold I hope, *Jack*?

Lov. By your Favour but I do; and 'twas won fairly; a Sixieme, and fourteen by Aces by your own Confession,—What a Pox, we don't make Childrens Play I hope?

Trice. Well, remember this, *Jack*; from this Hour I forswear playing with you when I am alone; what, will you bate me nothing on't?

Lov.

Lov. Not a Farthing, *Justice*; I'll be judged by you, if I had lost you would have taken every Piece on't: What I win, I win——and there's an end.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, these People stay without, and will not be answer'd.

Trice. Well, what's their Business?

Serv. Nay, no great Matter: Only a Fellow for getting a Wench with Child.

Trice. No great Matter, say'st thou? 'Faith but it is. Is he a poor Fellow, or a Gentleman?

Serv. A very poor Fellow, Sir.

Trice. Hang him, Rogue, make his *Mittimus* immediately; must such as he presume to get Children?

Lov. Well consider'd: A poor lousie Rascal, to intrench upon the Game of Gentlemen! he might have pass'd his Time at Nine-pins, or Shovel-board, that had been fit Sport for such as he; *Justice*, have no Mercy on him.

Trice. No, by the Sword of *Justice* will I not.

Lov. Swear'st thou, ungracious Boy? That's too much on t'other hand for a Gentleman. I swear not, I drink not, I curse not, I cheat not; they are unnecessary Vices: I save so much out of those Sins, and take it out in that one necessary Vice of Wenching.

Enter Loveby's Boy.

Boy. Sir, the Parties are without, according to your Order.

Lov. 'Tis well; bring 'em in, Boy.

Enter Lady Du Lake, and two or three Whores.

Justice, I recommend this ancient Gentlewoman, with these virtuous Ladies, to thy Patronage; for her part, she is a Person of exemplary Life and Behaviour; of singular Conduct to break through, and Patience to bear the Assaults of Fortune: A general Benefactress of Mankind, and in fine, a Promoter of that great Work of Nature, Love.

Trice. Or, as the vulgar Translation hath it, a very sufficient and singular good Bawd: Is't not so, Boy?

Lov. Ay, Boy: Now for such a petty-fogging Fellow as thy Clerk to persecute this Lady; prithee think on't: 'Tis a Grievance of the Free-born Subject. *L. Du*

L. Du Lake. To see the ingratitude of this Generation! that I that have spent my Youth, set at nought my Fortune, and, what is more dear to me, my Honour, in the Service of Gentlemen; should now in my old Age be left to Want and Beggary, as if I were the vilest, and most unworthy Creature upon God's Earth! *[Crying.*

Lov. Nay, good Mother, do not take it so bitterly.

L. Du Lake. I confess the Unkindness of it troubles me.

Lov. Thou shalt not want so long as I live: Look, here's five Pieces of Cordial Gold to comfort thy Heart with, I won it e'en now of Mr. Justice; and I dare say he thinks it well bestow'd.

Trice. My Mony's gone to very pious Uses.

L. Du Lake. *[laying her Hand on Loveby's Head.]* Son Loveby, I knew thy Father well; and thy Grandfather before him; Fathers they were both to me; and I could weep for Joy to see how thou tak'st after them. *[Weeping again.]* I wish it lay in my Power too, to gratifie this worthy Justice in my Vocation.

Trice. Faith I doubt I am past that noble Sin.

Lov. Prithee good Magistrate drink to her, and wipe Sorrow from her Eyes.

Trice. Right Reverend, my Service to you in Canary.

[She drinks after him, and stays at half Glass.]

L. Du Lake. 'Tis a great way to the bottom; but Heav'n is All-sufficient to give me Strength for it:—

[Drinks it up.] Why God's Blessing on your Heart, Son

Trice. I hope 'tis no Offence to call you Son: Hem, Hem! Son Loveby, I think my Son Trice and I are much of the same Years: Let me see Son, if Nature be utterly extinct in you: Are you ticklish, Son Trice? *[Tickles him.]*

Trice. Are you ticklish, Mother Du Lake?

[Tickles her Sides. She falls off her Chair; he falls off his to her; they rowl one over the other.]

Lov. I would have all London now show me such another sight of Kindness in old Age. *[They help each other up.]* Come, a Dance, a Dance; call for your Clerk, Justice, he shall make one in sign of Amity: Strike up Fidlers. *[They Dance a round Dance, and Sing the Tune.]*

Enter

Enter Isabella and Constance.

Isa. Are you at that Sport, i'faith? Have among you blind Harpers. *[She falls into the Dance.]*

[At the Dance's ending Loveby sees Constance.]

Trice. Is she come! a Pox of all honest Women at such a time!

Lov. If she knows who these are, by this Light I am undone.

Const. Oh Servant, I come to mind you of your Promise; come, produce my hundred Pounds; the time's out I set you.

Lov. Not till dark Night, upon my Reputation: I have not yet spoke with the Gentleman in the black Pantaloons; you know he seldom walks abroad by Day-light: Dear Madam, let me wait on you to your Coach, and if I bring it not within this Hour, discard me utterly.

Const. You must give me Leave to salute the Company: What are they?

Lov. Persons of Quality of my Acquaintance; But, I'll make your Excuse to 'em.

Const. Nay, if they are Persons of Quality, I shall be rude to part from 'em so abruptly.

Lov. Why so! the Devil ow'd me a Shame; and now he has paid me. I must present 'em, whate'er come on't. *[Aside.]* ——— This, Madam, is my Lady *Du Lake* ——— the Lady *Springwell* ——— the Lady *Hoyden*.

[She and Isabella Salute 'em.]

Isa. What a Whiff was there came from my Lady *Hoyden*! and, what a Garlick Breath my Lady *Springwell* had?

Trice. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Lov. Do not betray me, Justice, if you do ———

Isa. Oh, are you thereabouts, Sir; then I smell a Rat i'faith; but I'll say nothing.

Const. Ladies, I am an humble Servant to you all, and account it my Happiness to have met with so good Company at my Cousin *Trice*'s.

Trice. Ha, ha, ha.

L. Du Lake. Are these two Ladies of your Acquaintance, Son Loveby?

Lov. Son quoth a! a Pox of our Relation.— [*Aside.*

L. Du Lake. I shall be glad to be better known to your Ladyships.

Const. You too much honour your Servants, Madam.

Isa. How Loveby fidges up and down: In what Pain he is! well, if these be not they they call Whores, I'll be hang'd, though I never saw one before——— [*Aside.*

Lov. Will your Ladyship please to go, Madam?

Const. I must beg the Favour of these Ladies first, that I may know their Lodgings, and wait of 'em.

L. Du Lake. It will be our Duty to pay our Respects first to your Ladyship.

Const. I beg your Ladyship's Pardon, Madam———

L. Du Lake. Your Ladyship shall excuse us, Madam——

Isa. Trice. Ha, ha, ha!

Lov. Ah Devil grin you——— [*Aside.*

Trice. I must go out, and laugh my Belly full.

[*Exit Trice.*

Const. But in earnest, Madam, I must have no denial; I beseech your Ladyship instruct me where I may tender my Devoirs.

L. Du Lake. Since your Ladyship commands me, Madam, I dare disobey no longer. My Lodgings are in St. Lucknor's Lane, at the Cat and Fiddle.

Const. Whereabouts is that Lane, Servant?

Lov. Faith, Madam, I know not that part o'th' Town.

——— Lord, how I sweat for fear——— [*Aside.*

Const. And yours, Madam, where, I beseech your Ladyship.

2 Whore. In Dog and Bitch Yard, an't please your Ladyship.

3 Whore. And mine in Sodom, so like your Ladyship.

Const. How, Loveby! I did not think you would have us'd me thus?

Lov. I beseech your Ladyship but hear my Justification as I lead you.

Const. By no means, Sir; that were such a Rudeness to leave Persons of Quality, to wait upon me: Unhard me, Sir.

Isa. Ha, ha, ha.— [Exeunt Constance, Isabella.

Lov. I am ruin'd! for ever ruin'd. Plague, had you no Places in the Town to name but *Sodom*, and *Lucknor's Lane* for Lodgings!

L. Du Lake. If any Prejudice arise from it, upon my Honour, Son, 'twas by mistake, and not intended you: I thought she desir'd to have been admitted of the *Quality*.

Lov. I was curst when I had first to do with you—

[Kicks 'em.

L. Du Lake. Well, I thank Heav'n, that has indued me with such Patience. [Exeunt all but Loveby and his Boy.

Lov. I have made a fair Hand on't to Day—— Both lost my Mistress, and hear no News from my Friend below: The World frowns upon me, and the Devil and my Mistress have forsaken me: My Godfathers and Godmothers have promised well for me: Instead of renouncing them, they have renounc'd me.

Boy. Sir, I saw my Lady *Constance* smile as she went out: I am confident she's angry but from the Teeth outwards; you might easily make fair Weather with her, if you could get the Mony you promis'd her, but there's the Devil——

Lov. Where is he Boy? shew me him quickly.

Boy. Marry God bless us! I mean, Sir, there's the Difficulty.

Lov. Damn'd Rogue to put me in hope so——

Enter Bibber at the other end.

Lov. Uds so, look where *Bibber* is: Now I think on't, he offer'd me a Bag of forty Pounds, and the Lease of his House, yesterday: But that's his pocky Humour, when I have Mony, and do not ask him, he will offer it; but when I ask him he will not lend a Farthing—— Turn this way Sirrah, and make as though we did not see him——

Bib. Our Gentleman I think a talking with his Boy there——

Lov. You understand me——

Boy. I warrant you, Sir.

Lov. No News yet; what an unlucky Rascal 'tis! if the Rogue should hereafter be reduced to the Raiment of his own Shreds, I should not pity him——

Bib. How's this!

Lov. Now is this Rascal hunting after Jest, to make himself the greatest to all that know him.

Bib. This must be me.

Boy. I can hear neither tale nor tydings of him: I have searched him in all his haunts; amongst his Creditors; and in all Companies where they are like to break the least Jest. I have visited the Coffee-houses for him; but among all the news there, I heard none of him.

[*Bib.* Good i' faith.

Lov. Where's the Warrant, I'll put in my own name, since I cannot find him.

Boy. Sir, I gave it a Scrivener at next door because I could not write, to fill up the blank place with Mr. *Bibber's* Name.

Lov. What an unlucky Vermin 'tis; now for an hundred Pound could I have gratified him with a Waiter's Place at Custom-house, that had been worth to him an hundred Pound a Year upon the Nail.

Bib. Could you so, could you so, Sir? give me your Hand, and I thank you heartily Mr. *Loveby*.

Lov. Art thou honest *Will*? faith 'tis not worth thy Thanks till it be done: I wish I had the Mony for thee.

Bib. How much is't, Sir?

Lov. An hundred Pounds would do it.

Bib. Let me see; forty I have already by me; take that in part Sir; —— and that, and the Lease of my House would over-do it.

Lov. By all means thy Lease *Will*: ne'er scruple at that; hang a Piece of Parchment, and two Bits of soft Wax: Thou shalt do't, thou shalt Boy.

Bib.

Bib. Why, then I will, Sir:—But stay, stay; now I think on't, *Frances* has one hundred and twenty Pieces of old Grandam and Aunt Gold left her, that she would never let me touch: If we could get that, *Mr. Loveby*—but she'll never part with't.

Lov. 'Tis but saying the Place is for her; a Waiting-woman's Place in the Custom-house: Boy, go and tell her on't immediately. [Exit Boy.

Bib. Hold a little; she has been very desirous to get a Place in Court, that she might take Place as the Queen's Servant.

Lov. She shall have a Dresser's Place, if thou'lt keep counsel. The worst on't is, I have never a Warrant ready.

Bib. 'Tis all one for that, Sir; she can neither write nor read; 'tis but my telling her, 'tis a Warrant, and all's well. I can but laugh to think how she'll be chous'd.

Lov. And you too: *Mum.* She's here, *Will.*

Enter Frances.

Franc. A Waiting-Woman's Place in the Custom-House! there's News for me! thank you kind *Mr. Loveby*; you have been Instrumental I hear of my Preference.

Lov. No, 'tis a Dresser's Place at Court, Landlady.

Franc. O Gemini! that's better News.

Bib. I, but you must make haste and fetch an hundred Pieces: I can assure you five hundred are bidden for it: And the Courtiers are such slippery Youths, they are ever for the fairest Chapman.

Franc. I'll fetch it presently; oh how my Heart quops now, as they say: I'll fetch it presently: Sweet *Mr. Loveby*, if the Business can be done, it shall be a good thing in your Worship's Way I promise you: O the Father! that it could be done: O sweet Father!

[*Loveby plucks out a Paper.*

Lov. Here *Mr. Bibber*, pray put in *Madam Bibber's* Name into the Warrant.

Bib.

Bib. Madam *Bibber*, there's joy, I must call you Wife no more, 'tis Madam *Bibber* now.

Franc. Pray read it, Mr. *Bibber*.

Bib. An Order for the Admission of the Illustrious Lady, Madam *Bibber*, into her Majesty's Service.

Franc. Pray give me the Paper, I'll have no body touch it but my self; I am sure my Money pays for it, as they say. These are the finest words; Madam *Bibber*; pray Chicken shew me where Madam is written, that I may kiss it all over. I shall make bold now to bear up to these flirting Gentlewomen, that sweep it up and down with their long Tails. I thought my self as good as they when I was, as I was, but now I am, as I am.

Lov. Good Landlady dispatch, and bring the Money—

Franc. Truly in the Place of a Dresser, I dare be bold to say, as they say, I shall give their Majesties Worships good Content: I'll go fetch it— [Exit *Frances*.]

Bib. We must keep the poor Soul in Ignorance as long as we can, Sir; for, when she has once smook'd it, I have no other way but to retreat into the Body of my *Fanizaries*, my Journey-men; and never come out into her Presence more. Where will you be at nine-a-Clock, Sir, that we may rejoice over our good Fortune?

Lov. Call me at my Lord *Nonfuch* his House, and I'll go with you.

Bib. We'll have the Fiddles and triumph i'faith.

[Exit *Bibber*.]

Lov. Lord, how eager this Vermin was to cheat himself! Well, I'll after, I long to finger these *Jacobus's*: Perhaps they may make my Peace again with my Mistrefs. [Exit *Loveby*.]

Enter *Failer* and *Nonfuch*. [Constance and *Isabella* listening.]

Fail. I vow to gad my Lord, Sir *Timorous* is the most dejected Person in the World, and so full of regret for what is past. 'Twas his Misfortune to be drawn in by such a Person as Madam *Isabella*.

Non. 'Tis well his Estate pleads for him; he should ne'er set Foot more within my Doors else.

Fail. I'll be Security for him for time to come: Leave it to me to get the Licence: All I desire is, your Daughter may be ready to morrow Morning.

Non. Well, let me alone with her.

[*Exeunt Failer and Nonfuch.*]

Isa. You heard the dreadful Sound, to-morrow, Cousin.

Const. I would not throw my self away upon this Fool, if I could help it.

Isa. Better marry a *Tertian* Ague than a Fool, that's certain; there's one good Day and Night in that.

Const. And yet thou art mad for him thy self.

Isa. Nay, the Fool is a handsom Fool, that's somewhat; but 'tis not that; 'tis a kind of Fancy I have taken to a Glass Coach, and six *Flanders* Mares; rich Liveries, and a good Fortune.

Const. Prithee do not mind me of 'em; for though I want 'em not, yet I find all Women are caught with Gaeties: One Grain more would turn the Ballance on his side; I am so vexed at the wild Courses of this *Loveby*.

Isa. Vex'd? Why vex'd? the worst you can say of him, is, he loves Women: And such make the kindest Husbands, I am told. If you had a Sum of Money to put out, you would not look so much whether the Man were an honest Man, (for the Law would make him that) as if he were a good sufficient Pay-master.

Enter Setstone.

Const. As I live thou art a mad Girl.

Set. She must be us'd as Mad-folks are then; had into the dark and cur'd.

Const. But all this is no comfort to the Word **To-morrow**.

Isa. Well, what say you, if I put you to Night into the Arms of *Loveby*.

Const. My Condition's desperate, and past thy Physick.

Isa. When Phyfick's past, what remains but to send for the Divine? here's little *Nicodemus*, your Father's Chaplain; I have spoke with him already; for a Brace of Angels he shall make all sure betwixt you without a License. Ay, and prove ten at Night a more Canonical Hour than ten i'th' Morning.

Const. I see not which way thou can'st perform it; but if thou do'st, I have many Admirations in store for thee. [*Whispers.*]

Is. Step in, and get a Cushion underneath your Apron.

Const. O, I must be with Child it seems!

Isa. And *Loveby* shall bring you to Bed to Night, if the Devil be not in the Dice: Away, make haste;—
[*Exit Constance.*] *Setstone* be not you far off; I shall have need of you too: I hear my Uncle coming——Me-thinks I long to be revenged of this wicked Elder for hindering of my Marriage to Day: Hark you, *Setstone*——

Set. 'Tis impossible, Madam: 'Twill never take.

Isa. I warrant you, do not I know him? he has not Brains enough, if they were butter'd, to feed a Black-Bird——Nay, no replies——out of what I have said, you may instruct my Cousin too. [*Exit Setstone.*]

Enter Nonsuch.

Isa. Oh, are you there, Sir? Faith it was kindly done of you to hinder me of a good Husband this Afternoon: And but for one thing, I would resolve to leave your House.

Non. I'm glad there's any thing will stay thee.

Isa. If I stay, 'tis for love of my Cousin *Constance*, not of you: I should be loath to leave her in this sad Condition.

Non. What Condition?

Isa. Nay, I know not; she has not worn her Busk this Fortnight. I think she's grown fat o'th' sudden.

Non. O Devil Devil! what a Fright am I in?

Isa. She has qualms too every Morning: Ravens mightily for green Fruit; and swoons at the sight of hot Meat.

Non. She's with Child: I am undone! I am undone!

Isa. I understand nothing of such matters: She's but in the next Room; best call her, and examine her about it.

Non. Why *Constance, Constance?*
Enter Constance, as with Child.

Isa. Now for a Broad-side; turn your prow to him, Cousin. [To her.]

Non. Now Gentlewoman! is this possible?

Const. I do not reach your Meaning, Sir.

Non. Where have you been of late?

Const. I seldom stir without you, Sir: These Walls most commonly confine me.

Non. These Walls can get no Children; nor these Hangings; though there be Men wrought in 'em.

Isa. Yet, by your Favour, Nuncle, Children may be wrought behind the Hangings.

Non. O *Constance, Constance!* How have my gray Hairs deserv'd this of thee? Who got that Belly there?

Const. You, I hope, Sir.

Non. Tell me the truth, for I will know it; come, the Story.

Const. The Story's quickly told, Sir, I'm with Child.

Non. And who's the Father?

Const. I do not know, Sir.

Non. Not know! went there so many to't?

Const. So far from that, that there were none at all, to my best Knowledge, Sir.

Non. Was't got by Miracle? Who was the Father?

Const. Who got your Mony, Sir, that you have lost?

Non. Nay, Heaven knows who got that.

Const. And, Heaven knows who got this: For, on my Conscience, he that had your Mony, was the Father on't.

Non. The Devil it was as soon.

Const. That's all I fear, Sir.

Isa. 'Tis strange: And yet 'twere hard, Sir, to suspect my Cousin's Virtue, since we know the House is haunted.

Non. 'Tis true; that nothing can be laid, though under Lock and Key, but it miscarries.

Isa.

Isa. 'Tis not to be believed what these villanous Spirits can do: They go invisible.

Const. First they stole away my Prayer-Book; and a little after that a small Treatise I had against Temptation; and when they were gone, you know, Sir——

Isa. If there be such Doings, pray Heav'n we are not all with Child: 'Tis certain that none that live within these Walls, but they have power of; I have fear'd *Toby* the Coachman any time this Fortnight.

Non. Out Impudence! a Man with Child! why 'tis unnatural.

Isa. Ay, so is he that got it.

Non. Thou art not in earnest.

Isa. I would I were not; hark, I hear him groan hither: Come in poor *Toby*.

Enter Toby Coachman, with an Urinal.

Non. How now! what have you there, Sirrah?

Tob. An't please your Worship 'tis my Water; I had a Spice o'th' new Disease here i'th' House, and so carried it to Master Doctor.

Non. Well; and what did he say to you?

Tob. He told me very sad News, and please you: I am somewhat bashful to speak on't.

Isa. Out with it Man.

Tob. Why truly he told me, the Party that own'd the Water, was with Child.

Isa. I told you so Uncle.

Non. To my best remembrance I never heard of such a thing before.

Tob. I never stretch out my self to snap my Whip, but it goes to th' Heart of me.

Isa. Alas poor *Toby*.

Non. Be gone, and put off your Livery, Sirrah: You shall not stay a Minute in my Service.

Tob. I beseech your good Worship be good to me; 'twas the first Fault I ever committed in this kind: I have three poor Children by my Wife, and if you leave me to the wide World, with a new Charge upon my self.

Non. Begone, I will not hear a Word.

Tob. If I must go, I'll not go alone: *Ambrose Tinis* the Cook is as bad as I am.

Non. I think you'll make me mad: Call the Rascal hither, I must account with him upon another Score, now I think on't.

Enter Ambrose Tinis.

Non. Sirrah, what made you send a Pheasant with one Wing to the Table Yesterday?

Amb. I beseech your Worship to pardon me, I long'd for't.

Isa. I fear'd as much.

Amb. And I beseech your Worship let me have a Boy to help me in the Kitchen; for I find my self unable to go thro' with the Work: Besides, the Doctor has warn'd me of stooping to the Fire, for fear of a Mischance.

Non. Why, are you with Child, Sirrah!

Amb. So he tells me: But if I were put to my Oath, I know not that ever I deserv'd for't.

Non. Still worse and worse: And here comes *Setstone* groaning.

Enter Setstone.

Setst. O Sir, I have been so troubled with swooning Fits; and have so long'd for Cherries.

Non. He's popt too.

Isa. Well, this is not the worst yet: I suspect something more, than I will speak of.

Non. What dost thou suspect; ha!

Isa. Is not your Lordship with Child too?

Non. Who, I with Child! marry Heav'n forbid: What dost thou see by me to ground it on?

Isa. You're very round of late; that's all, Sir.

Non. Round? that's only fat I hope: I have had a very good Stomach of late I'm sure.

Isa. Alas, and well you may: You eat for two, Sir.

Non. *Setstone*, look upon me, and tell me true: Do you observe any Alteration in me?

Set. I would not dishearten your Ladyship.——your Lordship I would say: But I have observ'd of late, your
Colour

Colour goes and comes extremly: Methinks your Lordship looks very sharp, and bleak i'th' Face, and mighty puffit i'th' Body.

Non. O the Devil! wretched Men that we are all: Nothing grieves me, but that in my old Age, when others are past Child-bearing, I should come to be a Disgrace to my Family.

Con. How do you, Sir? your Eyes look wondrous dim: Is not there a Mist before 'em?

Isa. Do you not feel a kicking in your Belly? When do you look, Uncle?

Non. Uh, uh! methinks I am very sick o'th' sudden.

Isa. What store of old Shirts have you against the good Time? Shall I give you a Shift, Uncle?

Non. Here's like to be a fine Charge towards: We shall all be brought to Bed together: Well, if I be with Devil, I will have such Gossips: an Ufurer and a Scrivener shall be Godfathers.

Isa. I'll help you, Uncle, and *Sawney's* two Grannies shall be Godmothers: The Child shall be christen'd by the Directory, and the Gossips Gifts shall be the gude Scotch Kivenant.

Const. Set. Non. Tob. Amb. Uh, uh, uh!

Isa. What rare Musick's here!

Non. Whene'er it comes from me, 'twill kill me, that's certain.

Set. Best take a Vomit.

Isa. And't comes upward, the Horns will choak him.

Non. Mass, and so they will.

Isa. Your only way is to make sure o'th' Man-midwife.

Non. But my Child's Dishonour troubles me the most. If I could but see her well married, before I underwent the Labour and Peril of Child-bearing! what would you advise, Niece?.

Isa. That which I am very loath to do: Send for honest *Jack Loveby*, and let him know the truth on't: He's a Fellow without a Fortune, and will be glad to leap at the occasion.

Non. But why *Loveby* of all the World? 'Tis but staying 'till to Morrow, and then Sir *Timorous* will marry her.

Const. Uh! I swell so fast, I cannot hide it 'till to Morrow.

Isa. Why there's it now!

Non. I'll send for the old Alderman *Getwell* immediately: He'll father the Devil's Bastard, I warrant you.

Isa. Fie Uncle! my Cousin's somewhat too good yet for an Alderman; if it were her third Child, she might hearken to you.

Non. Well, since it must be so, *Setstone* go you to *Loveby*; make my Excuse to him for the Arrest, and let him know what Fortune may attend him.

Isa. Mr. *Setstone*, pray acquaint him with my Cousin's Affection to him; and prepare him to father the Cushion underneath her Petticoat. [Aside to *Setstone*.

Set. I'll bring him immediately. [Exit *Setstone*.

Isa. When he comes, Uncle, pray cover your great Belly with your Hat, that he may not see it.

Non. It goes against my Heart to marry her to this *Loveby*; but what must be, must be.

Enter *Loveby*.

Const. O, Mr. *Loveby*! the welcom'st Man alive: You met *Setstone* I hope, that you came so opportunely.

Lov. No Faith, Madam, I came of my own accord.

Isa. 'Tis unlucky he's not prepar'd.

Lov. Look you, Madam, I have brought the hundred Pound, the Devil was as punctual as three a Clock at a Play-house: Here, 'tis right I warrant it without telling: I took it upon his Word—— [Gives it.

Const. Your Kindness shall be requited, Servant: But I sent for you upon another Business: Pray Cousin tell't him, for I am ashamed to do't.

Lov. Ha! 'tis not that great Belly I hope! is't come to that?

Isa. Hark you Mr. *Loveby*,——a Word with you.

Lov. A Word with you, Madam: Whither is your Cousin bound?

Isa.

Isa. Bound, Sir?

Lov. Ay, Bound; look you, she's under sail, with a lusty fore-wind.

Non. I sent for you, Sir; but to be plain with you, 'twas more out of Necessity than Love.

Lov. I wonder, my Lord, at your invincible ill Nature: You forget the Arrest that I pass'd by: But this 'tis to be civil to unthankful Persons; 'tis feeding an ill-natur'd Dog, that snarls while he takes Victuals from your Hand.

Non. All Friends, all Friends; no ripping up old Stories; you shall have my Daughter.

Lov. Faith I see your Lordship would let Lodgings ready furnish'd, but I am for an empty Tenement.

Non. I had almost forgot my own great Belly; if he should discover that too!— [Claps his Hat before it.]

Isa. to *Loveby*. You will not hear me, Sir: 'Tis all Roguery, as I live.

Lov. Flat Roguery I'll swear; if I had been Father on't; nay, if I had but laid my Breeches upon the Bed, I would have married her: But I see we are not ordain'd for one another.——— [Is going.]

Non. I beseech you, Sir.———

Lov. Pray cover, my Lord.

Isa. He does his great Belly, methinks———

Non. I'll make it up in Mony to you.

Lov. That cannot tempt me; I have a Friend that shall be nameless, that will not see me want———and for your Servant. [Exit *Loveby*.]

Isa. I'll after, and bring him back———

Non. You shall not stir after him; does he scorn my Daughter?

Isa. Lord, how fretful you are! This Breeding makes you so peevish, Uncle.

Non. 'Tis no matter, she shall straight be married to Sir *Timorous*.

Con. I am ruin'd, Cousin.

Isa. I warrant you:—My Lord, I wish her well married to Sir *Timorous*; but *Loveby* will certainly infect him with the News of her great Belly.

Non. I'll dispatch it e'er he can speak with him.

Isa. When e'er he comes, he'll see what a *bona roba* she is grown.

Non. Therefore it shall be done i'th' Evening.

Isa. It shall, my Lord.

Const. Shall it?

Isa. Let me alone, Cousin, ——— and to this effect she shall write to him, that *to conform to your Will, and his Modesty, she desires him to come hither alone this Evening.*

Non. Excellent Wench! I'll get my Chaplain ready.

[*Exit Nonfuch.*

Const. How can you hope to deceive my Father?

Isa. If I don't I have hard Luck.

Const. You go so strange a way about, your Bowl must be well bias'd to come in.

Isa. So plain a Ground, there's not the least rub in't. I'll meet Sir *Timorous* in the dark, and in your room marry him.

Const. You'll be sure to provide for one.

Isa. You mistake me, Cousin: Oh! here's *Setstone* again.

Enter Setstone.

Mr. Jeweller, you must again into your Devil's shape, and speak with *Loveby*: But pray be careful not to be discover'd.

Set. I warrant you, Madam; I have cozen'd wiser Men than he in my own Shape; and if I cannot continue it in a worse, let the Devil I make bold with, e'en make as bold with me.

Isa. You must guide him by back Ways, to my Uncle's House, and so to my Cousin's Chamber, that he may not know where he is when he comes there: The rest I'll tell you as we go along. [Exit omnes.

Enter Timorous; after him Burr and Failer.

Tim. Here, here, read this Note; there's News for us.

Fail. Let me see't.

[*Reads.*

Sir Timorous,

Be at the Garden Door at nine this Evening, there I'll receive you with my Daughter; to gratifie your Modesty I design'd
this

this way, after I had better consider'd on it: And pray leave your Caterpillars, Burr and Failer, behind you.

Yours, *Nonsuch*.

There is some Trick in this, what e'er it be: But this word Caterpillars; you see *Burr*, Sir *Timorous* is like to be lur'd from us.————

Burr. Is there no prevention? [To him aside.]

Fail. One way there is. Sir *Timorous*, pray walk a turn while *Burr* and I conferr a little upon this Matter—— Look you, *Burr*, there is but one Remedy in Nature, I vow to gad: That is, for you to have a new Sir *Timorous*, exceeding this Person in Bounty to you. Observe then, in Sir *Timorous* his place will I go, and i'gad I'll marry my Lady *Constance*; and then from the Bowels of Friendship blefs thee with a thousand Pounds, besides Lodging and Diet for thy Life, Boy.————

Burr. Umh—very well thought on.——No, Sir, you shall trust to my Bounty; I'll go in his place; murmur or repine, speak the least Word, or give thy Lips the least Motion, and I'll beat thee 'till thou art not in condition to go.

Fail. I vow to gad this is extream Injustice: Was it not my Invention?

Burr. Why, dost thou think thou art worthy to make use of thy own Invention?——Speak another Word, d'ye see——come help me quickly to strip Sir *Timorous*: His Coat may condee to the deceit.——Sir *Timorous*, by your Leave.———— [Falls on him.]

Tim. O Lord, what's the matter?——Murder—— Murder.————

Burr. D'ye open? I have something in my Pocket that will serve for a Gag, now I think on't.

[Gags and binds him.]
So, lye there Knight. Come, Sir, and help to make me Sir *Timorous*; and when I am married, remember to encrease your Manners with my Fortune——yet we'll always drink together. [Exeunt.]



A C T V. S C E N E I.

Enter Constance, Isabella and Nonfuch.

Const. THIS is just the Knight's Hour; and Lovers seldom come after their time.

Non. Good Night Daughter, I'll to Bed; and give you Joy to morrow Morning. *[Exit Nonfuch.]*

Isa. I'm glad he's gone: What, your Train takes?

Const. Yes, yes; *Loveby* will come: *Setstone* has been with him in Disguise; and promis'd him golden Mountains, if he will not be wanting to his own Fortune.

Isa. Is your Habit provided too?

Const. All is ready.

Isa. Away then; for this is the Place where we must part like Knights Errant, that take several Paths to their Adventurés.

Const. 'Tis time; for I hear some body come along the Alley; without question 'tis *Timorous*. Farewel, the Captain stays for me in my Chamber.

Isa. And I'll post after you to Matrimony; I have laid a fresh Parson at the next Stage, that shall carry me tantly. *[Exit Constance.]*

Enter Burr with Timorous his Coat on.

Burr. My Lady *Constance*!

Isa. The same: Sir *Timorous*!

Burr. The same.

Isa. Sir *Timorous* takes me for my Cousin. *[Aside.]*

Burr. My Lady *Constance* mistakes me for the Knight. *[Aside.]*

Isa. Here, Sir; through the dark Walk; 'tis but a little way about——He's my own beyond Redemption—— *[Aside.]*

Burr. The *Indies* are mine; and a handsom Lady into the Bargain.—— *[Exeunt.]*

Enter

Enter Failer, dogging them as they go off.

Fail. He shall be hang'd e'er he shall get her. Thus far I have dogg'd 'em, and this way I am sure they must pass e'er they come to the House: The Rogue had got the old Dog-trick of a Statesman; to fish things out of wiser Heads than his own, and never so much as take notice of him that gave the Counsel——

Enter Isabella and Burr again.

Now if I can but give her the hint without his Knowledge!——Madam——my Lady *Constance*——

Isa. Whose Voice is that?

Fail. A word in private, or you are undone——
Pray step aside.

Burr. Where are you, Madam?

Isa. Immediately, Sir *Timorous*.

Fail. You are mistaken, Madam; 'Tis not Sir *Timorous*; but *Burr* in his Cloaths: He has stript the Knight; gag'd him, and lock'd him up.

Isa. *Failer*?

Fail. The same: I could not but prevent your Unhappiness, though I hazard my Person in the Discovery, I vow to gad, Madam.

Burr. Who's that talks to you, my Lady *Constance*?

Isa. A Maid of my Acquaintance that's come to take her leave of me before I marry; the poor Soul does so pity me.

Burr. How will that Maid lye thinking of you and me to Night!

Isa. Has he the Key about him? [To *Failer*.

Fail. I think so, Madam.

Isa. Could not you possibly pick his Pocket, and give me the Key? then let me alone to release Sir *Timorous*; and you shall be Witness of the Wedding.

Fail. I gad you want your Cousin *Isabella's* Wit to bring that to pass, Madam.

Isa. I warrant you, my own Wit will serve to fool *Burr*——and you too, or I am much deceiv'd—— [Aside.

Fail. I am a little apprehensive of the Rascal's Fingers since I felt 'em last; and yet my Fear has not Power to resist

resist the sweet temptation of Revenge; I vow to gad I'll try, Madam——

Isa. Never fear; let me alone to keep him busie.——

Burr. Come, Madam, and let me take off those tasteless Kisses the Maid gave you; may we not join Lips before we are married?

Isa. No, fie, Sir *Timorous*.

[*They struggle a little, and in that time Failer picks his Pocket of the Key.*]

Fail. I have it,——here 'tis,——now shift for your self as I'll do: I'll wait you in the Alley. [*Exit Failer.*]

Isa. Sir *Timorous*, pray go into my Chamber; and make no Noise 'till I return: I'll but fetch the little Man of God, and follow you in a twinkling.

Burr. There's no Light I hope.——

Isa. Not a Spark.

Burr. For to light me to the Mark—— [*Exit Burr.*]

Isa. What a scowring have I 'icap'd to Night! Fortune, 'tis thou hast been ingenious for me! Allons *Isabella!* Courage! now to deliver my Knight from the enchanted Castle. [*Exit Isabella.*]

Enter Loveby led by Setstone antickly habited; with a Torch in one Hand, and a Ward in the other.

Lov. What art thou that hast led me this long Hour through Lanes and Alleys, and blind Passages?

Set. I am thy *Genius*; and conduct thee to Wealth, Fame, and Honour; what thou com'st to do, do boldly: Fear not; with this Rod I charm thee; and neither Elf nor Goblin now can harm thee.

Lov. Well, march on; if thou art my *Genius*, thou art bound to be answerable for me: I'll have thee hang'd if I miscarry.

Set. Fear not, my Son.

Lov. Fear not, quoth a! then prithee put on a more familiar Shape:——one of us two stinks extreamly: Prithee do not come so near me: I do not love to have my Face bleach'd like a Tiffany with thy Brimstone.——

Set. Fear not, but follow me.——

Lov. Faith I have no great Mind to't: I am somewhat godly at present; but stay a Month longer and I'll be proud, and fitter for thee: In the mean time prithee stay thy Stomach with some *Dutchman*: An *Hollander* with Butter will fry rarely in Hell.

Set. Mortal, 'tis now too late for a retreat: Go on and live: Step back and thou art mine.

Lov. So I am however, first or last; but for once I'll trust thee. ————— [Exe.

The SCENE opens, and discovers Constance; and a Parson by her; she habited like Fortune.

Enter again.

Set. Take here the mighty Queen of Good and Ill; Fortune, first Marry, then enjoy thy fill Of lawful Pleasures; but depart e'er Morn: Slip from her Bed, or else thou shalt be torn Piece-meal by Fiends; thy Blood carouz'd in Bowls, And thy four Quarters blown to th' top of *Pauls*.

Lov. By your Favour I'll never venture it: Is marrying the Business? I'll none, I thank you. —————

[Here Constance whispers Setstone.

Set. Fortune will turn her Back if twice deny'd.

Lov. Why she may turn her Girdle too on t'other side. This is the Devil; I will not venture on her.

Set. Fear not; she swears thou shalt receive no harm.

Lov. Ay, if a Man durst trust her; but the Devil is got into such an ill name of Lying.

Set. When e'er you are not pleas'd, it shall be lawful to sue out your Divorce.

Lov. Ay; but where shall I get a Lawyer? there you are afore-hand with me: You have retained most of them already ————— for the Favours I have received, I am very much her Servant, but in the way of Matrimony, Mr. Parson there can tell you 'tis an Ordinance; and must not be enter'd into without mature Deliberation: Besides, Marriages you know are made in Heaven; and that I am sure this was not.

Set.

Set. She bids you then at least, restore that Gold, which she, too lavishly, pour'd out on you, unthankful Man.——

Lov. Faith I have it not at present; 'tis all gone, as I am a Sinner; but, 'tis gone wickedly; all spent in the Devil her Father's Service.

Set. Where is the grateful Sense of all your Favours? Come, Fiends, with Flesh-hooks, tear the Wretch in pieces, and bear his Soul upon your Leather-wings, below the Fountain of the dark Abyss.

Lov. What, are you a Conjuring? If you are good at that Sport, I can Conjure as well as you——

[*Draws his Sword.*]

Const. Hold; for Heav'n's sake hold, I am no Spirit: Touch but my Hand; Ghosts have no Flesh and Blood.

[*Discovering.*]

Lov. My Lady *Constance*! I began to suspect it might be a Trick; but never could imagine you the Author: It seems you are desirous I should Father this *Hans en Kelder* here.

Const. I know not how without a Blush to tell you, it was a Cheat I practis'd for your Love.

Set. A meer Tympany, Sir, rais'd by a Cushion, you see 'tis gone already.

Const. *Setstone* was sent to have acquainted you; but by the way unfortunately mis'd you.

Lov. 'Twas you then that supply'd me all this while with Mony; pretty Familiar, I hope to make thee amends e'er I sleep to Night: Come Parson, prithee make haste and join us. I long to be out of her Debt poor Rogue.

[*The Parson takes them to the side of the Stage: They turn their Backs to the Audience, while he mumbles to them.*]

Set. I'll be the Clerk; Amen, give you Joy, Mr. Bridegroom, and Mrs. Bride.

Lov. Const. Thanks honest *Setstone*.

[*Bib. Franc. and Musick without, they play.*]

Musick. God give your Worship a good Even, Mr. *Loveby*.

Const. Hark! what Noise is that? Is this Musick of your providing, *Setstone*?

Set.

Set. Alas, Madam, I know nothing of it.

Lov. We are betray'd to your Father, but the best on't is, he comes too late to hinder us — fear not, Madam, I'll bear you through them all.——

[As they rush out; Bibber, Frances, and Musick are entering in: Bibber and Frances are beaten down.

[Exeunt Loveby, Constance, Setstone and Parson.

All cry out, Oh the Devil! the Devil! the Devil!

Bib. Lord bless us, where are you Frances?

Franc. Here William! this is a Judgment, as they say, upon you William; for trusting Wits, and calling Gentlemen to the Tavern, William.

Bib. No; 'twas a Judgment upon you, for desiring Preferment at Court, Frances. Let's call up the Watch; and Justice Trice, to have the House search'd.

Franc. Ay, Ay; there's more Devils there I warrant you.

[Exeunt.

Enter Loveby, Constance, Setstone, again.

Lov. It was certainly Will. Bibber and his Wife with Musick: For now I remember my self, I 'pointed him this Hour at your Father's House: But we frighted them worse than they frighted us:

Const. Our Parson run away too:——when they cry'd out the Devil!

Lov. He was the wiser: For if the Devil had come indeed, he has preach'd so long against him, it would have gone hard with him.

Set. Indeed I have always observ'd Parsons to be more fearful of the Devil than other People.

Lov. Oh the Devil's the Spirit, and the Parson's the Flesh: And betwixt those two there must be War: Yet to do 'em both right, I think in my Conscience they quarrel only like Lawyers for their Fees; and meet good Friends in private to laugh at their Clients.

Const. I saw him run in at my Cousin Isabella's Chamber Door, which was wide open; I believe she's returned: We'll fetch a Light from the Gallery, and give her Joy.——

Lov. Why, is she married, Madam?

Const. I'll tell you as we go.——

[Exeunt.

The

The SCENE changes; Burr and the Parson enter, meeting in the dark.

Burr. My Lady *Constance*, are you come again? That's well: I have waited sufficiently for you in the dark.

Parf. Help, help, help, good Christian People! the Devil, the Devil's here.

Burr. 'Tis I Madam; what do you mean?

Parf. Avoid Sathan! avoid, avoid.

Burr. What have I here, the hairy Woman?

Enter Loveby, Constance with the Light.

Burr. Ha! yonder's my Lady *Constance*! who have I got, a stone Priest by this good Light. How's this, *Loveby* too!

Lov. *Burr* a beating my Reverend Clergy! What make you here at this unseasonable Hour! I'll know your Business ———

[*Draws.*

Burr. Will you, Sir? ———

[*They fight.*

Const. Set. Parf. Help, Murder, Murder.

Enter at one Door, Trice drunk, with the Watch: Bibber, and Frances following; at the other, Nonfuch and Servants, and Failer.

Non. Murder, murder! beat down their Weapons: Will you murder Sir *Timorous*, Mr. *Loveby*. ——— [*They disarm both.*] Sir *Timorous*! ha *Burr*! Thieves, Thieves! fit down good Mr. Justice, and take their Examinations: Now I shall know how my Mony went.

Trice. They shall have Justice, I warrant 'em.

[*Goes to sit and misses the Chair.*

Bib. The Justice is almost dead drunk, my Lord.

Franc. But and't please your Worship, my Lord, this is not the worst fight that we have seen here to Night in your Worship's House, we met three or four hugeous ugly Devils, with Eyes like Sawcers, that threw down my Husband, that threw down me, that made my Heart so panck ever since, as they say.

Non. The Devil again in my House!

Lov. Nay, here he was, that's certain; he brought me hither, I know not how my self, and married me; Mr.

Setstone

Setstone there can justify it: But the best is, I have a Charm about me that will lay him yet e'er Midnight.

Fail. And I vow to gad, my Lord, I know as little how I came hither as any Man.

Burr. Nor I.

Trice. Nor I.

Lov. No, I dare swear do'st thou not, Mr. Justice.

Trice. But I wonder how the Devil durst come into our Ward, when he knows I have been at the Duties of
——my Family——this Eveuing.

Enter one of the Watch, with Timorous and Isabella.

Watch. And please your Worship, I met this Couple in the Street late, and so seeing them to be Man and Woman, I brought 'em along with me, upon Suspicion of Felony together.

Franc. This is the proud Minx that sought shelter in my House this Afternoon, Mr. Justice.

Fail. Sir *Timorous* and Madam *Isabella*! I vow to gad we are undone, *Burr.*——

Isa. Do not you know me, Mr. Justice?

Lov. Justice is blind, he knows no Body.

Isa. My Name is *Isabella*.

Franc. No, thy Name is *Fezabella*: I warrant you there's none but Rogues and Papists would be abroad at this time of Night.

Bib. Hold, *Frances*——

Trice. She's drunk I warrant her as any Beast: I wonder Woman you do not consider what a crying Sin Drunkenness is? Whom do you learn it from in our Parish? I'm sure you never see me worse.

Isa. *Burr* and *Failer*, acknowledge your selves a couple of recreant Knights: Sir *Timorous* is mine: I have won him in fair Field from you.

Corst Give you Joy, Cousin,——give you Joy!

Lov. Married!

Isa. And in *Diana's Grove*, Boy.

Lov. Why 'tis fine by Heav'n; 'tis wondrous fine; as the Poet goes on sweetly.

Tim. I am sure they had gagg'd me, and bound me, and stript me almost stark naked, and lockt me up as fast as a Butterfly, 'till she came and made me a Man again; and therefore I have reason to love her the longest Day I have to live.

Isa. Ay, and the longest Night too, or you are to blame. And you have one Argument I love you, if the Proverb be true, for I took you almost in your bare Shirt.

Burr. So much for us, *Failer!*

Const. Well, my Lord, it had as good at first as at last: I must beg your Lordship's Blessing for this Gentleman and my self. [*Both kneel.*

Non. Why, you are not married to him I hope! he's married to the Devil.

Lov. 'Twas a white Devil of your Lordship's getting then; Mr. *Setstone* and the Reverend here can witness it.

Set. Par. We must speak truth, my Lord.

Non. Would I had another Child for your sake, you should ne'er see Penny of my Mony

Lov. Thank you, my Lord; but methinks 'tis much better as 'tis.

Isa. Come Nuncle, 'tis in vain to hold out now 'tis past remedy: 'Tis like the last Act of a Play, when People must marry; and if Fathers will not consent then, they should throw Oranges at 'em from the Galleries: Why should you stand off to keep us from a Dance?

Non. But there's one thing still that troubles me, that's her great Belly, and my own too.

Const. Nay for mine, my Lord, 'tis vanish'd already: 'Twas but a Trick to catch the old One.

Lov. But I'll do my best; she shall not be long without another.

Isa. But as for your great Belly, Nuncle, I know no way to rid you on't but by taking out your Guts.

Lov. 'Tis such a pretty smart Rascal; 'tis well I am pleas'd with my own Choice; but I could have got such Hectors and Poets and Gamesters out of thee.

Const. No, no; two Wits could never have liv'd well together; Want would have so sharpen'd you upon one another.

Isa,

Isa. A Wit should naturally be joined to a Fortune; by the same reason your Vintners feed their hungry Wines.

Const. And if Sir *Timorous* and I had married, we two Fortunes must have built Hospitals with our Mony, we could never have spent it else.

Lov. Or what think you of paying Courtiers Debts with it?

Isa. Well, to shew I am in Charity with my Enemies, I'll make a Motion: While we are in Town, let us hire a large House, and live together: *Burr* and *Failer*——

Fail. Shall be utterly discarded; I knew 'twould come to that, I vow to gad.

Isa. Shall be our Guests.

[*Burr* and *Failer* throw up their Caps, and cry Vive, Madam *Isabella*.

Lov. And *Bibber* shall make our Wedding Cloaths without trusting.

Bib. No, henceforward I'll trust none but landed Men; and such as have Houses and Apple-trees in the Country, now I have got a Place in the Custom-house.

Franc. Nothing vexes me, but that this flirting Gentlewoman should go before me; but I'll to the Heralds Office, and see whether the Queen's Majesty's Dresser should not take place of any Knight's Wife in Christendom.

Bib. Now ail will out——no more, good *Frances*.

Franc. I will speak, that I will, so I will: What! shall I be a Dresser to the Queen's Majesty, and no Body must know on't; I'll send Mr. Church-warden word on't; and Gentlemen, when you come to *St. Bride's Church* (if ever you come to Church, Gentlemen) you shall see me in the Pew that's next the Pulpit; thank Mr. *Love-by's* Worship for't.

Lov. Spare your Thanks good Landlady, for the truth is we came too late, the Place is gone; and so is yours, *Will*; but you shall have two hundred Pound for one, if that will satisfie you.

Franc. This is better News, as they say.

Lov. Chear up thy Wife, *Will.* Where are the Fiddles?
A Dance should do it.

Bib. I'll run and call 'em.

Isa. I have found out that will comfort her: Hence-
forward I christen her by the Name of Madam *Bibber.*

All. A Madam *Bibber*, a Madam *Bibber.*

Franc. Why, I thank you sweet Gentlemen and La-
dies, this is a Cordial to my drooping Spirits: I confess
I was a little eclips'd; but I'll chear up with abundance
of Love, as they say. Strike up Fiddles.——

Lov. That's a good Wench.

Dance.

Trice. This Musick and a little Nod has recover'd me;
I'll in and provide for the Sack-possit.

Non. To Bed, to Bed; 'tis late: Son *Loveby* get me a
Boy to Night, and I'll settle three thousand a Year upon
him the first Day he calls me Grandfire.

Lov. I'll do my best,

To make the Bargain sure before I sleep.

Where Love and Money strike, the Blow goes deep.





EPILOGUE,

When it was first Acted.

THE Wild Gallant has quite play'd out his Game;
He's marry'd now, and that will make him tame;
Or if you think Marriage will not reclaim him,
The Criticks swear they'll damn him, but they'll tame him,
Yet though our Poet's threatned most by these,
They are the only People he can please:
For he to humour them, has shown to day,
That which they only like, a wretched Play:
But though his Play be ill, here have been shown
The greatest Wits, and Beauties of the Town.
And his Occasion having brought you here,
You are too grateful to become severe.
There is not any Person here so mean,
But he may freely judge each Act and Scene:
But if you bid him chuse his Judges then,
He boldly names true English Gentlemen:
For he ne'er thought a handsom Garb or Dress,
So great a Crime to make their Judgment less:
And with these Gallants he these Ladies joins,
To judge that Language their Converse refines.
But if their Censures should condemn his Play,
Far from Disputing, he does only pray
He may Leander's Destiny obtain:
Now spare him, drown him when he comes again.



T H E

RIVAL LADIES:

A

Tragi-Comedy:

As it was Acted at the

THEATER - ROYAL.

Nos hæc novimus esse nihil.



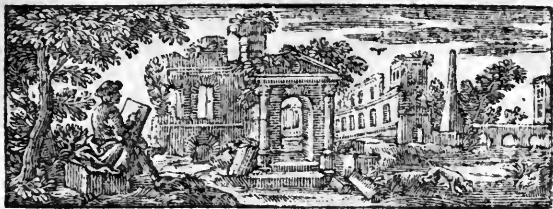
Printed in the YEAR MDCCXVII.

REVISED EDITION

First Comedy

THE GREAT

THEATER - ROYAL



To the Right Honourable

R O G E R

EARL of ORRERY.

My LORD,

THIS worthless Present was design'd you, long before it was a Play; when it was only a confus'd Mass of Thoughts, tumbling over one another in the Dark: when the Fancy was yet in its first Work, moving the Sleeping Images of things towards the Light, there to be distinguish'd, and then either chosen or rejected by the Judgment: It was yours, my Lord, before I could call it mine. And, I confess, in that first Tumult of my Thoughts, there appear'd a disorderly Kind of Beauty in some of them, which gave me hope, something worthy my Lord of *Orrery* might be drawn from them: But I was then in that Eagerness of Imagination,

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which by over-pleasing fanciful Men, flatters them into the Danger of Writing; so that when I had moulded it to that Shape it now bears, I look'd with such Disgust upon it, that the Censures of our severest Criticks are Charitable to what I thought (and still think) of it my self: 'Tis so far from me to believe this perfect, that I am apt to conclude our best Plays are scarcely so. For the Stage being the Representation of the World, and the Actions in it, how can it be imagin'd, that the Picture of human Life can be more Exact than Life it self is? He may be allow'd sometimes to Err, who undertakes to move so many Characters and Humours as are requisite in a Play, in those narrow Channels which are proper to each of them: To conduct his imaginary Persons, through so many various Intrigues and Chances, as the labouring Audience shall think them lost under every Billow; and then at length to work them so naturally out of their Distresses, that when the whole Plot is laid open, the Spectators may rest satisfied, that every Cause was powerful enough to produce the Effect it had; and that the whole Chain of them was with such due Order link'd together, that the first Accident would naturally beget the second, till they all render'd the Conclusion necessary.

These Difficulties, my Lord, may reasonably excuse the Errors of my Undertaking; but for this Confidence of my Dedication, I have an Argument which is too Advantageous for me, not to publish it to the World. 'Tis the Kindness your Lordship has continually shown to all my Writings. You have been pleas'd, my Lord, they should sometimes cross the *Irish* Seas to
Kiss

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Kiss your Hands; which Passage (contrary to the Experience of others) I have found the least dangerous in the World. Your Favour has shone upon me at a remote Distance, without the least Knowledge of my Person; and (like the Influence of the Heavenly Bodies) you have done good without knowing to whom you did it. 'Tis this Virtue in your Lordship, which imboldens me to this attempt: For did I not consider you as my Patron, I have little reason to desire you for my Judge; and should appear with as much Awe before you in the Reading, as I had when the full Theater sat upon the Action. For who could so severely judge of Faults as he, who has given Testimony he commits none? Your excellent Poems having afforded that Knowledge of it to the World, that your Enemies are ready to upbraid you with it, as a Crime for a Man of Business to write so well. Neither durst I have justified your Lordship in it, if Examples of it had not been in the World before you; if *Xenophon* had not written a Romance, and a certain *Roman* call'd *Augustus Caesar*, a Tragedy, and Epigrams. But their Writing was the Entertainment of their Pleasure; Yours is only a Diversion of your Pain. The *Muses* have seldom employed your Thoughts, but when some violent Fit of the Gout has snatch'd you from Affairs of State: And, like the Priestess of *Apollo*, you never come to deliver his Oracles, but Unwillingly, and in Torment. So that we are oblig'd to your Lordship's Misery for our Delight: You treat us with the cruel Pleasure of a *Turkish* Triumph, where those who cut and wound their Bodies, sing Songs of Victory as they pass, and divert others with their own Sufferings. Other Men endure their

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Diseases, your Lordship only can enjoy them. Plotting and Writing in this kind, are certainly more troublesome Employments than many which signifie more, and are of greater Moment in the World: The Fancy, Memory, and Judgment, are then extended (like so many Limbs) upon the Rack; all of them reaching with their utmost Stress at Nature; a thing so almost Infinite, and Boundless, as can never fully be comprehended, but where the Images of all things are always present. Yet I wonder not, your Lordship succeeds so well in this Attempt; the Knowledge of Men is your daily Practice in the World; to work and bend their stubborn Minds, which go not all after the same Grain, but each of them so particular a way, that the same common Humours, in several Persons, must be wrought upon by several Means. Thus, my Lord, your Sickness is but the Imitation of your Health; the Poet but subordinate to the States-Man in you; you still govern Men with the same Address, and manage Business with the same Prudence; allowing it here (as in the World) the due Increase and Growth, till it comes to the just height; and then turning it when it is fully Ripe, and Nature calls out, as it were, to be deliver'd. With this only Advantage of ease to you in your Poetry, that you have Fortune here at your Command: With which, Wisdom does often unsuccessfully struggle in the World. Here is no Chance which you have not fore-seen; all your Heroes are more than your Subjects; they are your Creatures. And though they seem to move freely, in all the Sal-lies of their Passions, yet you make Destinies for them which they cannot shun. They are mov'd (if I may dare to say so) like the rational Crea-
tures.

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tures of the Almighty Poet, who walk at Liberty, in their own Opinion, because their Fetters are Invisible; when indeed the Prison of their Will is the more sure, for being large: And instead of an absolute Power over their Actions, they have only a wretched Desire of doing that, which they cannot chuse but do.

I have dwelt, my Lord, thus long upon your Writing, not because you deserve not greater and more noble Commendations, but because I am not equally able to express them in other Subjects. Like an ill Swimmer, I have willingly staid long in my own Depth: And though I am eager of performing more, yet am loath to venture out beyond my Knowledge. For beyond your Poetry, my Lord, all is Ocean to me. To speak of you as a Soldier, or a States-Man, were only to betray my own Ignorance: And I could hope no better Success from it, than that miserable *Rhetorician* had, who solemnly declaim'd before *Hannibal*, of the Conduct of Armies, and the Art of War. I can only say in general, that the Souls of other Men shine out at little Cranies; they understand some one thing, perhaps, to Admiration, while they are darkned on all the other Parts: But your Lordship's Soul is an intire Globe of Light, breaking out on every Side; and if I have only discover'd one Beam of it, 'tis not that the Light falls unequally, but because the Body which receives it, is of unequal Parts.

The Acknowledgment of which is a fair Occasion offer'd me, to retire from the Consideration of your Lordship, to that of my self: I here present you, my Lord, with that in Print, which you had the Goodness not to dislike upon the Stage; and account it happy to have met you
H 4 here..

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here in *England*: It being at best, like small Wines, to be drunk out upon the Place, and has not Body enough to endure the Sea. I know not whether I have been so careful of the Plot and Language as I ought; but for the latter I have endeavour'd to write *English*, as near as I could distinguish it from the Tongue of *Pedants*, and that of affected Travellers. Only I am sorry, that (speaking so noble a Language as we do) we have not a more certain Measure of it, as they have in *France*, where they have an Academy erected for that purpose, and indow'd with large Privileges by the present King. I wish we might at length leave to borrow Words from other Nations, which is now a Wantonness in us, not a Necessity; but so long as some affect to speak them, there will not want others who will have the Boldness to write them.

But, I fear, least defending the receiv'd Words, I shall be accus'd for following the new Way, I mean, of writing Scenes in Verse: Though, to speak properly, 'tis not so much a new Way amongst us, as an old Way new Reviv'd: For many Years before *Shakespear's* Plays, was the Tragedy of Queen *Gorboduc* in *English* Verse, written by that famous Lord *Buckhurst*, afterwards Earl of *Dorset*, and Progenitor to that Excellent Person, who (as he Inherits his Soul and Title) I wish may Inherit his good Fortune. But supposing our Country-men had not receiv'd this writing till of late; Shall we oppose ourselves to the most polish'd and civiliz'd Nations of *Europe*? Shall we with the same Singularity oppose the World in this, as most of us do in pronouncing *Latin*? Or do we desire that the Brand which *Barclay* has (I hope) unjustly laid upon

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upon the *English*, should still continue? *Angli suos ac sua omnia impensè mirantur; cæteras nationes despectui habent.* All the *Spanish* and *Italian* Tragedies I have yet seen, are writ in Rhyme: For the *French*, I do not name them, because it is the Fate of our Country-men to admit little of theirs among us, but the basest of their Men, the Extravagances of their Fashions, and the Friv-
perry of their Merchandise. *Shakespear* (who with some Errors not to be avoided in that Age, had, undoubtedly a larger Soul of Poesie than ever any of our Nation) was the first, who to shun the Pains of continual Rhyming, invented that kind of Writing, which we call blank Verse, but the *French* more properly, *Prose Mesurée*: Into which the *English* Tongue so naturally slides, that in writing *Prose* 'tis hardly to be avoided. And therefore, I admire some Men should perpetually stumble in a Way so easie; and inverting the Order of their Words, constantly close their Lines with Verbs; which, though commended sometimes in writing *Latin*, yet we were whipt at *Westminster* if we us'd it twice together. I know some, who, if they were to write in blank Verse, *Sir, I ask your Pardon*, would think it founded more heroically to write, *Sir, I your Pardon ask*. I should judge him to have little command of *English*, whom the Necessity of a Rhyme should force often upon this Rock; though sometimes it cannot easly be avoided: And indeed this is the only Inconvenience with which Rhyme can be charged. This is that which makes them say, Rhyme is not natural, it being only so, when the Poet either makes a vicious Choice of Words, or places them for Rhyme sake so unnaturally, as no Man would in ordi-

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nary Speaking : But when 'tis so judiciously order'd, that the first Word in the Verse seems to beget the second, and that the next, till that becomes the last Word in the Line, which in the Negligence of Prose would be so ; it must then be granted, Rhyme has all the Advantages of Prose, besides its own. But the Excellence and Dignity of it were never fully known till Mr. *Waller* taught it ; he first made Writing easily an Art : First shew'd us to conclude the Sense, most commonly, in Distichs ; which in the Verse of those before him, runs on for so many Lines together, that the Reader is out of Breath to overtake it. This sweetness of Mr. *Waller's* *Lyrick* Poesie was afterwards follow'd in the Epick by Sir *John Denham*, in his *Coopers-Hill* : A Poem which your Lordship knows for the Majesty of the Stile, is, and ever will be, the exact Standard of good Writing. But if we owe the Invention of it to Mr. *Waller*, we are acknowledging for the noblest Use of it to Sir *William D'Avenant* ; who at once brought it upon the Stage, and made it perfect, in the Siege of *Rhodes*.

The Advantages which Rhyme has over blank Verse, are so many, that it were lost time to Name them : Sir *Philip Sidney*, in his Defence of Poesie, gives us one, which, in my Opinion, is not the least considerable ; I mean the help it brings to Memory ; which Rhyme so knits up by the Affinity of Sounds, that by remembering the last Word in one Line, we often call to Mind both the Verses. Then in the Quickness of Reparties, (which in discoursive Scenes fall very often) it has so particuar a Grace, and is so aptly suited to them, that the sudden Smartness of the Answer, and the Sweetness of the Rhyme,

set

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set off the Beauty of each other. But that Benefit which I consider most in it, because I have not seldom found it, is, that it Bounds and Circumscribes the Fancy. For Imagination in a Poet is a Faculty so Wild and Lawless, that, like an High-ranging Spaniel it must have Clogs tied to it, lest it out-run the Judgment. The great easiness of blank Verse, renders the Poet too Luxuriant; he is tempted to say many things, which might better be omitted, or at least shut up in fewer Words: But when the Difficulty of artful Rhyming is interpos'd, where the Poet commonly confines his Sense to his Couplet, and must contrive that Sense into such Words, that the Rhyme shall naturally follow them, not they the Rhyme; the Fancy then gives leisure to the Judgment to come in; which seeing so heavy a Tax impos'd, is ready to cut off all unnecessary Expences. This last Consideration has already answer'd an Objection which some have made; that Rhyme is only an Embroidery of Sense, to make that which is ordinary in it self pass for Excellent with less Examination. But certainly, that which most regulates the Fancy, and gives the Judgment its busiest Employment, is like to bring forth the richest and clearest Thoughts. The Poet examines that most which he produceth with the greatest Leisure, and which, he knows, must pass the severest Test of the Audience, because they are aptest to have it ever in their Memory: As the Stomach makes the best Concoction when it strictly Embraces the Nourishment, and takes account of every little Particle as it passes through. But as the best Medicines may lose their Virtue, by being ill applyed, so is it with Verse, if a fit Subject be not chosen
for

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for it. Neither must the Argument alone, but the Characters and Persons be great and noble; Otherwise, (as *Scaliger* says of *Claudian*) the Poet will be, *Ignobiliore materiâ depressus*. The Scenes, which, in my Opinion, most commend it, are those of Argumentation and Discourse, on the Result of which the doing or not doing some considerable Action should depend.

But, my Lord, though I have more to say upon this Subject, yet I must remember 'tis your Lordship to whom I speak; who have much better commended this way by your Writing in it, than I can do by Writing for it. Where my Reasons cannot prevail, I am sure your Lordship's Example must. Your Rhetorick has gain'd my Cause; at least the greatest Part of my Design has already succeeded to my Wish, which was to interest so noble a Person in the Quarrel, and withal to testify to the World how happy I Esteem my self in the Honour of being,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most Humble,

and most Obedient Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

PRO.

PROLOGUE.

'TIS much Desir'd, you Judges of the Town
Would pass a Vote to put all Prologues down;
For who can show me, since they first were Writ,
They e'er converted one hard-hearted Wit?
Yet the World's mended well; in former Days
Good Prologues were as scarce, as now good Plays.
For the reforming Poets of our Age,
In this first Charge, spend their Poetick Rage:
Expect no more when once the Prologue's done;
The Wit is ended e'er the Play's begun.
You now have Habits, Dances, Scenes and Rhymes;
High Language often; Ay, and Sense, sometimes:
As for a clear Contrivance doubt it not;
They blow out Candles to give Light to th' Plot.
And for Surprize, two Bloody-minded Men
Fight till they Die, then rise and Dance again:
Such deep Intrigues you're welcome to this Day:
But blame your selves, not him who Writ the Play;
Though his Plot's Dull, as can be well desir'd,
Wit stiff as any you have e'er admir'd:
He's bound to please, not to Write well; and knows
There is a Mode in Plays as well as Cloaths:
Therefore, kind Judges————

A Second PROLOGUE enters.

2. ————Hold; would you admit
For Judges all you see within the Pit?
1. Whom would he then Except, or on what Score?
2. All, who (like him) have Writ ill Plays before:
For they, like Thieves condemn'd, are Hang-men made,
To execute the Members of their Trade.
All that are Writing now he would disown,
But then he must Except, ev'n all the Town.
All Chol'rick, losing Gamesters, who in Sight
Will damn to Day, because they lost last Night.
All Servants whom their Mistress's Scorn upbraids;
All maudlin Lovers, and all sighted Maids:
All who are out of Humour, or Severe;
All, that want Wit, or hope to find it here.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

- Don *Gonsalvo de Peralta*, a young Gentleman, newly arriv'd from the *Indies*, in love with *Julia*.
Don *Rodorigo de Sylva*, in love with the same Lady.
Don *Manuel de Torres*, Brother to *Julia*.

W O M E N.

- Julia*, elder Sister to Don *Manuel*, promis'd to *Rodorigo*.
Honoria, younger Sister to Don *Manuel*, disguis'd in the Habit of a Man, and going by the Name of *Hippolito*, in love with *Gonsalvo*.
Angelina, Sister to Don *Rodorigo*, in Man's Habit, likewise in love with *Gonsalvo*, and going by the Name of *Amideo*.
Servants, Robbers, Seamen, and Masquers.

SCENE ALICANT.

THE



T H E.

Rival Ladies.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

S C E N E *a Wood.*

Enter Gonsalvo, and a Servant.

G O N S A L V O.



AY, 'twas a strange as well as cruel Storm,
To take us almost in the Port of *Sevil*,
And drive us up as far as *Barcelona*;
The whole Plate-Fleet was scatter'd, some
part wrack'd;
There one might see the Sailors diligent
To cast o'er-board the Merchant's envy'd Wealth,
While he, all pale and dying, stood in doubt,
Whether to ease the Burden of the Ship
By drowning of his Ingots, or himself.

Serv.

Serv. Fortune, Sir, is a Woman every where,
But most upon the Sea.

Gonf. Had that been all
I should not have complain'd; but 'ere we could
Repair our Ship, to drive us back again,
Was such a Cruelty——

Serv. Yet that short time you staid at *Barcelona*,
You husbanded so well, I think you left
A Mistress there.

Gonf. I made some Infall Essays
Of Love, what might have been I cannot tell:
But to leave that, upon what part of *Spain*
Are we now cast?

Serv. Sir, I take that City to be *Alicant*.

Gonf. Some Days must of necessity be spent
In looking to our Ship; then back again
For *Sevil*.

Serv. There you're sure you shall be welcome.

Gonf. Ay, if my Brother *Rodorick* be return'd
From *Flanders*; but 'tis now three Years since I
Have heard from him, and since I saw him twelve.

Serv. Your Growth, and your long Absence in the *Indies*
Have alter'd you so much, he'll scarcely know you.

Gonf. I'm sure I should not him, and less my Sister:
Who, when I with my Uncle went this Voyage,
Was then one of those little prating Girls
Of whom fond Parents tell such tedious Stories:
Well, go you back.

Serv. I go, Sir.

Gonf. And take care
None of the Sea-men slip ashore.

Serv. I shall, Sir.

[Exit Servant.]

Gonf. I'll walk a little while among these Trees,
Now the fresh Evening Air blows from the Hills,
And breath the Sweetness of the Orange Flowers
Upon me from the Gardens near the City.

Robbers within.

1 *Rob.* I say, make sure, and kill him.

Hip. For Heav'n's dear sake have Pity on my Youth.
[Within.]

Gonf. Some Violence is offer'd in the Wood
By Robbers to a Traveller: Who e'er
Thou art, Humanity obliges me
To give thee Succour.

Hip. Help! ah cruel Men! [Within.]

Gonf. This way I think the Voice came, 'tis not far.
[Exit.]

The SCENE draws, and discovers Hippolito bound to
a Tree, and two Robbers by him with drawn Swords.

2 Rob. Strip him, and let him go.

1 Rob. Dispatch him quite; off with his Doublet quickly.

Hip. Ah me unfortunate!

Enter Gonfálvo, seizes the Sword of one of them, and runs
him thorough; then after a little Resistance disarms the
other.

2 Rob. If you have Mercy in you spare my Life;

I never was consenting to a Deed
So black as Murder, though my Fellow urg'd me:
I only meant to Rob, and I am punisht
Enough, in missing of my wicked Aim.

Gonf. Do they rob Angels here? This sweet Youth has
A Face so like one which I lately saw,
It makes your Crime of kin to Sacrilege:
But live; and henceforth

Take nobler Courses to maintain your Life:
Here's something that will rescue you from Want,
'Till you can find Employment.

[Gives him Gold, and unbinds Hippolito.]

Hip. What strange Adventure's this! How little hop'd I,
When thus disguis'd I stole from Barcelona,
To be reliev'd by brave Gonfálvo here? [Aside.]

2 Rob. That Life you have preserv'd shall still be yours;
And that you may perceive, how much my Nature
Is wrought upon by this your generous Act;
That Goodness you have shown to me, I'll use

To others for your Sake, if you dare trust me
A moment from your Sight.

Gonf. Nay, take your Sword;

I will not so much crush a budding Virtue:

As to suspect. [*Gives him his Sword. Exit Robber.*]

— Sweet Youth, you shall not leave me
Till I have seen you safe.

Hip. You need not doubt it:

Alas! I find I cannot if I would;

I am but freed to be a greater Slave:

How much am I oblig'd, Sir, to your Valour? [*Aside.*]

Gonf. Rather to your own Sweetness, pretty Youth;
You must have been some way preserv'd, though I
Had not been near; my Aid did but prevent
Some Miracle more slowly setting out
To save such Excellence.

Hip. How much more gladly could I hear those words,
If he that spoke them knew he spoke to me! [*Aside.*]

Enter the Robber again with Don Manuel, and Julia, bound.

My Brother and my Sister Pris'ners too!

They cannot sure discover me through this
Disguise; however I'll not venture it.

[*Steps behind the Trees.*]

2 Rob. This Gentleman and Lady [*To Gonf. privately.*]
My Fellows bound. [*Exit Robber.*]

Man. We must prepare to Die;

This is the Captain of the Picarons.

Jul. Methinks he looks like one; I have a strange
Aversion to that Man; he's fatal to me.

Gonf. I ne'er saw Excellence in Woman-kind

[*Stares on her.*]

Till now, and yet discern it at the first:

Perfection is discover'd in a Moment.

He that ne'er saw the Sun before, yet knows him.

Jul. How the Villain stares upon me!

Gonf. Wonder prepares my Soul, and then Love enters:

But Wonder is so close pursu'd by Love,

That like a Fire it warms as soon as born:

Man. If we must die, what need these Circumstances?

Jul.

Jul. Heav'n defend me from him.

Gonf. Why, Madam, can you doubt a Rudeness from me?
Your very Fears and Grievs create an awe,
Such Majesty they bear; methinks I see
Your Soul retir'd within her inmost Chamber,
Like a fair Mourner sit in State, with all
The silent Pomp of Sorrow round about her.

Man. Your Language does exprefs a Man bred up
To worthier Ways than those you follow now:

Gonf. What does he mean? [*A:de*]

Man. If (as it seems) you love; Love is a Passion
Which kindles Honour into noble Acts:
Restore my Sister's Liberty; oblige her,
And see what Gratitude will work.

Gonf. All this is stranger yet.

Man. Whate'er a Brother's Power
To morrow can do for you, claim it boldly. [*Pris'ners;*

Gonf. I know not why you think your selves my
This Lady's Freedom is: thing too precious
To be dispos'd by any but her self:
But value this small Service as you please,
Which you reward too prodigally, by
Permitting me to Pay her more.

Jul. Love from an Out-law? from a Villain, Love?
If I have that Pow'r on thee thou pretend'st,
Go and pursue thy Mischiefs, but presume not
To follow me:—Come Brother. [*Exe. Jul. and Man.*

Gonf. Those foul Names of Out-law, and of Villain,
I never did deserve: They raise my Wonder. [*Walks.*]
Dull that I was, not to find this before?
She took me for the Captain of the Robbers:
It must be so; I'll teil her her Mistake.

[Goes out hastily, and returns immediately.]

She's gone, she's gone, and who or whence she is
I cannot tell; methinks she should have left
A Track so bright I might have follow'd her;
Like setting Suns that vanish in a Glory.
O Villain that I am! O hated Villain!

Enter Hippolito again.

Hip. I cannot suffer you to wrong your self
So much; for though I do not know your Person,
Your Actions are too fair, too noble, Sir,
To merit that foul Name:

Gonf. Prithee do not flatter me, I am a Villain,
That admirable Lady said I was.

Hip. I fear you love her, Sir.

Gonf. No, no; not love her:
Love is the Name of some more gentle Passion;
Mine is a Fury grown up in a Moment
To an Extremity, and lasting in it:
An heap of Powder set on Fire, and burning
As long as any ordinary Fewel.

Hip. How could he love so soon? and yet alas!
What Cause have I to ask that Question?
Who lov'd him the first Minute that I saw him:
I cannot leave him thus, though I perceive
His Heart engag'd another way.

Sir, can you have such Pity on my Youth,
On my forsaken, and my helpless Youth,
To take me to your Service?

[*Aside.*
To him.

Gonf. Would'st thou serve
A Mad-man? how can he take care of thee,
Whom Fortune and his Reason have abandon'd?
A Man that saw, and lov'd, and disoblig'd,
Is banish'd, and is mad, all in a Moment.

Hip. Yet you alone have Title to my Service;
You make me Yours by your preserving me:
And that's the Title Heav'n has to Mankind.

Gonf. Prithee no more.

Hip. I know your Mistress too.

Gonf. Ha! dost thou know the Person I adore?
Answer me quickly; speak, and I'll receive thee:
Hast thou no Tongue?

Hip. Why did I say I knew her?
All I can hope for, if I have my Wish
To live with him, is but to be unhappy.

[*Aside.*

Gonf.

Gonf. Thou false and lying Boy, to say thou knew'st her;
Prithee say something, though thou Cosen'st me,

Hip. Since you will know, her Name is *Julia*, Sir,
And that young Gentleman you saw, her Brother,
Don Manuel de Torres. [thee

Gonf. Say I should take thee, Boy, and should employ
To that fair Lady, would'st thou serve me faithfully?

Hip. You ask me an hard Question; I can die
For you, perhaps I cannot Woo so well.

Gonf. I knew thou would'st not do't.

Hip. I swear I would:

But, Sir, I grieve to be the Messenger
Of more unhappy News; she must be married
This Day to one *Don Roderick de Sylva*,
Betwixt whom and her Brother there has been
A long (and it was thought a Mortal) Quarrel,
But now it must for ever end in Peace:

For hapning both to Love each others Sisters,
They have concluded it in a cross Marriage;
Which, in the Palace of *Don Roderick*,

They went to Celebrate from their Country-house,
When, taken by the Thieves, you rescu'd them.

Gonf. Methinks I am grown patient on a sudden;
And all my Rage is gone: Like losing Gamesters
Who fret and storm, and swear at little Losses:
But, when they see all hope of Fortune vanish'd,
Submit, and gain a Temper by their Ruin.

Hip. Would you could cast this Love, which troubles you,
Out of your Mind.

Gonf. I cannot, Boy; but since
Her Brother, with intent to Cozen me,
Made me the Promise of his best Assistance;
I'll take some Course to be reveng'd of him. [*Is going out.*
But stay, I charge thee, Boy, discover not
To any, who I am.

Hip. Alas, I cannot, Sir, I know you not.

Gonf. Why, there's it; I am mad again; Oh Love!

Hip. Oh Love!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter two Servants of Don Rodorick's, placing Chairs, and talking as they place them.

1 *Serv.* Make ready quickly there; *Don Manuel* And his fair Sister, that must be our Lady, Are coming in.

2 *Serv.* They have been long expected; 'Tis Evening now, and the Canonick Hours For Marriage are past.

1 *Serv.* The nearer Bed-time The better still; my Lord will not deferr it: He swears the Clergy are no fit Judges Of our Necessities.

2 *Serv.* Where is my Lord?

1 *Serv.* Gone out to meet his Bride.

2 *Serv.* I wonder that my Lady *Angellina* Went not with him, she's to be married too.

1 *Serv.* I do not think she fancies much the Man; Only, to make the Reconcilement perfect Betwixt the Families, she's Passive in it; The Choice being but her Brother's, not her own.

2 *Serv.* Troth, wer't my Case, I car'd not who chose for me:

1 *Serv.* Nor I; 'twould save the Proceſs of a tedious Passion,

A long Law-suit of Love, which quite consumes
An honest Lover 'ere he gets Possession:
I would come plump, and fresh, and all my Self,
Serv'd up to my Bride's Bed like a fat Fowl,
Before the Frost of Love had nipt me through.
I look on Wives as on good dull Companions,
For elder Brothers to sleep out their Time with;
All we can hope for in the Marriage-bed,
Is but to take our Rest; and what care I
Who lays my Pillow for me?

Enter a Poet with Verses.

1 *Serv.* Now, what's your Business, Friend?

Poet. An Epithalamium, to the noble Bridegrooms.

1 Serv. Let me see; what's here? as I live [Takes it.
Nothing but down-right Bawdry: Sirrah, Rascal,
Is this an Age for Ribaldry in Verse;
When every Gentleman in Town speaks it
With so much better Grace, than thou canst write it?
I'll beat thee with a Staff of thy own Rhymes.

Poet. Nay, good Sir — [Runs off, and Exit.

2 Serv. Peace, they are here.

Enter Don Rodorick, Don Manuel, Julia, and Company.

1 Serv. My Lord looks fullenly, and fain would hide it.

2 Serv. Howe'er he weds Don Manuel's Sister, yet
I fear he's hardly reconcil'd to him.

Ful. I tremble at it still.

Rod. I must confess

Your Danger great: But, Madam, since 'tis past,
To speak of it were to renew your Fears.
My noble Brother, welcome to my Breast.
Some call my Sister; say, Don Manuel
Her Bridegroom waits.

Man. Tell her, in both the Houses

There now remains no Enemy but she.

Rod. In the mean time let's Dance; Madam, I hope
You'll grace me with your Hand. —————

Enter Leonora, Woman to Angellina; takes the two Men
aside.

Leon. O Sir, my Lady Angellina!

Rod. Why comes she not?

Leon. Is fallen extremely sick.

Both. How?

Leon. Nay, trouble not your selves too much,
These Fits are usual with her; and not dangerous.

Rod. O rarely counterfeited. [Aside]

Man. May not I see her?

Leon. She does by me, deny her self that Honour.

[As she speaks steals a Note into his Hand.

I shall return, I hope, with better News;
In the mean time she prays, you'll not disturb

The Company.

[Exit Leonora.]

Rod.

Rod. This troubles me exceedingly.

Man. A Note put privately into my Hand
By *Angellina's* Woman? She's my Creature:
There's something in't; I'll read it to my self.— [*Aside.*]

Rod. Brother, what Paper's that?

Man. Some begging Verses
Deliver'd me this Morning on my Wedding.

Rod. Pray let me see 'em:

Man. I have many Copies,
Please you to entertain your self with these.
[*Gives him another Paper. Manuel reads.*]

Sir,

*My Lady feigns this Sicknefs to delude you:
Her Brother hates you still; and the Plot is,
That he shall marry first your Sister,
And then deny you his.*————

Yours, Leonora.————

POSTSCRIPT.

*Since I writ this, I have so wrought upon her,
(Who of her self, is timorous enough)
That she believes her Brother will betray her,
Or else be forc'd to give her up to you;
Therefore, unknown to him, she means to fly:
Come to the Garden Door at seven this Evening,
And there you may Surprize her; mean time I
Will keep her ignorant of all things, that
Her Fear may still increase.*

Enter Leonora again.

Rod. How now? How does your Lady?

Leon. So ill, she cannot possibly wait on you.

Man. Kind Heav'n give me her Sicknefs.

Rod. Those are Wishes:

What's to be done?

Man. We must deferr our Marriages.

Rod. Leonora, now!

Leon. My Lady, Sir, has absolutely charg'd
Her Brother's should go forward.

[*Aside to her.*]

Rod.

Rod. Absolutely!

Leon. Expresly, Sir, because she says there are
So many honourable Persons here,
Whom to defraud of their intended Mirth,
And of each others Company, were rude:
So hoping your Excuse—

[Exit Leonora.]

Rod. That privilege of Pow'r which Brothers have
In Spain, I never us'd: Therefore submit
My Will to hers, but with much Sorrow, Sir;
My Happiness should go before, not wait
On yours: Lead on.

Man. Stay, Sir; tho' your fair Sister, in respect
To this Assembly, seems to be content
Your Marriage should proceed, we must not want
So much good Manners as to suffer it.

Rod. So much good Manners, Brother?

Man. ————— I have said it.

Should we, to show our Sorrow for her Sickness,
Provoke our easie Souls to careless Mirth,
As if our drunken Revels were design'd
For Joy of what she suffers?

Rod. 'Twill be over

In a few Days.

Man. Your Stay will be the less.

Rod. All things are now in Readiness, and must not
Be put off, for a peevish Humour thus.

Man. They must; or I shall think you mean not fairly.

Rod. Explain your self.

Man. That you would marry first,
And afterwards refuse me *Angelina*.

Rod. ————— Think so.

Man. You are ———

Rod. Speak softly..

Man. A foul Villain.

Rod. Then —————

Man. Speak soft'y.

Rod. I'll find a time to tell you, you are on.

Man. 'Tis well.

Ladies, you wonder at our private Whispers,

[*To the Company.*]

But more will wonder when you know the Cause;

The beautiful *Angelina* is fall'n Ill;

And since she cannot with her Presence grace

This Day's Solemnity, the noble *Rodorick*

Thinks fit it be deferr'd, 'till she recover;

Then, we both hope to have your Companies.

Lad. Wishing her Health, we take our Leaves.

[*Exeunt Company.*]

Rod. Your Sister yet will marry me.

Man. She will not: Come hither, *Julia*.

Ful. What strange afflicting News is this you tell us?

Man. 'Twas all this false Man's Plot, that when he had Possess'd you, he might cheat me of his Sister?

Ful. Is this true, *Rodorick*? Alas his Silence Does but too much confess it: How I blush To own that Love I cannot yet take from thee! Yet for my sake be Friends.

Man. 'Tis now too late:

I am by Honour hinder'd.

Rod. I by Hate.

Ful. What shall I do?

Man. Leave him, and come away;

Thy Virtue bids thee.

Ful. But Love bids me stay.

Man. Her Love's so like my own, that I should blame The Brother's Passion in the Sister's Flame.

Rodorick, we shall meet——He little thinks

I am as sure this Night of *Angelina*,

As he of *Julia*.

[*Aside. Exit Manuel.*]

Rod. Madam, to what an Ecstasie of Joy Your Goodness raises me! this was an act Of Kindness which no Service e'er can pay.

Ful. Yes, *Rodorick*, 'tis in your Pow'r to quit The Debt you owe me.

Rod. Do but name the way.

Ful. Then briefly thus, 'tis to be just to me As I have been to you.

Rod.

Rod. You cannot doubt it.

Ful. You know I have adventur'd, for your sake,
A Brother's Anger, and the World's Opinion:

I value neither; for a settled Virtue
Makes it self Judge, and satisfy'd within,
Smiles at that common Enemy, the World.
I am no more afraid of flying Censures,
Than Heav'n of being fir'd with mounting Sparkles.

Rod. But wherein must my Gratitude consist?

Ful. Answer your self, by thinking what is fit
For me to do.

Rod. By Marriage, to confirm
Our mutual Love.

Ful. Ingrateful *Rodoric*!
Canst thou name Marriage, while thou entertain'st
A Hatred so unjust against my Brother?

Rod. But, unkind *Julia*, you know the Causes
Of Love and Hate are hid deep in our Stars,
And none but Heav'n can give account of both.

Ful. Too well I know it; for my Love to thee
Is born by Inclination, not by Judgment;
And makes my Virtue shrink within my Heart,
As loath to leave it, and as loath to mingle.

Rod. What would you have me do?

Ful. Since I must tell thee,
Lead me to some near Monastery; there,
(Till Heav'n find out some way to make us happy)
I shall be kept in Safety from my Brother:

Rod. But more from me; what hopes can *Rodoric* have,
That she who leaves him freely, and unforc'd,
Should ever of her own accord return?

Ful. Thou hast too great Assurance of my Faith,
That in despite of my own self I love thee.
Be friends with *Manuel*, I am thine; till when
My Honour's Lead me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Representation of a Street
discover'd by Twilight.**Enter Don Manuel, solus.*

Man. This is the Time and Place where I expect
My fugitive Mistress; if I meet with her,
I may forget the Wrongs her Brother did me:
If otherwise, his Blood shall expiate them.
I hope her Woman keeps her ignorant
How all things pass'd, according to her Promise.

A Door opens———*Enter Angelina in Boys Cloaths,
Leonora behind at the Door.*

Leon. I had forgot to tell him of this Habit
She has put on; but sure he'll know her in it. [*Aside.*

Man. Who goes there?

Ang. 'Tis Don Manuel's Voice; I must run back:
The Door shut on me? *Leonora*, where?
Does she not follow me?——I am betray'd.

Man. What are you?

Ang. A poor Boy.

Man. Do you belong to *Rodorick*?

Ang. Yes, I do.

Man. Here's Money for you, tell me where's his Sister?

Ang. Just now I met her coming down the Stairs,
Which lead into the Garden.

Man. 'Tis well, leave me

In silence.

Ang. With all my Heart; was ever such a scape! [*Exit running.*

Man. She cannot now be long; sure by the Moon-shine
I shall discover her;

Enter Rodorick, and Julia.

This must be she; I'll seize her.

Jul. Help me, *Rodorick*.

Rod. Unhand the Lady, Villain.

Man. *Rodorick*!

I'm glad we meet alone; now is the time
To end our Difference.

Rod.

Rod. I cannot stay.

Man. You must.

Rod. I will not:

Man. 'Tis base to injure any Man: but yet
'Tis far more base, once done not to defend it.

Rod. Is this an Hour for valiant Men to fight?
They love the Sun should witness what they do;
Cowards have Courage when they see not Death:
And fearful Hares, that sculk in Forms all Day,
Yet fight their feeble Quarrels, by the Moon-light.

Man. No, Light and Darkness are but poor distinctions
Of such, whose Courage comes by fits and starts.

Rod. Thou urgest me above my Patience:
This Minute of my Life was not my own,
But hers I love beyond it. *[They draw, and fight.]*

Ful. Help, help; none hear me!

Heav'n I think is deaf too:

O Roderick! O Brother!——

Enter Gonfalvo, and Hippolito.

Ful. Whoe'er you are, if you have Honour part 'em.—
[Manuel stumbles, and falls.]

Gonf. Hold, Sir, you are too cruel; he that kills
At such advantage fears to fight again. *[Holds Roderick.]*

Man. Cavalier, I may live to thank you for this Favour.
[Rises.]

Rod. I will not quit you so.

Man. I'll breath, and then——

Ful. Is there no way to save their Lives?

Hip. Run out of fight,
If 'tis concerning you they Quarrel.

[Julia retires to a Corner.]

Hip. Help, help, as you are Cavaliers; the Lady
For whom you thus contend, is seiz'd by some
Night-robbing Villains.

All. Which way took they?

Hip. 'Twas so dark I could not see distinctly.

Rod. Let us divide; I this way.

[Exit.]

Gonf. Down yonder Street I'll take.

Man. And I down that. [*Exeunt severally.*]

Hip. Now, Madam, may we not lay by our Fear?
They are all gone.

Ful. 'Tis true, but we are here,
Expos'd to Darknes without Guide or Aid,
But of our selves.

Hip. And of our selves afraid.

Ful. These Dangers while 'twas Light I could despise;
Then I was Bold; but watch'd by many Eyes:
Ah! could not Heav'n for Lovers find a way,
That prying People still might sleep by Day.

Enter Angelina.

Hip. Methinks I'm certain I discover some.

Ful. This was your speaking of 'em made 'em come.

Hip. There is but one, perhaps he may go by.

Ang. Where had I Courage for this bold Disguise,
Which more my Nature than my Sex belies?
Alas! I am betray'd to Darknes here;

Darknes which Virtue hates, and Maids most fear:
Silence and Solitude dwell every where:

Dogs cease to bark; the Waves more faintly roar,
And rowl themselves asleep upon the Shore:

No noise but what my Foot-steps make, and they
Sound dreadfully, and louder than by Day:

They double too, and every Step I take
Sounds thick methinks, and more than one could make.
Ha! who are these?

I wish'd for Company, and now I fear.

Who are you gentle People that go there?

Ful. His Voice is soft as is the upper Air,
Or dying Lover's Words: O pity us.

Ang. O pity me! take freely as your own
My Gold, my Jewels; spare my Life alone.

Hip. Alas, he fears as much as we.

Ful. What say you
Sir, will you join with us?

Ang. Yes, Madam, but

If you would take my Sword, you'll use it better,

Hip. Ay, but you are a Man.

Ang. Why, so are you.

Hip. Truly my Fear had made me quite forget it.

Enter Gonfhalvo.

Gonf. Hippolito! how barbarous was I
To leave my Boy! Hippolito!

Hip. Here, here.

Now, Madam, fear not, you are safe.

Ful. What is become, Sir, of those Gentlemen?

Gonf. Madam, they all went several ways; not like
To meet.

Ful. What will become of me!

Gonf. 'Tis late,

And I a Stranger in the Town: Yet all
Your Dangers shall be mine.

Ful. You're Noble, Sir.

Gonf. I'll pawn the Hopes of all my Love, to see
You safe.

Ful. Whoe'er your Mistress be, she has
My Curses if she prove not kind.

Ang. And mine:

Hip. My Sister will repent her when she knows
For whom she makes that Wish; but I'll say nothing
Till Day discovers it. A Door opens, *[Aside.]*
I hope it is some Inn.

[A Door opens, at which a Servant appears.]

Ang. Friend, can you Lodge us here?

Serv. Yes, Friend, we can.

Ful. How shall we be dispos'd?

Serv. As Nature would;

The Gentleman and you: I have a rule,
That when a Man and Woman ask for Lodging
They are ever Husband and Wife.

Ful. Rude and unmanner'd.

Gonf. Sir, this Lady must be lodg'd apart.

Serv. Then the two Boys that are good for nothing
But one another, they shall go together.

Ang. Lye with a Man? sweet Heav'n defend me!

Hip. Alas, Friend, I ever lye alone.

Serv. Then to save trouble, Sir, because 'tis late

One of the Youths shall be dispos'd with you.

Ang. Who, I! not for the World. [with you]

Hip. Neither of us; for though I would not Lodge My self; I never can indure he should.

Ang. Why then, to end the Difference, if you please I and that Lady will be Bed-fellows.

Hip. No, She and I will Lodge together rather.

Serv. You are sweet Youths indeed; not for the World You would not Lodge with Men! none but the Lady Would serve your turn.

Ang. Ahs, I had forgot I am a Boy; I am so lately one.

[*Aside.*]

Serv. Well, well; all shall be lodg'd apart.

Gonf. to Hip. I did not think you harbour'd wanton So young, so bad! [Thoughts:]

Hip. I can make no defence, But must be sham'd by my own Innocence. [*Exe, omnes.*]



A C T II. S C E N E I.

S C E N E *a Chamber.*

Enter Gonfalvo, Hippolito, and Amideo at a Distance.

Gonf. **H***ippolito*, what is this pretty Youth That follows us?

Hip. I know not much of him: Handsome you see, and of a graceful Fashion; Of noble Blood, he says, and I believe him; But in some deep Distress; he'll tell no more, And I could cry for that which he has told, So much I pity him.

Gonf. My pretty Youth; Would I could do thee any Service.

Ang.

Ang. Sir,

The greatest you can do me, is accepting mine.

Hip. How's this? methinks already I begin
To hate this Boy, whom but ev'n now I moan'd.
You serve my Master? Do you think I cannot
Perform all Duties of a Servant better.
And with more Care than you?

Ang. Better you may,
But never with more Care:
Heav'n which is serv'd with Angels, yet admits
Poor Man to pay his Duty, and receives it.

Hip. Mark but, my Lord, how ill behav'd a Youth,
How very ugly, what a Dwarf he is.

Ang. My Lord, I yet am young enough to grow,
And 'tis the Commendation of a Boy
That he is little.

[Cries.

Gonf. Prithee do not cry;
Hippolito, 'twas but just now you prais'd him,
And are you chang'd so soon?

Hip. On better View.

Gonf. What is your Name, sweet Heart?

Hip. Sweet Heart! since I
Have serv'd you, you ne'er call'd me so.

Ang. O, ever,
Ever call me by that kind Name, I'll own
No other, because I would still have that.

Hip. He told me, Sir, his Name was *Amideo*,
Pray call him by't.

Gonf. Come, I'll employ you both;
Reach me my Belt, and help to put it on.

Amid. I run my Lord.

Hip. You run? it is my Office.

[They both take it up, and strive for it; Hippolito
gets it, and puts it on.

Amid. Look you, my Lord, he puts it on so awkward-
ly;

[Crying.

The Sword does not fit right.

Hip. Why, where's the Fault?

Amid. I know not that; but I am sure 'tis wrong.

Gonf. The Fault is plain, 'tis put on the wrong Shoulder.

Hip. That cannot be, I look'd on *Amideo's*,
And hung it on that Shoulder his is on.

Amid. Then I doubt mine is so.

Gonf. It is indeed:

You're both good Boys, and both will learn in time:

Hippolito, go you and bring me word,

Whether that Lady we brought in last Night

Be willing to receive a Visit from me.

Hip. Now *Amideo*, since you are so forward

To do all Service, you shall to the Lady.

Amid. No, I'll stay with my Master, he bid you.

Hip. It mads me to the Heart to leave him here:

But I will be reveng'd.

[*Aside.*]

My Lord, I beg

You would not trust this Boy with any thing

Till my Return; pray know him better first. [*Exit Hip.*]

Gonf. 'Twas my Unhappiness to meet this Lady

Last Night; because it ruin'd my Design

Of walking by the House of *Radorick*:

Who knows but through some Window I had spy'd

Fair *Julia's* Shadow passing by the Glass;

Or if some others, I would think it hers;

Or if not any, yet to see the Place

Where *Julia* lives: O Heav'n, how small a Blessing

Will serve to make despairing Lovers happy!

Amid. Unhappy *Angelina*, thou art lost:

Thy Lord loves *Julia*.

[*Aside.*]

Enter Hippolito and Julia.

Jul. ——— Where is thy Master?

I long to give him my Acknowledgments

For my own Safety, and my Brother's both.

Ha! Is it he?

[*Looks.*]

Gonf. Can it be *Julia*?

Could Night so far disguise her from my Knowledge!

Jul. I would not think thee him I see thou art:

Prithee disown thy self in pity to me:

Why should I be oblig'd by one I hate?

Gonf. I could say something in my own Defence;

But

But it were half a Crime to plead my Cause
When you would have me Guilty.

Amid. How I fear
The Sweetness of those words will move her Pity:
I'm sure they would do mine.

Gonf. You took me for a Robber, but so far
I am from that——

Ful. O prithee be one still,
That I may know some Cause for my Aversion.

Gonf. I freed you from them, and more gladly did it.

Ful. Be what thou wilt, 'tis now too late to tell me:
The Blackness of that Image I first fancy'd,
Has so infected me, I still must hate thee.

Hip. Though (if she loves him) all my Hopes are ruin'd,
It makes me mad to see her thus unkind. [*Aside.*]
Madam, what see you in this Gentleman,
Deserves your Scorn or Hatred? love him, or
Expect just Heav'n should strangely punish you.

Gonf. No more:—Whate'er she does is best; and if
You would be mine, you must like me submit
Without dispute.

Hip. How can I love you, Sir, and suffer this?
She has forgot that which last Night you did
In her Defence.

Ful. O call that Night again;
Pitch her with all her Darkness round; then set me
In some far Desert, hemm'd with Mountain Wolves
To howl about me: This I would indure,
And more, to Cancel my Obligements to him.

Gonf. You owe me nothing, Madam; if you do
I make it void; and only ask your leave
To love you still; for to be lov'd again
I never hope.

Ful. If that will clear my Debt, enjoy thy Wish;
Love me, and long, and desperately love me.
I hope thou wilt, that I may plague thee more:
Mean time take from me that detested Object;
Convey thy much loath'd Person from my Sight.

Gonf. Madam, you are obey'd.

Hippolite,

Hippolito and *Amideo*, wait.

Upon fair *Julia*; look upon her for me
With dying Eyes, but do not speak one word
In my behalf; for to disquiet her,
Ev'n happiness it self were bought too dear.

[Goes farther off, towards the end of the Stage.

My Passion swells too high:

And like a Vessel struggling in a Storm,
Requires more hands than one to Steer her upright;
I'll find her Brother out.

[Exit Gonf.

Jul. That Boy, I see, he trusts above the other:

He has a strange Resemblance with a Face
That I have seen, but when, or where, I know not.

I'll watch till they are parted; then perhaps

I may corrupt that little one to free me. [Aside. Exit *Jul.*

Amid. Sweet *Hippolito*, let me speak with you.

Hip. What would you with me?

Amid. Nay, you are so fierce;

By all that's good I love and honour you.

And would you do but one poor thing I'll ask you,
In all things else you ever shall command me.

Look you, *Hippolito*, here's Gold and Jewels,
These may be yours.

Hip. To what end dost thou show
These trifles to me? or how cam'st thou by them?
Not honestly, I fear.

Amid. I swear I did:

And you shall have 'em; but you always press
Before me in my Master's Service so:————

Hip. And always will.

Amid. But dear *Hippolito*,

Why will you not give way, that I may be
First in his Favour, and be still employ'd?

Why do you frown? 'tis not for Gain I ask it;

Whatever he shall give me shall be yours,

Except it be some Toy, you would not care for,
Which I should keep for his dear sake that gave it.

Hip. If thou would'st offer both the *Indies* to me,
The *East*ein Quarries, and the *Western* Mines,

They

They should not buy one Look, one gentle Smile
Of his from me: Assure thy Soul they should not,
I hate thee so.

Amid. Henceforth I'll hate you worse.
But yet there is a Woman whom he loves,
A certain *Julia*, who will steal his Heart
From both of us; we'll join at least against
The common Enemy.

Hip. Why does he fear my Lord should love a Woman?
The Passion of this Boy is so like mine
That it amazes me.

Enter a Servant.

Piet. Young Gentleman,
Your Master calls for you.

Hip. I'll think upon't——

[Exit Hippolito, cum Pietro.]

Enter Julia to Amideo.

Jul. Now is the time, he is alone.

Amid. Here comes
The Saint my Lord adores; Love, pardon me
The Fault I must commit.

Jul. Fair Youth, I am
A Suitor to you.

Amid. So am I to you.

Jul. You see me here a Pris'ner.

Amid. My Request
Is, I may set you free; make haste, sweet Madam;
Which way would you go?

Jul. To the next
Religious House.

Amid. Here through the Garden, Madam;
How I commend your holy Resolution! *[Exeunt ambo.]*
Enter Don Manuel in the Streets, and a Servant with him.

Man. *Angelina* fled to a Monastery, say you?

Serv. So 'tis giv'n out: I could not see her Woman:
But for your Sister, what you heard is true:
I saw her at the Inn:

They told me she was brought in late last Night,
By a young Cavalier they show'd me there.

Man.

Man. This must be he that rescu'd me:
What would I give to see him!

Serv. Fortune is
Obedient to your Wishes; he was coming
To find out you; I waited on him to
The turning of the Street; and stept before
To tell you of it.

Man. You o'er-joy me.

Serv. This, Sir, is he——

Enter Gonsalvo. *Don Manuel is running to Embrace him,
and stops.*

Man. ——The Captain of the Robbers!

Gonf. As such indeed you promis'd me your Sister.

Man. I promis'd all the Int'rest I should have,
Because I thought before you came to claim it,
A Husband's Right would take my Title from me.

Gonf. I come to see if any manly Virtue
Can dwell with Falshood: Draw, thou'st injur'd me.

Man. You say already I have done you wrong,
And yet would have me right you by a greater.

Gonf. Poor abject thing!

Man. Who doubts another's Courage
Wants it himself; but I who know my own,
Will not receive a Law from you to Fight,
Or to forbear: for then I grant your Courage
To master mine, when I am forc'd to do
What of my self I would not.

Gonf. Your Reason?

Man. You sav'd my Life.

Gonf. I'll quit that Debt, to be
In a Capacity of forcing you
To keep your Promise with me; for I come
To learn, your Sister is not yet dispos'd.

Man. I've lost all privilege to defend my Life;
And if you take it now, 'tis no new Conquest;
Like Fish, first taken in a River, then
Bestow'd in Ponds to catch a second Time.

Gonf. Mark but how partially you plead your Cause,
Pretending Breach of Honour if you Fight;

Yet think it none to Violate your Word.

Man. I cannot give my Sister to a Robber.

Gonf. You shall not; I am none, but born of Blood
As Noble as your self; my Fortune's equal
At least with yours; my Reputation yet
I think unstain'd:

Man. I wish, Sir, it may prove so;
I never had so strong an Inclination
To believe any Man as you:—But yet——

Gonf. All things shall be so clear, there shall be left
No room for any Scruple: I was born
In *Sevil*, of the best House in that City;
My Mame *Gonsalvo de Peralta*: Being
A younger Brother, 'twas my Uncle's Care
To take me with him in a Voyage to
The *Indies*, where since dying, he has left me
A Fortune not Contemptible; returning
From thence with all my Wealth in the Plate-fleet,
A furious Storm almost within the Port
Of *Sevil*, took us, scatter'd all the Navy.
My Ship, by the unruly Tempest born
Quite through the Streights, as far as *Barcelona*,
There first cast Anchor; there I stept Ashore:
Three Days I staid, in which small time I made
A little Love, which vanish'd as it came.

Man. But were you not Ingag'd to her you courted?

Gonf. Upon my Honour, no; what might have been
I cannot tell: But e'er I could repair
My beaten Ship, or take fresh Water in,
One Night, when there by chance I lay Aboard,
A Wind tore up my Anchor from the Bottom,
And with that Violence it brought me thither,
Has thrown me in this Port——

Man. But yet our Meeting in the Wood was strange:

Gonf. For that I'll satisfie you as we walk.

Enter Hippolito.

Hip. O, Sir, how glad I am to find you— [*Whispers.*

Man. That Boy I have seen somewhere, or one like him,
But where, I cannot call to Mind——

Hip.

Hip. I found it out, and got before 'em——
And here they are——

Enter Amideo and Julia.

Man. My Sister! as I could have with'd it——

Amid. O! we are caught!

Jul. I did expect as much:

Fortune has not forgot that I am *Julia*.

Man. Sister, I'm glad you're happily return'd;
'Twas kindly done of you thus to prevent
The Trouble of my Search.

Jul. I would not have you
Mistake my Love to *Rodorick* so much;
To think I meant to fall into your Hands:
My Purpose is for the next Nunnery;
There I'll pray for you: So farewell.

Man. Stay, *Julia*, you must go with me.

Jul. Lead, lead;

You think I am your Pris'ner now——

Gonf. If you will needs to a Religious House,
Leave that fair Face behind; a worse will serve
To spoil with Watching, and with Fasting there.

Man. 'Prithee no more of this; the only way
To make her happy is to force it on her.

Julia, prepare your self strait to be married.

Jul. To whom?

Man. You see your Bridegroom: And you know
My Father's Will, who with his dying Breath
Commanded, you should pay as strict Obedience
To me, as formerly to him: If not,
Your Dowry is at my Dispose.

Jul. O would

The loss of that dispense with Duty in me,
How gladly would I suffer it! and yet
If I durst question it, methinks 'tis hard!
What Right have Parents over Children, more
Than Birds have o'er their Young? yet they impose
No rich plum'd Mistres on their feather'd Sons;
But leave their Love, more open yet and free

Than

Than all the Fields of Air, their spacious Birth-right.

[Gonsalvo seems to beg Manuel not to be harsh.

Man. Nay, good Gonsalvo trouble not your self,
There is no other way, when 'tis once done
She'll thank me for't.

Ful. I ne'er expected other Usage from you;
A kind Brother you have been to me,
And to my Sister: You have sent, they say,
To Barcelona, that my Aunt should force her
To marry the old Don you brought her,

Hip. Who could! that once had seen Gonsalvo's Face?
Alas she little thinks I am so near!———— [Aside.

Man. Mind not what she says;————
A word with you———— [To Gons.

Amid. Don Manuel eyes me strangely; the best is
He never saw me yet but at a Distance:
My Brother's Jealousie (who ne'er intended
I should be his) restrain'd our nearer Converse. [Aside.

Ful. My pretty Youth, I am forc'd to trust thee
[To Amid.

With my most near Concerns; Friend I have none,
If thou deny'st to help me.

Amid. Any thing
To break your Marriage with my Master.

Ful. Go to Rodorick, and tell him my Condition:
But tell it him as from thy self, not me.

Amid. That you are forc'd to marry.

Ful. But do not ask him
To succour me; if of himself he will not:
I scorn a Love that must be taught its Duty.

Man. What Youth is that? I mean the little one?

Gons. I took him up last Night.

Man. A sweet-fac'd Boy,
I like him strangely: Would you part with him?

Amid. Alas, Sir, I am good for no Body
But for my Master.

Hip. Sir, I'll do your Errand
Another time, for letting Julia go. [To Amides.

Man. Come, Sir.

Gons.

Gonf. I beg your Pardon for a Moment,
I'll but dispatch some Business in my Ship,
And wait you presently.

Man. We'll go before,
I'll make sure *Rodorick* shall never have her;
And 'tis at least some Pleasure to destroy
His Happiness, who ruin'd first my Joy.

[*Exeunt all but Gonfhalvo; who before he goes,
whispers Hippolito.*

Gonf. Against her Will fair *Julia* to possess,
Is not t' enjoy but ravish Happiness:
Yet Women pardon Force, because they find
The violence of Love is still most kind:
Just like the Plots of well built Comedies,
Which then please most, when most they do surprize:
But yet Constraint Love's noblest End destroys,
Whose highest Joy is in another's Joys:
Where Passion rules, how weak does Reason prove!
I yield my Cause, but cannot yield my Love. [Exit:



ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *a great Room in Don Manuel's House.*

Hippolito, solus.

MY Master bid me speak for him to *Julia*:
Hard Fate that I am made a Confident
Against my self;——
Yet though unwillingly I took the Office,
I would perform it well: But how can I
Prove lucky to his Love, who to my own
Am so unfortunate! he trusts his Passion
Like him that ventures all his Stock at once
On an unlucky Hand.

Enter Amideo.

Amid. Where is the Lady *Julia*?

Hip.

The RIVAL LADIES.

Hip. What new Treason
Against my Master's Love have you contriv'd
With her?

Amid. I shall not render you account.

Enter Julia.

Ful. I sent for him; yet if he comes, there's Danger,
Yet if he does not, I for ever lose him.
What can I wish? and yet I wish him here!
Only to take the Care of me from me.
Weary with sitting out a losing Hand,
'Twill be some ease to see another Play it.
Yesterday I refus'd to marry him,
To Day I run into his Arms unask'd;
Like a mild Prince incroach'd upon by Rebels,
Love yielded much, till Honour ask'd for all.

[Sees Hippolito]

How now, where's *Rodorick*? [Sees Amideo]
I mean *Gonsalvo*?

Hip. You would do well to meet him: ———

Amid. Meet him! you shall not do't: I'll throw my self
Like a young fawning Spaniel in your way
So often, you shall never move a step
But you shall tread on me:

Ful. You need not beg me:

I would as soon meet a Syren, as see him.

Hip. His Sweetness for those Frowns no Subject finds
Seas are the Field of Combat for the Winds:
But when they sweep along some flowry Coast,
Their Wings move mildly, and their Rage is lost.

Jul. 'Tis that which makes me more unfortunate:
Because his Sweetness must upbraid my Hate.
The Wounds of Fortune touch me not so near;
I can my Fate, but not his Virtue bear.
For my Disdain with my Esteem is rais'd;
He most is hated when he most is prais'd:
Such an Esteem, as like a Storm appears,
Which rises but to Shipwreck what it bears.

Hip. Infection dwells upon my Kindness sure,
Since it destroys ev'n those whom it would cure.

[Cries, and Exit Hippolito]

Amid.

2 *The RIVAL LADIES.*

Amid. Still weep *Hippolito*; to me thy Tears:
Are Sovereign, as those Drops the Balm-tree sweats.—
—But, Madam, are you sure you shall not love him!
I still fear.——

Ful. Thy Fear will never let thee be a Man.

Amid. Indeed I think it won't.

Ful. We are now
Alone; what News from *Rodorick*?

Amid. Madam, he begs you not to fear; he has
A way, which when you think all desperate
Will set you free.

Ful. If not, I will not live
A Moment after it.

Amid. Why! there's some Comfort.

Ful. I strongly wish, for what I faintly hope:
Like the Day-dreams of melancholy Men,
I think and think on things impossible,
Yet love to wander in that golden Maze.

Enter Don Manuel, Hippolito, and Company.

Amid. Madam, your Brother's here.

Man. Where is the Bridegroom?

Hip. Not yet return'd, Sir, from his Ship.

Man. Sister, all this good Company is met
To give you Joy.

Ful. While I am compass'd round
With Mirth, my Soul lies hid in shades of Grief,
Whence, like the Bird of Night, with half shut Eyes
She peeps, and sickens at the sight of Day. [*Aside.*]

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, some Gentlemen and Ladies are without,
Who to do Honour to this Wedding come
To present a Masque.

Man. 'Tis well; desire 'em
They would leave out the Words, and fall to Dancing;
The Poetry of the Foot takes most of late.

Serv. The Poet, Sir, will take that very ill,
He's at the Door, with th' Argument o'th' Masque
In Verse.

Man. Which of the Wits is it that made it?

Serv.

Serv. None of the Wits, Sir; 'tis one of the Poets. |

Man. What Subject has he chose?

Serv. The Rape of Proserpine.

Enter Gonfhalvo.

Man. Welcome, welcome, you have been long expected.

Gonf. I staid to see th' unlading of some Rarities
Which are within —

Madam, your pardon that I was so long absent.

Ful. You need not ask it for your Absence, Sir.

Gonf. Still cruel, *Julia*: —

Ful. The Danger's here, and *Rodorick* not here:
I am not griev'd to die; but I am griev'd
To think him false.

[*Aside.*

Man. Bid 'em begin.

[*The Musick Plays.*

A *Cupid* descends in swift Motion, and speaks these
Verses.

Cup. Thy Conquests, Proserpine, have stretch'd too far;
Amidst Heav'n's Peace thy Beauty makes a War:
For when, last Night, I to Jove's Palace went,
(The brightest part of all the Firmament)
Instead of all those Gods, whose thick resort
Fill'd up the presence of the Thund'rers Court;
There Jove and Juno all forsaken sate,
Pensive, like Kings in their declining State:
Yet (wanting Pow'r) they would preserve the show,
By hearing Pray'rs from some few Men below:
Mortals to Jove may their Devotions pay;
The Gods themselves to Proserpine do Pray.
To Sicily the rival Pow'rs resort;
'Tis Heav'n where-ever Ceres keeps her Court.
Phœbus and Mercury are both at strife,
The courtliest of our Gods who want a Wife:
But Venus, what e'er Kindness she pretends,
Yet (like all Females, envious of their Friends,)
Has, by my Aid, contriv'd a black Design,
The God of Hell should ravish Proserpine:
Beauties, beware; Venus will never bear
Another Venus shining in her Sphere.

After

After *Cupid's* Speech, *Venus* and *Ceres* descend in the slow
Machines; *Ceres* drawn by Dragons, *Venus* by Swans.

After them *Phœbus* and *Mercury* descend in swift Motion;
Then *Cupid* turns to *Julia*, and Speaks;

Cup. *The Rival Deities are come to woo
A Proserpine, who must be found below:
Would you (fair Nymph) become this happy Hour,
In Name a Goddess as you are in Pow'r?
Then to this Change the King of Shades will owe
A fairer Proserpine than Heav'n can show.*

[*Julia, first whisper'd by Amideo, goes into the Dance, per-
form'd by Cupid, Phœbus, Mercury, Ceres, Venus,
Julia.*

[*Towards the end of the Dance, Rodorick in the Habit of
Pluto, rises from below in a black Chariot all flaming,
and drawn by black Horses; he ravishes Julia, who
personated Proserpine, and as he is carrying her away,
his Vizard falls off: Hippolito first discovers him.*

Hip. A Rape, a Rape; 'tis Rodorick, 'tis Rodorick.

Rod. Then I must have recourse to this—— [Draws.
Jul. Oh Heav'ns!

[*Don Manuel and Gonfalvo draw, and a Servant; the
two that acted Phœbus and Mercury return to assist
Rodorick, and are beat back by Manuel and a Ser-
vant, while Gonfalvo attacks Rodorick.*

Gonf. Unloose thy hold, foul Villain.

Rod. No, I'll grasp her

Ev'n after Death.

Jul. Spare him, or I'll die with him.

Gonf. Must Ravishers and Villains live, while I
In vain implore her Mercy?——

[*Thrusts at him, and hurts Julia in the Arm.*

Jul. Oh, I am murder'd!

Gonf. Wretched that I am

What have I done? To what strange Punishment
Will you condemn this guilty Hand? And yet

My Eyes were guilty first: For they could look
On nothing else but you; and my unlucky Hand
Too closely follow'd them!——

Enter Manuel again.

Man. The Pow'rs above are just, that thou still liv'st
For me to kill.

Rod. You'll find no easie Task on't
Alone; come both together, I desie you:
Curse on this Disguise, that has betray'd me
Thus cheaply to my Death.——

Man. Under a Devil's Shape thou could'st not be
Disguis'd.——

Ful. Then must he die?
Yet I'll not bid my *Rodorick* Farewel;
For they take leave, who mean to be long absent.

Gonf. Hold, Sir; I have had Blood enough already,
And must not murder *Julia* again
In him she loves: Live, Sir, and thank this Lady.

Rod. Take my Life, and spare my Thanks.

Man. Though you
Forgive him, let me take my just Revenge.

Gonf. Leave that Distinction to our dull Divines;
That Ill I suffer to be done, I do.

Hip. My Heart bleeds Tears for him; to see his Virtue
O'ercome so fatally against such Odds
Of Fortune and of Love!——

Man. Permit his Death, and *Julia* will be yours.

Ful. Permit it not, and *Julia* will thank you.

Gonf. Who e'er could think that one kind Word from
Should be prefer'd to *Julia* her self! (*Julia*)

Could any Man think it a greater good
To save a Rival, than possess a Mistress?

Yet this I do; these are thy Riddles, Love.

What Fortune gives me I my self destroy;

And feed my Virtue, but to starve my Joy.

Honour sits on me like some heavy Armour;

And with its stiff Defence incumbers me.

And yet when I would put it off, it sticks

Like *Hercules* his Shirt; heats me at once,

And

And Poisons me!——

Man. I find my self grow calm by thy Example;
My panting Heart heaves less, and less each Pulse;
And all the boiling Spirits scatter from it.
Since thou desir'st he should not die, he shall not
'Till I on nobler Terms can take his Life.

Rod. The next turn may be yours: Remember *Julia*,
I ow'd this Danger to your Wilfulness;
Once you might easily have been mine, and would not.
[Exit Rodorick.]

Man. Lead out my Sister, Friend, her Hurt's so small
'Twill scarce disturb the Ceremony:
Ladies once more your Pardons.

[Leads out the Company, Exeunt.]
*Manent Julia, Gonsalvo, Amideo: Gonsalvo offers his
Hand, Julia pulls back hers.*

Jul. This Hand would rise in Blisters, should'st thou
touch it:

My *Rodorick's* displeas'd with me, and thou
Unlucky Man the Cause; dare not so much
As once to follow me.—— [Exit Julia.]

Gonsf. Not follow her! Alas she need not bid me!
O how could I presume to take that Hand
To which mine prov'd so fatal!

Nay, if I might, should I not fear to touch it?
A Murd'ers Touch would make it bleed afresh.

Amid. I think, Sir, I could kill her for your sake.

Gonsf. Repent that Word, or I shall hate thee strangely:
Rash Words from her, like Blows from angry Kings;
Tho' they are meant Affronts, are construed Favours.

Hip. Her Inclinations and Aversions
Are both alike unjust; and both, I hope,
Too violent to last; cheer up your self;
For if I live (I hope I shall not long)
She shall be yours.

[Aside.]

Amid. 'Twere much more noble in him
To make a Conquest of himself than her.
She ne'er can merit him, and had'st not thou
A mean low Soul, thou wouldst not name her to him.

Hip.

Hip. Poor Child, who would'st be wife above thy Years,
Why dost thou talk, like a Philosopher,
Of conquering Love, who art not yet grown up
To try the force of any manly Passion?

The sweetness of thy Mother's Milk is yet
Within thy Veins, not sour'd and turn'd by Love,

Gonf. Thou hast not Field enough in thy young Breast;
To entertain such Storms to struggle in.

Amid. Young as I am, I know the pow'r of Love;
Its less Disquiets, and its greater Cares,
And all that's in it, but the Happiness.

Trust a Boy's Word, Sir, if you please, and take
My Innocence for Wisdom; leave this Lady;
Cease to perswade your self you are in Love,
And you will soon be freed: Not that I wish
A thing so noble as your Passion, lost
To all the Sex: Bestow it on some other;
You'll find many as Fair, though none so Cruel.
Would I could be a Lady for your sake.

Hip. If I could be a Woman with a Wish,
You should not be without a Rival long.

Amid. A Cedar of your Stature would not cause
Much Jealousie.

Hip. More than a Shrub of yours.

Gonf. How eagerly these Boys fall out for nothing!
Tell me *Hippolito*, wert thou a Woman,
Who would'st thou be?

Hip. I would be *Julia*, Sir,
Because you love her.

Amid. I would not be she,
Because she loves not you.

Hip. True, *Amideo*:
And therefore I would wish my self a Lady,
Who I am sure does infinitely love him.

Amid. I hope that a Lady has a Name:—

Hip. She has;
And she is call'd *Honorio*, Sister to
This *Julia*, and bred up at *Barcelona*.
Who loves him with a Flame so pure and noble;

That did she know his Love to *Julia*,
 He would beg *Julia* to make him happy.

Gonz. This startles me!

Amid. Oh Sir, believe him not;
 They love not truly, who on any Terms
 Can part with what they Love.

Gonz. I saw a Lady
 At *Barcelona*, of what Name I know not,
 Who next to *Julia* was the fairest Creature
 My Eyes did e'er behold: but how cam'st thou
 To know her?

Hip. Sir, some other time I'll tell you.

Amid. It could not be *Honorio* whom you saw.
 For, Sir, she has a Face so very ugly,
 That if she were a Saint for Holiness,
 Yet no Man would seek Virtue there.

Hip. This is the lying'st Boy, Sir; I am sure
 He never saw *Honorio*; for her Face
 'Tis not so bad to fright any Man;
 None of the Wits have libell'd it.

Amid. Don *Rodorick's* Sister, *Angelina*, does
 So far exceed her in the Ornaments
 Of Wit and Beauty, tho' now hid from sight,
 That like the Sun (ev'n while eclips'd) she casts
 A yellowness upon all other Faces.

Hip. I'll not say much of her; but only this,
 Don *Manuel* saw not with my Eyes, if e'er
 He lov'd that *Flanders* Shape, that lump of Earth
 And Phlegm together.

Amid. You have often seen her
 It seems, by your Description of her Person:
 But I'll maintain on any *Spanish* Ground,
 What e'er she be, yet she is far more worthy
 To have my Lord her Servant, than *Honorio*.

Hip. And I'll maintain *Honorio's* Right against her
 In any part of all the World.

Gonz. You go
 Too far, to Quarrel on so slight a Ground.

Hip. O pardon me, my Lord, it is not slight:

I must confess I am so much concern'd
I shall not bear it long.

Amid. Nor I, assure you.

Gonf. I will believe what both of you have said,
That *Honorio* and *Angelina*.

Both equally are Fair.

Amid. Why did you name
Honorio first?

Gonf. And since you take their Parts so eagerly,
Henceforth I'll call you by those Ladies names:

You, my *Hippolito*, shall be *Honorio*;

And you, my *Amideo*, *Angelina*.

Amid. Then all my Services, I wish, may make
You kind to *Angelina*, for my sake.

Hip. Put all my Merits on *Honorio's* Score,
And think no Maid could ever Love you more. [*Exeunt.*]



A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Manuel, solus.

THUS I provide for others Happiness,
And lose my Own: 'Tis true, I cannot blame
Thy Hatred, *Angelina*, but thy Silence.
Thy Brother's Hatred made thine just; but yet
'Twas cruel in thee not to tell me so.
Conquest is noble when an Heart stands out;
But mine which yielded, how could'st thou betray?
That Heart of which thou could'st not be depriv'd,
By any force or pow'r beside thy own;
Like Empires to that fatal height arriv'd,
They must be ruin'd by themselves alone.
My guarded Freedom cannot be a Prize
To any scornful Face a second time;
For thy Idea like a Ghost would rise,
And fright my Thoughts from such another Crime.

K 2

Enter

Enter a Servant with a Letter.

Man. From whom?

Serv. Sir, the Contents will soon resolve you.

[*He reads.*]

Man. Tell *Rodorick* he has prevented me

In my Design of sending to him first.

I'll meet him single at the Time and Place;

But for my Friend, tell him he must excuse me:

I'll hazard no Man in my Quarrel, but

[*Exit Mess.*]

My self alone:——Who's within there?

Enter a Servant.

Go call my Sister, and *Gonsalvo* hither.

[*Exit Serv.*]

'Twas push'd so far, that like two Armies, we

Were drawn so closely up, we could not part

Without engagement:——But they must not know it.

Enter Julia, Gonsalvo and Amideo.

I have some Business calls me hence, and know not

When I shall return: But e'er I go,

That Pow'r I have by my dead Father's Will

Over my Sister, I bequeath to you:

[*To Gons.*]

She and her Fortunes both be firmly yours;

And this when I revoke, let Cowardise

Blast all my Youth, and Treason taint my Age.

Gons. Sir——

Man. Nay, good, no thanks, I cannot stay——

[*Exit Manuel.*]

Gons. There's something more than ordinary in this:

Go *Amideo*, quickly follow him,

And bring me word which way he takes.

Amid. I go, Sir.

[*Exit Amid. Jul. Kneels.*]

Gons. Madam, When you implore the Pow'rs divine,

You have no Pray'rs, in which I will not join,

Though made against my self.

[*Kneels with her.*]

Jul. ——In vain I sue,

Unless my Vows may be convey'd by you.

Gons. Convey'd by me?——My ill Success in Love

Shews me too sure I have few Friends above.

How can you fear your just Desires to want?

When the Gods pray, they both request and grant.

Jul.

Jul. Heav'n has resign'd my Fortune to your Hand,
If you, like Heav'n, th' Afflicted understand.

Gonf. The Language of th' Afflicted is not new;
Too well I learn'd it when I first saw you.

Jul. In spight of me, you now command my Fate;
And yet the Vanquish'd seeks the Victor's Hate;
Ev'n in this low Submission, I declare,
That had I Pow'r, I would renew the War.
I'm forc'd to stoop, and 'twere too great a Blow
To bend my Pride, and to deny me too.

Gonf. You have my Heart; dispose it to your Will;
If not, you know the way to use it ill.

Jul. Cruel to me, though kind to your Desert,
My Brother gives my Person, not my Heart:
And I have left no other means to sue,
But to you only to be freed from you.

Gonf. From such a Suit how can you hope Success,
Which giv'n, destroys the Giver's Happiness?

Jul. You think it equal you should not resign
That Pow'r you have; yet will not leave me mine:
Yet on my Will I have the Pow'r alone,
And since you cannot move it, move your Own.
Your Worth and Virtue my Esteem may win,
But Womens Passions from themselves begin;
Merit may be, but Force still is in vain.

Gonf. I would but love you, not your Love constrain;
And though your Brother left me to command,
He plac'd his Thunder in a gentle Hand.

Jul. Your Favour from Constraint has set me free,
But that secures not my Felicity;
Slaves, who, before, did cruel Masters serve,
May fly to Desarts, and in Freedom starve.
The noblest Part of Liberty they lose,
Who can but shun, and want the Pow'r to chuse.

Gonf. O whither would your fatal Reasons move!
You court my Kindness to destroy my Love.

Jul. You have the Pow'r to make my Happiness,
By giving that which you can ne'er possess:

Gonf. Give you to Rodorick? there wanted yet
That Curse to make my Miseries compleat.

Jul. Departing Misers bear a nobler Mind;
They, when they can enjoy no more, are kind:
You, when your Love is dying in despair,
Yet want the Charity to make an Heir.

Gonf. Though Hope be dying, yet it is not dead;
And dying People with small Food are fed.

Jul. The greatest Kindness dying Friends can have,
Is to dispatch them when we cannot save.

Gonf. Those dying People, could they speak at all,
That Pity of their Friends would Murder call.
For Men with Horrour Dissolution meet;
The Minutes, ev'n of painful Life, are sweet.

Jul. But I'm by pow'rful Inclination led;
And Streams turn seldom to their Fountain head.

Gonf. No, 'tis a Tide which carries you away;
And Tides may turn though they can never stay.

Jul. Can you pretend to Love, and see my Grief
Caus'd by your self, yet give me no Relief?

Gonf. Where's my Reward?

Jul. The Honour of the Flame.

Gonf. I lose the Substance then to gain the Name.

Jul. I do too much a Mistress's Pow'r betray;
Most Slaves be won by Courtship to obey:
Thy Disobedience does to Treason rise,
Which thou, like Rebels, would'st with Love disguise.
I'll kill my self, and if thou can'st deny
To see me happy, thou shalt see me die.

Gonf. O stay! I can with less Regret bequeath
My Love to Rodorick, than you to Death:
And yet——

Jul. What new Objections can you find?

Gonf. But are you sure you never shall be kind?

Jul. Never.

Gonf. What, never?

Jul. Never to remove.

Gonf. Oh fatal Never to Souls damn'd in Love!

Jul. Lead me to Rodorick.

Gonf.

Gonf. *If it must be so!*

Jul. *Here, take my Hand, swear on it thou wilt go.*

Gonf. *Oh balmy Sweetness! but 'tis lost to me,*

[*He kisses her Hand.*]

Like Food upon a Wretch condemn'd to die:

Another, and I vow to go:—————One more;

If I swear often I shall be forswore.

Others against their Wills may haste their Fate;

I only Toil to be unfortunat:

More my own Foe than all my Stars could prove;

They give her Person, but I give her Love.

I must not trust my self—————Hippolito.

Enter Hippolito.

Hip. *My Lord!*

Gonf. *Quickly go find Don Rodorick out:*

Tell him the Lady Julia will be walking

On the broad Rock that lies beside the Port,

And there expects to see him instantly.

In the mean time I'll call for Amideo.

Jul. *You'll keep your Promise to Don Rodorick.*

Gonf. *Madam, Since you bring Death, I welcome it;*

But to his Fortune not his Love submit.————— [*Exit Gonf.*]

Hip. *I dare not ask what I too fain would hear:*

But, like a tender Mother, Hope and Fear;

My equal Twins, my equal Care I make;

[*Aside.*]

And keep Hope quiet, lest that Fear should wake. [*Exit Hip.*]

Jul. *So, now I'm firmly at my own Dispose;*

And all the Lets, my Virtue caus'd, remov'd:

Now, Rodorick, I come—————

Enter Gonfalso again.

Gonf. *Madam, my Boy's not yet return'd.*

Jul. *No matter, we'll not stay for him.*

Gonf. *Pray make not too much haste.*

[*Exeunt Jul. and Gonf.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Don Rodorick, and a Servant:

Rod. Have you bespoke a Vessel, as I bid you?

Serv. I have done better; for I have employ'd
Some, whom I know, this Day to seize a Ship;
Which they have doné; clapping the Men within her
All under Hatches, with such speed and silence,
That though she rides at Anchor in the Port
Among the rest, the Change is not discover'd.

Rod. Let my best Goods and Jewels be embark'd
With Secrecy: We'll put to Sea this Night.

Have you yet found my Sister, or her Woman?

Serv. Neither, Sir; but in all probability
She is with *Manuel*.

Rod. Would God the meanest Man in *Alicant*
Had *Angelina* rather than *Don Manuel*:

I never can forgive, much less forget.

How he (the younger Soldier) was preferr'd
To that Command of Horse which was my due.

Serv. And after that, by force disseiz'd you of
Your Quarters——

Rod. Should I meet him sev'n Years hence
At th' Altar, I would kill him there:——I had
Forgot to tell you the Design we had;
To carry *Julia* by force away
Will now be needless; she'll come to the Rock
To see me, you unseen shall stand behind,
And carry her into the Vessel.

Serv. Shall I not help you to dispatch *Don Manuel*?

Rod. I neither doubt my Valour, nor my Fortune:
But if I die, revenge me: Presently
About your Business; I must to the Rock,
For fear I come too late.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE

SCENE III. *Through a Rock is discover'd a
Navy of Ships Riding at a Distance.*

Enter Amideo.

Amid. Thus far unseen by *Manuel*, I have trac'd him;
He can be gone no farther than the Walk
Behind the Rock: I'll back and tell my Master.

Enter Hippolito at the other end.

Hip. This is the Place where *Rod'rick* must expect
His *Julia*:——How! *Amideo* here!

Amid. *Hippolito*!

Hip. This were so fit a time
For my Revenge; had I the Courage, now:
My Heart swells at him, and my Breath grows short,
But whether Fear or Anger choaks it up,
I cannot tell.

Amid. He looks so Ghastfully,
Would I were past him; yet I fear to try it,
Because my Mind misgives me he will stop me.
B' your leave *Hippolito*.

Hip. Whither so fast?

Amid. You'll not presume to hinder my Lord's Business?
He shall know it.

Hip. I'll make you sure, before,
For telling any Tales: Do you remember
Since you defended *Angelina's* Beauty
Against *Honorias*'s; nay, and would maintain it.

Amid. And so I will do still; (I must feign Courage
There is no other way.) [*Aside.*

Hip. I'll so revenge
That Injury (if my Heart fails me not.)

Amid. Come, confess truly, for I know it fails you.
What would you give to avoid fighting now?

Hip. No, 'tis your Heart that fails.

Amid. I scorn the Danger;
Yet, what Compassion on your Youth might do

I cannot tell; and therefore do not work
Upon my Pity; for I feel already
My stout Heart melts.

Hip. Oh! Are you thereabout?

Now I am sure you fear; and you shall fight.

Amid. I will not fight.

Hip. Confess then *Angelina*

Is not so Fair as is *Honorina*.

Amid. I do confess; now are you satisfied?

Hip. There's more behind; confess her not so worthy
To be belov'd, nor to possess *Gonsalvo*,
As fair *Honorina* is.

Amid. That's somewhat hard.

Hip. But you must do't, or Die.

Amid. Well, Life is sweet;

She's not so worthy: Now let me be gone.

Hip. No, never to my Master; swear to quit
His Service, and no more to see his Face.

Amid. I fain would save my Life, but that which you
Propose, is but another Name to Die.
I cannot Live without my Master's Sight.

Hip. Then you must fight with me for him.

Amid. I would

Do any thing with you, but fighting for him.

Hip. Nothing but that will serve.

Amid. Lay by our Swords,

And I'll scratch with you for him.

Hip. That's not manly.

Amid. Well, since it must be so, I'll fight:—Unbutton.

[*Hippolito unbuttons slowly.*

How many Buttons has he? I'll be one
Behind him still.

[*Aside.*

[*Unbuttons one by one after him. Hippolito makes
more haste.*

You are so Prodigal; if you lov'd my Master,
You would not tear his Doublet so:—How's this!
Two swelling Breasts! a Woman, and my Rival!
The Stings of Jealousie have giv'n me Courage
Which Nature never gave me:

Come

Come on thou vile Dissembler of thy Sex;
 Expect no Mercy; either thou or I
 Must Die upon this spot: Now for *Gonsalvo*——
 Sa——Sa——

Hip. This Courage is not Counterfeit; ah me!
 What shall I do? for pity, gentle Boy——

Amid. No pity; such a Cause as ours
 Can neither give nor take it: If thou yield'st
 I will not spare thee; therefore fight it out.

[*Tears open his Doublet.*]

Hip. Death to my Hopes! a Woman! and so rare
 A Beauty that my Lord must needs doat on her.
 I should my self if I had been a Man:
 But as I am, her Eyes shoot Death at me.

Amid. Come, have you said your Pray'rs?

Hip. For thy Confusion
 Thou Ravenous Harpy, with an Angel's Face;
 Thou art discover'd, thou too charming Rival;
 I'll be reveng'd upon those fatal Eyes.

Amid. I'll tear out thine.

Hip. I'll bite out hungry Morsels
 From those plump Cheeks, but I will make 'em thinner.

Amid. I'd beat thee to the Blackness of a Moor,
 But that the Features of thy Face are such;
 Such damnable, invincible good Features,
 That as an *Ethiop* thou would'st still be lov'd.

Hip. I'll quite unbend that black Bow o'er thine Eyes;
 I'll murder thee, and *Julia* shall have him,
 Rather than thou.

Amid. I'll kill both thee and her,
 Rather than any one but I shall have him.

Hip. Come on, thou Witch.

Amid. Have at thy Heart, thou Syren.

[*They draw and fight Awkwardly, not coming near one another.*]

Amid. I think I paid you there.

Hip. O stay a little,
 And tell me in what Corner of thy Heart
Gonsalvo lyes, that I may spare that place.

Amid.

Amid. He lyes in the last drop of all my Blood,
And never will come out, but with my Soul.

Hip. Come, come, we dally;
Would one of us were dead, no matter which.

[*They fight nearer.*]

Enter Don Manuel.

Man. The pretty Boys that serve *Gonsalvo*, fighting!
I come in time to save the Life of one.

[*Hippolito gets Amideo down in closing: Manuel takes away the Swords.*]

Hip. For goodness sake hinder not my Revenge.

Amid. The noble *Manuel* has sav'd my Life:
Heav'n's, how unjustly have I hated him! [*Aside.*]

Man. What is it, gentle Youths, that moves you thus?
I cannot tell what Causes you may find;
But trust me, all the World, in so much Sweetness,
Would be to seek where to begin a Quarrel:
You seem the little *Cupids* in the Song,
Contending for the Honey-bag.

Hip. 'Tis well

You're come; you may prevent a greater Mischief:
Here 'tis *Gonsalvo* has appointed *Rodorick*——

Man. To fight?

Hip. What's worse; to give your Sister to him,
Won by her Tears, he means to leave her free,
And to redeem her Misery with his;
At least I so Conjecture.

Man. 'Tis a doubtful
Problem; either he loves her violently,
Or not at all.

Amid. You have betray'd my Master:—[*To Hip. Aside.*]

Hip. If I have injur'd you, I mean to give you
The Satisfaction of a Gentlewoman——

Enter Gonsalvo and Julia.

Man. Oh they are here; now I shall be resolv'd.

Jul. My Brother *Manuel*! what Fortune's this!

Man. I'm glad I have prevented you.

Gonf. With what

Variety my Fate torments me still!

Never

Never was Man so dragg'd along by Virtue;
But I must follow her.

Ful. Noble *Gonsalvo*,

Protect me from my Brother.

Gons. Tell me, Sir,

When you bestow'd your Sister on me, did not
You give her freely up to my dispose?

Man. 'Tis true, I did; but never with intent
You should restore her to my Enemy.

Gons. 'Tis past; 'tis done: She undermin'd my Soul
With Tears; as Banks are sapp'd away by Streams.

Man. I wonder what strange Blessing she expects
From the harsh Nature of this *Rodoric*;

A Man made up of Malice and Revenge.

Ful. If I possess him, I may be unhappy;
But if I lose him, I am surely so.

Had you a Friend so desperately sick,

That all Physicians had forsook his Cure;

All scorch'd without, and all parch'd up within;

The Moisture that maintain'd consuming Nature

Lick'd up, and in a Fever fry'd away;

Could you behold him beg, with dying Eyes,

A Glass of Water, and refuse it him

Because you knew it ill for his Disease?

When he would die without it, how could you

Deny to make his Death more easie to him?

Man. Talk not to me of Love, when Honour suffers;
The Boys will hiss at me.

Gons. I suffer most:

Had there been Choice, what would I not have chose?

To save my Honour I my Love must lose:

But Promises once made are past debate,

And Truth's of more necessity than Fate.

Man. I scarce can think your Promise absolute;

There might some way be thought on, if you would,

To keep both her, and it.

Gons. No, no, my Promise was no Trick of State:

I meant to be made truly wretched first,

And then to die; and I'll perform them both,

Man.

Man. Then that Revenge I meant on *Rodorick*
I'll take on you.

[*Draws.*

Gonf. ——— I draw with such Regret
As Merchants throw their Wealth into the Sea;
To save their sinking Vessels from a Wreck.

Man. I find I cannot lift my Hand against thee:
Do what thou wilt; but let not me behold it.

[*Goes off a little way.*

I'll cut this Gordian Knot I cannot loose:
To keep his Promise, *Rodorick* shall have her,
But I'll return and rescue her by Force;
Then giving back what he so frankly gave,
At once my Honour and his Love I'll save.

[*Exit. Manuel.*

Enter Rodorick.

Rod. How! *Julia* brought by him? ——— Who sent

Gonf. 'Twas I.

(for me?)

Rod. I know your Business then; 'tis Fighting.

Gonf. You're mistaken; 'tis something that I fear:

Rod. What is't?

Gonf. Why, ——— 'twill not out: Here, take her;
And deserve her; but no Thanks;
For fear I should consider what I give,
And call it back. ———

Jul. O my dear *Rodorick*!

Gonf. O cruel *Julia*!

For Pity shew not all your Joy before me;
Stifle some part of it one Minute longer
Till I am dead.

Jul. My *Rodorick* shall know
He owes his *Julia* to you; thank him, Love;
In Faith I take it ill you are so slow.

Rod. You know he has forbid me; and beside
He'll take it better from your Mouth than mine;
All that you do must needs be pleasing to him.

Jul. Still sullen and unkind!

Rod. Why then in short,
I do not understand the Benefit.

Gonf. Not, to have *Julia* in thy free Possession?

Rod.

Rod. Not brought by you; not of another's leaving:

Ful. Speak softly *Rodoric*: Let not these hear thee;
But spare my Shame for the ill Choice I made
In loving thee.

Rod. I will speak loud; and tell thee,
Thou com'st, all cloy'd and tir'd with his Embraces,
To proffer thy pall'd Love to me: his Kisses
Do yet bedew thy Lips; the very Print
His Arms made round thy Body, yet remains.

Gonf. O barbarous Jealousie!

Ful. 'Tis an harsh word:
I am too pure for thee; but yet I love thee.

[Offers to take his Hand.

Rod. Away, foul Impudence.

Gonf. Madam, you wrong
Your Virtue, thus to clear it by Submission.

Ful. Whence grows this Boldness, Sir? did I ask you
To be my Champion?

Rod. He chose to be your Friend, and not your Husband:
Left that dull part of Dignity to me;
As often the worst Actors play the Kings.

Ful. This Jealousie is but excess of Passion,
Which grows up, wild, in every Lover's Breast;
But changes Kind when planted in an Husband.

Rod. Well, what I am, I am; and what I will be,
When you are mine, my Pleasure shall determine,
I will receive no Law from any Man.

Ful. This strange Unkindness of my *Rodoric*.
I owe to thee, and thy unlucky Love;
Henceforth go lock it up within thy Breast;
'Tis only harmless while it is conceal'd,
But open'd spreads Infection like a Vault.
Go, and my Curse go with thee:——

Gonf. I cannot go 'till I behold you Happy:——
——Here, *Rodoric*, receive her on thy Knees;
Use her with that respect which thou would'st pay
Thy Guardian Angel if he could be seen.

——Do not provoke my Anger by refusing.——
I'll watch thy least Offence to her; each Word,

Nay, every sullen Look:—

And as the Devils, who are damn'd to Torments,
Yet have the Guilty Souls their Slaves to punish:
So under me, while I am wretched, thou
Shalt be tormented.—

Rod. Would'st thou make me the Tenant of thy Lust;
To Toil, and for my Labour take the Dreggs,
The juicy Vintage being left for thee?
No; she's an infamous, leud Prostitute;
I loath her at my Soul.

Gonf. I can forbear
No longer; swallow down thy Lye, foul Villain;
[They fight off the Stage, Exeunt.]

Ful. Help; help!

Amid. Here is that Witch whose fatal Beauty
Began the Mischief; she shall pay for all.

[Goes to kill Julia.]

Hip. I hate her for it more than thou canst do;
But cannot see her die my Master loves.

[Goes between with her Sword.]

Enter Gonsalvo, following Roderick; who falls.

Rod. So, now I am at rest:—

I feel Death rising higher still, and higher,
Within my Bosom; every Breath I fetch
Shuts up my Life within a shorter compass:
And like the vanishing Sound of Bells, grows less
And less each Pulse, 'till it be lost in Air. *[Swoons away.]*

Gonf. Down at your Feet, much injur'd Innocence;
I lay that Sword, which—

Ful. Take it up again,
It has not done its work 'till I am kill'd:
For ever, ever, thou hast robb'd me of
That Man, that only Man, whom I could love:
Dost thou thus court thy Mistress? thus oblige her?
All thy Obligements have been fatal yet,
Yet the most fatal now would most oblige me.
Kill me:—yet I am kill'd before in him.
I lie there on the Ground; cold, cold, and pale:
That Death I die in. *Roderick* is far.

More

More pleasant than that Life I live in *Julia*.
 —See how he stands—when he is bid dispatch me!
 How dull! how spiritless! that Sloth possessest
 Thee not, when thou didst kill my *Rodorick*.

Gonf. I'm too unlucky to converse with Men:
 I'll pack together all my Mischiefs up,
 Gather with care each little Remnant of 'em,
 That none of 'em be left behind: Thus loaded,
 Fly to some Desert, and there let them loose,
 Where they may never prey upon Mankind.
 But you may make my Journey shorter: —Take
 This Sword; 'twill show you how: —

Ful. I'll gladly set you on your way: —[*Takes his Sword.*

Enter three of Rodorick's Servants.

1 Serv. Make haste; he's now unarm'd, we may with
 Revenge my Master's Death. (cave

Ful. Now these shall do it.

Gonf. I'll die by none but you. —

Hip. O here, take my Sword, Sir.

Amid. He shall have mine.

[*Both give their Swords to Gonsalvo;*

Enter Manuel.

Man. Think not of Death,

We'll live and conquer.

[*They beat them off.*

Man. These Fellows, tho' beat off, will strait return
 With more; we must make haste to save our selves.

Hip. 'Tis far to th' Town,

And e'er you reach it, you will be discover'd.

Gonf. My Life's a burden to me, were not *Julia's*
 Concern'd; but as it is, she being present
 Will be found necessary to his Death.

Man. See where a Vessel lies, not far from Shore;
 And near at hand a Boat belonging to her;
 Let's haste aboard, and what with Pray'rs and Gifts
 Buy our Concealment there: —Come *Julia*.

Gonf. Alas, she swoons away upon the Body.

Man. The Night grows on apace; we'll take her in
 Our Arms, and bear her hence.

[*Exeunt Gonsalvo, and the Boys with Manuel, carrying Julia.*

The

The Servants enter again.

1 *Serv.* They are all gone, we may return with Safety:
Help me to bear the Body to the Town.

2 *Serv.* He stirs, and breaths a litle; there may be
Some hope.

3 *Serv.* The Town's far off, and th' Evening cold,
Let's carry him to the Ship.

1 *Serv.* Haste then away:

Things once resolv'd are ruin'd by Delay. [Exeunt.]



ACT V. SCENE I.

The SCENE lying in a Carrack.

Enter a Pyrate and the Captain.

Pyr. **W**elcome a Ship-board, Captain; you staid long.
Capt. No longer than was necessary for
shifting Trades;

To change me from a Robber to a Pyrate.

Pyr. There's a fair Change wrought in you since Yesterday
Morning; then you talk'd of nothing but Repentance, and
Amendment of Life.

Capt. 'Faith I have consider'd better on't:
For conversing a whole Day together with honest Men,
I found 'em all so poor and beggarly, that a civil
Person would be asham'd to be seen with 'em.
But you come from Don *Rodorick's* Cabin; what
Hopes have you of his Life?

Pyr. No danger of it, only loss of Blood
Had made him faint away; he call'd for you.

Capt. Well, are his Jewels and his Plate brought in?

Pyr. They are; when hoist we Sails?

Capt. At the first break
Of Day: When we are got out clear, we'll seize

On

On Rod'rick and his Men: They are not many,
But Fear may make 'em Desp'rate.

Pyr. We may take 'em,
When they are laid to sleep.

Capt. 'Tis well advis'd, [*Rod'rick*

Pyr. I forgot to tell you, Sir, that a little before Don
Was brought in, a Company of Gentlemen (pursu'd
It seems by Justice) procur'd our Boat to Row 'em
Hither: Two of 'em carried a very fair Lady betwixt 'em,
Who was either dead, or swooned.

Capt. We'll sell 'em all together to the *Turk*,
(At least I'll tell him so.) [*Aside*

Pyr. Pray, Sir, let us reserve the Lady to our own Uses;
It were a shame to good Catholicks to give her up
To Infidels.

Capt. Don Rod'rick's Door opens, I'll speak to him—

*The SCENE draws, and discovers the Captain's Ca-
bin; Rodorick on a Bed, and two Servants by him.*

Capt. How is it with the brave Don Rodorick?
Do you want any thing?

Rod. I have too much
Of that I would not, Love;
And what I would have, that I want, Revenge.
I must be set Ashore.

Capt. That you may, Sir;
But our own Safety must be thought on first.

[*One enters, and whispers the Captain.*

Capt. I come:—Senior, think you are Lord here,
and command

All freely. [*Exit Captain and Pyrate.*

Rod. He does well to bid me think so: I am of Opinion
We are fallen into Hucksters Hands.

1 Serv. Indeed he talk'd suspiciously enough;
He half denied to Land us.

Rod. These, *Pedro*,
Are your confiding Men——

2 Serv. I think 'em still so.

Rod.

Rod. Would I were from 'em.

2 Serv. 'Tis impossible

T'attempt it now; you have not Strength enough
To walk.

Rod. That Venture must be mine; we're lost
If we stay here to morrow.

2 Serv. I hope better.

[*ledge,*

1 Serv. One whom I saw among 'em, to my Know-
Is a notorious Robber.

2 Serv. He look'd so like a Gentleman, I could not
know him then.

Rod. What became of *Julia* when I fell?

1 Serv. We left her Weeping over you, till we
Were beaten off; but she, and those with her,
Were gone when we return'd.

Rod. Too late I find

I wrong'd her in my Thoughts; I'm every way
A wretched Man:————

Something we must resolve on e'er we sleep;

Draw in the Bed, I feel the Cold. [*Bed drawn in, Exeunt.*

S C E N E . II.

Enter Gonfalso, Manuel, Hippolito, and Amideo.

Hip. Nay, 'tis too true; for peeping through a Chink,
I saw Don *Rodrick* lying on a Bed,
Not dead, as we suppos'd, but only hurt;
So waited on as spoke him Master here.

Man. Was there ever so fatal an Adventure?
To fly into that very Ship for Refuge
Where th'only Person we would shun, Commands!
This Mischief is so strange it could not happen,
But was the Plot and Juggle of our Fate
To free it self, and cast the Blame on us.

Gonf. This is not yet our Fortune's utmost Malice;
The Gall remains behind: This Ship was that
Which yesterday was mine; I can see nothing
Round me, but what's familiar to my Eyes;
Only the Persons new; which makes me think

'Twas.

'Twas seiz'd upon by *Rod'rick*, to revenge
Himself on me.

Man. 'Tis wonderful indeed.

Amid. The only comfort is, we are not known,
For when we enter'd it was dark.

Hip. That Comfort
Is of as short Continuance as the Night,
The Day will soon discover us.

Man. Some way must be invented to get out.

Hip. Fair *Julia*, sadly pining by her self,
Sits on her Bed; Tears falling from her Eyes
As silently as Dews in dead of Night.
All we consult of must be kept from her:
That moment that she knows of *Rodorick's* Life
Dooms us to certain Death.

Man. 'Tis well consider'd.

Gonf. For my Part, were not you and she concern'd,
I look on my own Life, like an Estate
So charg'd with Debts, it is not worth the keeping.
We cannot long be undiscover'd by them;
Let us then Rush upon them on the sudden,
(All hope of Safety plac'd in our Despair)
And gain quick Victory, or speedy Death.

Man. Consider first th'impossibility
Of the Attempt; four Men, and two poor Boys
(Which added to our Number make us weaker)
Against ten Villains, more resolv'd for Death
Than any ten among our Holiest Priests.
Stay but a little longer, till they all
Disperse to rest within their several Cabins,
Then more securely we may set upon them,
And kill them half before the rest can wake:
By this means too, the Boys are useful for us;
For they can cut the Throats of sleeping Men.

Hip. Now have I the greatest Temptation in the
World to reveal
Thou art a Woman.

[To *Amid.*

Amid. If 'twere not for thy Beauty, my Master should
know

What

What a Man he keeps.

[To her.

Hip. Why should we have recourse to desp'rate Ways,
When safer may be thought on?

'Tis like giving the extream Unction

In the beginning of a Sicknes:

Can you imagine to find all asleep?

The wicked Joy of having such a Booty

In their Possession, will keep some awake:

And some, no doubt, will watch with wounded *Rod'rick*.

Amil. What would your Wisdom now propose?

Hip. To say

That some of us are Sea-sick; (your Complexion

Will make th' Excuse for us who are less Fair:)

So by good Words and Promises procure

We may be set Ashore, e'er Morning come.

Amil. O the deep Reasons of the grave *Hippolito!*

As if 'twere likely in so calm a Season

We should be sick so soon; or if we were,

Whom should we chuse among us to go tell it?

For who ere ventures out must needs be known;

Or if none knew us, can you think that Pyrates

Will let us go upon such easie terms

As promising Rewards?—Let me advise you.

Hip. Now we expect an Oracle.

Amil. Here are Bundles

Of Canvas and of Cloth you see lye by us,

In which one of us shall sow up the rest,

Only some breathing Place, for Air, and Food;

Then call the Pyrates in, and tell them, we

For fear had drown'd our selves: And when we come

To the next Port, find means to bring us out.

Hip. Pithily spoken!

As if you were to bind up Marble Statues,

Which only bore the Shapes of Men without,

And had no need of ever easing Nature.

Gonf. There's but one way left, that's this:

You know the Rope by which the Cock-boat's ty'd,

Goes down by th' Stern, and now we are at Anchor,

There fits no Pilot to discover us;

My

My Counsel is, to go down by the Ladder,
And being once there, unloose, and Row to Shore.

Man. This, without doubt, were best; but there lyes
Some one or more within the Boat to watch it. [ever

Gonsf. I'll slide down first, and run the Venture of it,
You shall come after me, if there be need,
To give me Succour.

Man. 'Tis the only way.

Gonsf. Go in to *Julia* then, and first prepare her
With knowledge of the Pyrates, and the danger
Her Honour's in among such barb'rous People.

Man. Leave it to me.

Amid. *Hippolito* and *Julia*,

My Rivals, like two pointed Rocks appear;
And I through both must to *Gonsalvo* steer. [Aside.
[Exeunt all but Hip.

Hip. As from some steep and dreadful Precipice,
The frighted Traveller casts down his Eyes,
And sees the Ocean at so great a Distance,
It looks as if the Skies were sunk below him;
Yet if some Neigh'ring Shrub (how weak soe'er)
Peeps up, his willing Eyes stop gladly there,
And seem to ease themselves, and rest upon it:
So in my desp'rate State, each little Comfort
Preserves me from Despair: *Gonsalvo* strove not
With greater Care to give away his *Julia*,
Than I have done to part with my *Gonsalvo*,
Yet neither brought to pass our hateful Wish:
Then we may meet, since different Ways we move,
Chasing each other in the Maze of Love. [Exit Hip.

S C E N E III.

Enter Don Rodorick, carried by two Servants.

1 *Serv.* It was the only way that could be thought on,
To get down by the Ladder to the Boat.

2 *Serv.* You may thank me for that Invention.

Rod. What a Noise is here! when the least Breath's
As dang'rous as a Tempest.

2 *Serv.*

2 *Serv.* If any of those Rogues should hear him talk,
In what a Case were we?

Red. O Patience, Patience!
This As brays out for Silence.

*Enter at the other end, Manuel, leading Julia; Gonfhalvo,
Hippolito, Amideo.*

Gonf. Hark! what Noise is that? go softly.

[They meet on the middle of the Stage.

Rod. Who's here! I am betray'd; and nothing grieves
But I want strength to die with Honour. (me

Jul. Rod'rick?

Is it thy Voice, my Love? Speak and resolve me
Whether thou liv'st, or I am dead with thee?

Man. Kill him, and force our way.

Rod. Is Manuel there?

Hold up my Arm, that I may make one thrust
At him before I die.

Gonf. Since we must fall,

We'll sell our Lives as dearly as we can.

1 *Serv.* And we'll defend our Master to the last. *[Fight.*

Enter Pyrates, without their Captain.

1 *Pyr.* What's the meaning of this Uproar? Quarrelling
Amongst your selves at Midnight?

2 *Pyr.* We are come in a fit time to decide the Difference.

Man. Hold Gentlemen, we're equally concern'd,

[To Rodorick's Servants.

We for our own, you for your Master's safety;
If we join Forces we may then resist 'em,
If not, both Sides are ruin'd.

1 *Serv.* We agree;

Gonf. Come o'er on our Side then. *[They join.*

1 *Pyr.* A Mischief on our Captain's Drownsness;
We're lost for want of him. *[They fight.*

Gonf. Dear Madam, get behind, while you are safe

[To Julia.

We cannot be o'ercome.

[They drive off the Pyrates, and follow them off.

Rodorick remains on the Ground.

Rod. I had much rather my own Life were lost,

Than

Than *Manuel's* were preserv'd.——

Enter the Pyrates retreating before Gonfalvo, &c.

1 *Pyr.* All's lost; they fight like Devils, and our Captain
Yet sleeping in his Bed.

2 *Serv.* Here lies Don *Rodorick*;
If we must die, we'll not leave him behind.

[Goes to kill him.]

Ful. O spare my *Rodorick's* Life, and in exchange
Take mine; I put my self within your Pow'r,
To save or kill.

1 *Pyr.* So, here's another Pawn
For all our Safeties.

Man. Heav'n! what has she done?

Gonf. Let go the Lady, or expect no Mercy:
The least drop of her Blood is worth all yours
And mine together.

1 *Pyr.* I am glad you think so:
Either deliver up your Sword, or mine
Shall pierce her Heart this Moment.

Gonf. Here, here, take it.

Man. You are not mad to give away all Hopes

[*Manuel holds him.*]

Of Safety and Defence, from us, from her,
And from your self at once!

Gonf. When she is dead
What is there worth defending?

Man. Will you trust

A Pyrate's Promise sooner than your Valour?

Gonf. Any thing, rather than see her in Danger.

1 *Pyr.* Nay, if you dispute the Matter!

[*Holds his Sword to her Breast.*]

Gonf. I yield, I yield; Reason to Love must bow:
Love, that gives Courage, can make Cowards too.

[*Gives his Sword.*]

Ful. O strange Effect of a most generous Passion!

Rod. His Enemies themselves must needs admire it.

Man. Nay, if *Gonfalvo* makes a Fashion of it,
'Twill be Valour to die tamely.

[*Gives his.*]

Hip. I am for dying too with my dear Master.

Amid. My Life will go as eas'ly as a Fly's,
The least Fillip does it in this Fright.

Pyr. One call our Captain up: Tell him, he deserves
little of the Booty.

Ful. It has so much prevail'd upon my Soul,
I ever must acknowledge it. [To *Gonsalvo*.

Rod. *Fulvia* has reason, if she love him; yet
I find I cannot bear it. [Aside.

Gonsf. Say but you love me; I am more than paid.

Ful. You ask that only thing I cannot give;
Were I not *Rodorick's* first, I should be yours;
My violent Love for him, I know is faulty;
Yet Passion never can be plac'd so ill,
But that to change it is the greater Crime:
Inconstancy is such a Guilt, as makes
That very Love suspected which it brings;
It brings a Gift, but 'tis of ill-got Wealth,
The Spoils of some forsaken Lover's Heart:
Love alter'd once, like Blood let out before,
Will lose its Virtue, and can cure no more.

Gonsf. In those few Minutes which I have to live,
To be call'd yours is all I can enjoy;

Rodorick receives no Prejudice by that;
I would but make some small Acquaintance here,
For fear I never should enquire you out
In that new World which we are going to.

Amid. Then I can hold no longer;—you desire
In Death to be call'd Hers; and all I wish
Is dying to be yours.

Hip. You'll not discover? [Aside.

Amid. See here the most unfortunate of Women,
That *Angelina*, whom you all thought lost;
And lost she was indeed, when she beheld
Gonsalvo first.

All. How! *Angelina*!

Rod. Ha!

My Sister?

Amid. I thought to have fled Love in flying *Manuel*,
But Love pursu'd me in *Gonsalvo's* Shape;

For

For him I ventur'd all that Maids hold dear,
 Th'Opinion of my Modesty, and Virtue,
 My loss of Fortune, and my Brother's love.
 For him I have expos'd my self to Dangers,
 Which, (great themselves, yet) greater would appear,
 If you could see them through a Woman's Fear:
 But why do I my Right by Dangers prove?
 The greatest Argument for Love, is Love:
 That Passion, *Fulvia*, while he lives, denies,
 He should refuse to give her when he dies:
 Yet grant he did his Life to her bequeath,
 May I not claim my share of him in Death?
 I only beg, when all the Glory's gone,
 The heartless Beams of a departing Sun.

Gonf. Never was Passion hid so modestly,
 So generously reveal'd.

Man. We're now a Chain of Lovers link'd in Death;
Fulvia goes first, *Gonsalvo* hangs on her,
 And *Angelina* holds upon *Gonsalvo*,
 As I on *Angelina*.

Hip. Nay, here's *Honorina* too: ———
 You look on me with wonder in your Eyes,
 To see me here, and in this strange Disguise.

Ful. What new Miracle is this? *Honorina*!

Man. I left you with my Aunt at *Bareclona*,
 And thought e're this you had been married to
 The old rich Man, *Don Estevan de Gama*.

Hip. I ever had a strange Aversion for him;
 But when *Gonsalvo* landed there, and made
 A kind of Courtship, (though it seems in Jest)
 It serv'd to conquer me, which *Estevan*
 Perceiving, prest my Aunt to haste the Marriage.
 What should I do? my Aunt importun'd me
 For the next Day: *Gonsalvo*, though I lov'd him,
 Knew not my Love; nor was I sure his Courtship
 Was not th' Effect of a bare Gallantry.

Gonf. Alas! how griev'd I am, that slight address
 Should make so deep Impressions on your Mind
 In three Days time.

Hip. That Accident in which
 You sav'd my Life, when first you saw me, caus'd it.
 Though now the Story be too long to tell;
 Howe'er it was, hearing that Night you lay
 Aboard your Ship, thus as you see disguis'd,
 In Cloaths belonging to my youngest Nephew,
 I rose e're Day, resolv'd to find you out,
 And, if I could, procure to wait on you
 Without discovery of my self; but Fortune
 Crost all my Hopes.

Gonf. It was that dismal Night
 Which tore my Anchor up; and tost my Ship
 Past hope of Safety, many Days together,
 Until at length it threw me on this Port.

Hip. I will not tell you what my Sorrows were
 To find you gone; but there was now no help.
 Go back again I durst not: But, in fine,
 Thought best, as fast as my weak Legs would bear me,
 To come to *Alicant*, and find my Sister,
 Unknown to any else: But being near
 The City, I was seiz'd upon by Thieves,
 From whom you rescu'd me; the rest you know.

Gonf. I know too much indeed for my Repose.

Enter Captain.

Capt. Do you know me?

Gonf. Now I look better on thee,
 Thou seem'st a greater Villain than I thought thee.

Ful. 'Tis he.

Hip. That Bloody Wretch who robb'd us in
 The Woods.

Gonf. Slave! dar'st thou lift thy Hand against me?
 Dar'st thou touch any one whom he protects,
 Who gave thee Life? But I accuse my self,
 Not thee: The Death of all these guiltless Persons
 Became my Crime that Minute when I spar'd thee.

Capt. It is not all your Threats can alter me
 From what I have resolv'd.

Gonf. Begin then first
 With me.

Capt.

Capt. I will, by laying here my Sword.

[Lays his Sword at Gonfhalvo's Feet.]

All. What means this sudden Change?

Capt. 'Tis neither new, nor sudden: From that time
You gave me Life, I watch'd how to repay it;
And *Rod'rick's* Servant gave me speedy means
T' effect my Wish: For telling me, his Master
Meant a Revenge on you, and on *Don Manuel*,
And then to seize on *Julia*, and depart:
I proffer'd him my Aid to seize a Vessel;
And having by Enquiry found out yours,
Acquainted first the Captain with my purpose,
To make a seeming Mast'ry of the Ship.

Man. How durst he take your Word?

Capt. That I secur'd,

By letting him give notice to the Ships
That lay about: This done, knowing the Place
You were to fight on was behind the Rock;
Not far from thence, I, and some chosen Men
Lay out of sight, that, if foul Play were offer'd,
We might prevent it.

But came not in; because when there was need,
Don Manuel, who was nearer, stept before me.

Gonf. Then the Boat which seem'd

To lye by Chance, hulling not far from Shore,
Was plac'd by your Direction there?

Capt. It was.

Gonf. You're truly noble; and I owe much more
Than my own Life and Fortunes to your Worth.

Capt. 'Tis time I should restore their Liberty
To such of yours as yet are seeming Pris'ners.

I'll wait on you again.

[Exit Captain.]

Rod. My Enemies are happy, and the Storm
Prepar'd for them, must break upon my Head.

Gonf. So far am I from Happiness, Heav'n knows
My Grievs are doubled:————

I stand engag'd in hopeless Love to *Julia*;
In Gratitude to these:

Here I have giv'n my Heart, and here I owe it.

Hip. Dear Master, trouble not your self for me;
 I ever made your Happiness my own;
 Let *Julia* witness with what Faith I serv'd you,
 When you employ'd me in your Love to her.
 I gave your noble Heart away, as if
 It had been some light Gallant's, little worth:
 Not that I lov'd you less than *Angelina*,
 But my self less than you.

Gonf. Wonder of Honour,
 Of which my own was but a fainter Shadow,
 When I gave *Julia*, whom I could not keep.
 You fed a Fire within, with too rich Fuel,
 In giving it your Heart to prey upon;
 The sweetest Off'ring that was ever burnt
 Since last the *Phoenix* dy'd.

Hip. If *Angelina* knew like me, the Pride
 Of noble Minds, which is to give, not take;
 Like me she would be satisfy'd, her Heart
 Was well bestow'd, and ask for no return.

Amid. Pray let my Heart alone; you'll use it as
 The Gipsies do our Money;
 If they once touch it, they have pow'r upon't.

*Enter the Servant, who appear'd in the first Act with
 Gonsalvo.*

Serv. O my dear Lord, *Gonsalvo de Peralta!*

Rod. *De Peralta* said you? You amaze me!

Gonf. Why, do you know that Family in *Sevil*?

Rod. I am my self the elder Brother of it.

Gonf. *Don Rodorick de Peralta!*

Rod. I was so,

Until my Mother dy'd, whose Name *de Sylva*
 I chose (our Custom not forbidding it)
 Three Years ago, when I return'd from *Flanders*:
 I came here to possess a fair Estate
 Left by an Aunt, her Sister; for whose sake
 I take that Name, and lik'd the place so well,
 That never since I have return'd to *Sevil*.

Gonf. 'Twas then that change of Name which caus'd
 my Letters

All to miscarry: What an happy Tempest
Was this, which would not let me rest at *Sevil*,
But blew me farther on to see you here.

Amid. Brother, I come to claim a Sister's share;
But you're too near me, to be nearer now.

Gonf. In my room let me beg you to receive
Don *Manuel*.

Amid. I take it half unkindly
You give me from your self so soon; Don *Manuel*.
I know is worthy, and but Yesterday
Preserv'd my Life; but it will take some time
To change my Heart.

Man. I'll watch it patiently, as Chymists do
Their golden Birth; and when 'tis chang'd, receive it
With greater Care than they their rich Elixir,
Just passing from one Vial to another.

Rod. *Julia* is still my Brother's, tho' I lose her.

Gonf. You shall not lose her; *Julia* was born
For none but you;

And I for none but my *Honorix*:

Julia is yours by Inclination;

And I by Conquest am *Honorix*'s.

Hon. 'Tis the most glorious one that e'er was made;
And I no longer will dispute my Happiness.

Rod. *Julia*, you know my peevish Jealousies;
I cannot promise you a better Husband
Than you have had a Servant.

Ful. I receive you
With all your Faults.

Rod. And think, when I am Froward,
My sullen Humour punishes it self;
I'm like a Day in *March*, sometimes o'er-cast
With Storms, but then the after Clearness is
The greater: The worst is, where I love most,
The Tempest falls most heavy.

Ful. Ah! what a little time to Love is lent?
Yet half that time is in Unkindness spent.

Rod. That you may see some hope of my Amendment,
I give my Friendship to Don *Manuel*, e're

My Brother asks, or he himself desires it.

Man. I'll ever cherish it.

Gonf. Since for my sake you become Friends, my care
Shall be to keep you so: You, Captain, shall
Command this Carrack, and with her my Fortunes:
You, my *Honoris*, though you have an Heart
Which *Julia* left, yet think it not the worse;
'Tis not worn out, but polish'd by the wearing.
Your Merit shall her Beauties pow'r remove;
Beauty but gains, Obligement keeps our Love.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]



THE
INDIAN QUEEN:

A
TRAGEDY.

Written by the Honourable
Sir *ROBERT HOWARD*,
and Mr. *DRYDEN*.



Printed in the YEAR MDCCXVII.

THE
INDIAN

TRAGEDY

BY

JOHN G. BURTON

NEW YORK

1852



PROLOGUE.

As the Musick plays a soft Air, the Curtain rises softly, and discovers an *Indian Boy and Girl* sleeping under two *Plantain-Trees*; and when the *Curtain* is almost up, the Musick turns into a *Tune* expressing an *Alarm*, at which the *Boy* wakes and speaks.

Boy. **W**AKE, wake, *Quevira*; our soft Rest must cease,
And fly together with our Country's Peace;
No more must we sleep under *Plantain shade*,
Which neither Heat could pierce, nor Cold invade;
Where bounteous Nature never feels decay,
And op'ning Buds drive falling Fruits away.

Que. Why should Men quarrel here, where all possess
As much as they can hope for by Success?
None can have most, where Nature is so kind
As to exceed Man's Use, though not his Mind.

Boy. By ancient Prophecies we have been told
Our World shall be subdu'd by one more old;
And see that World already's hither come.

Que. If these be they, we welcome then our Doom.
Their Looks are such, that Mercy flows from thence,
More gentle than our Native Innocence.

Boy. Why should we then fear these are Enemies,
That rather seem to us like Deities?

Que. By their Protection let us beg to live;
They came not here to Conquer, but Forgive.
If so, your Goodness may your Pow'r express;
And we shall judge both best by our Success.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

The Ynca of Peru.

Montezuma, his General.

Acacis, Son to Zempoalla.

Traxalla, General to Zempoalla.

Garrucca, a faithful Subject to Amexia.

The God of Dreams.

Ismeron, one of their Prophets, a Conjurer.

Officers and Soldiers.

Peruvians and Mexicans.

Priests.

W O M E N.

Amexia, the lawful Queen of Mexico.

Zempoalla, the Usurping Indian Queen.

Orazia, Daughter to the Ynca.

Attendants of Ladies.

THE



T H E

Indian Queen.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter Ynca, Orazia, Montezuma, Acacis,
Prisoners, with Peruvians.

Y N C A.



THRICE have the *Mexicans* before us fled,
Their Armies broke, their Prince in Tri-
umph led;
Both to thy Valour, brave young Man,
we owe;
Ask thy Reward, but such as it may show
It is a King thou hast oblig'd, whose Mind
Is large, and like his Fortune unconfin'd.

Mont. Young and a Stranger to your Court I came,
There by your Favour rais'd to what I am:

Mont. Once more I make
The same demand.

Ynca. The Ynca bids thee take [have.
Thy Choice, what Towns, what Kingdoms thou would'st

Mont. Thou giv'st me only what before I gave.
Give me thy Daughter.

Ynca. Thou deserv'st to die.
O thou great Author of our Progeny,
Thou glorious Sun, dost thou not blush to shine,
While such base Blood attempts to mix with thine!

Mont. That Sun thou speak'st of did not hide his Face,
When he beheld me Conquering for his Race.

Ynca. My Fortunes gave thee thy Success in fight;
Convey thy boasted Valour from my Sight;
I can o'ercome without thy feeble Aid.

[Exit Ynca, Orazia and Peruvians.

Mont. And is it thus, my Services are paid?
Not all his Guards—— [Offers to go, Acacis holds him.

Aca. Hold, Sir.

Mont. Unhand me.

Aca. No, I must your Rage prevent,
From doing what your Reason wou'd repent;
Like the vast Seas, your Mind no limits knows,
Like them lyes open to each Wind that blows.

Mont. Can a Revenge that is so just be ill?

Aca. It is Orazia's Father you wou'd kill.

Mont. Orazia! how that Name has charm'd my Sword!

Aca. Compose these wild Distempers in your Breast;
Anger, like Madness, is appeas'd by Rest.

Mont. Bid Children sleep, my Spirits boil too high;
But since Orazia's Father must not die,
A nobler Vengeance shall my Actions guide,
I'll bear the Conquest, to the conquer'd side,
Until this Ynca for my Friendship sues,
And proffers what his Pride does now refuse.

Aca. Your Honour is oblig'd to keep your Trust.

Mont. He broke that Bond in ceasing to be just.

Aca. Subjects to Kings shou'd more Obedience pay.

Mont. Subjects are bound, not Strangers, to obey.

Aca.

Aca. Can you so little your *Orazia* prize,
To give the Conquest to her Enemies?
Can you so easily forego her fight?
I that hold Liberty more dear than Light:
Yet to my Freedom, shou'd my Chains prefer,
And think it were well lost to stay with her.

Mont. How unsuccessfully I still o'ercome!
I brought a Rival, not a Captive home;
Yet I may be deceiv'd; but 'tis too late
To clear those Doubts, my stay brings certain Fate.

[*Aside.*]

Come, Prince, you shall to *Mexico* return,
Where your sad Armies do your Absence mourn;
And in one Battel I will gain you more
Than I have made you lose in three before.

Aca. No, *Montezuma*, though you change your Side,
I as a Prisoner am by Honour ty'd.

Mont. You are my Prisoner, and I set you free.

Aca. 'Twere Baseness to accept such Liberty.

Mont. From him that conquer'd you, it should be sought.

Aca. No, but from him, for whom my Conqueror fought.

Mont. Still you are mine, his Gift has made you so.

Aca. He gave me to his General, not his Foe.

Mont. How poorly have you pleaded Honour's Laws?
Yet shun the greatest in your Country's Cause.

Aca. What Succour can the Captive give the Free?

Mont. A needless Captive is an Enemy.

In painted Honour you wou'd seem to shine;
But 'twou'd be clouded, were your Wrongs like mine.

Aca. When Choler such unbridled Power can have,
Thy Virtue seems but thy Revenge's Slave:
If such Injustice should my Honour stain,
My Aid would prove my Nation's loss, not gain.

Mont. Be cosen'd by thy guilty Honesty,
To make thy self thy Country's Enemy.

Aca. I do not mean in the next Fight to stain
My Sword in Blood of any *Mexican*,
But will be present in the fatal Strife,
To guard *Orazia's* and the *Inca's* Life.

Mont.

Mont. Orazia's Life, fond Man! First guard thy own,
Her Safety she must owe to me alone.

Aca. Your Sword that does such Wonders, cannot be,
In an ill Cause, secure of Victory.

Mont. Hark, hark, [Noise of trampling.

Aca. What Noise is this invades my Ear?

Fly, *Montezuma*, fly; the Guards are near:
To favour your Retreat, I'll freely pay
That Life, which you so frankly gave this Day.

Mont. I must retire, but those that follow me
Pursue their Deaths, and not their Victory. [Ex. *Mont.*

Aca. Our Quarrels kinder, than our Friendships prove:
You for my Country fight, I for your Love.

Enter Ynca and Guards.

Ynca. I was to blame, to leave this mad Man free,
Perhaps he may revolt to th' Enemy,
Or stay, and raise some fatal Mutiny.

Aca. Stop your Pursuits, for they must pass thro' me.

Ynca. Where is the Slave?

Aca. Gone.———

Ynca. Whither?

Aca. O'er the Plain.———

Where he may soon the Camp, or City gain.

Ynca. Curse on my dull Neglect———

And yet I do less cause of Wonder find,
That he is gone, than that thou stayest behind.

Aca. My Treatment since you took me was so free,
It wanted but the Name of Liberty.

I with less Shame can still your Captive live,
Than take that Freedom which you did not give.

Ynca. Thou brave young Man, that hast thy Years out-
And losing Liberty hast Honour won, [done,

I must my self thy Honour's Rival make,
And give that Freedom which thou would'st not take.

Go and be safe.———

Aca. But that you may be so———

Your Dangers must be past before I go.
Fierce *Montezuma* will for Fight prepare,
And bend on you the Fury of the War,

Which

Which by my Presence I will turn away,
If Fortune gives my *Mexicans* the Day.

Inca. Come then, we are alike to Honour just,
Thou to be trusted thus, and I to trust. [Exeunt omnes.]

Enter Zempoalla, Traxalla, and Attendants.

Zemp. O my *Acacis*!

Does not my Grief, *Traxalla*, seem too rude,
Thus to prels out before my Gratitude
Has paid my Debts to you?—yet it does move
My Rage and Grief, to see those Powers above
Punish such Men, as if they be Divine,
They know will most Adore, and least Repine.

Trax. Those that can only mourn when they are cross,
May lose themselves with grieving for the loss.
Rather to your retreated Troops appear,
And let them see a Woman void of Fear:
The Shame of that may call their Spirits home.
Were the Prince safe, we were not overcome,
Tho' we retir'd: O his too youthful Heat,
That thrust him where the Dangers were so great!
Heav'n wanted Power his Person to protect,
From that which he had Courage to neglect:
But since he's lost, let us draw forth, and pay
His Fun'ral Rites in Blood; that we are they
May in our Fates perform his Obsequies,
And make Death triumph when *Acacis* dies.

Zemp. That Courage thou hast shown in Fight seems less
Than this, amidst Despair to have Excess:
Let thy great Deeds force Fate to change her Mind;
He that courts Fortune boldly, makes her kind.

Trax. If e'er *Traxalla* so successful proves,
May he then say he Hopes as well as Loves;
And that aspiring Passion boldly own,
Which gave my Prince his Fate, and you his Throne.
I did not feel Remorse to see his Blood
Flow from the Spring of Life into a Flood;
Nor did it look like Treason, since to me
You were a Sovereign much more great than he.

Zemp.

Zemp. He was my Brother, yet I scorn'd to pay
Nature's mean Debts, but threw those Bonds away;
When his own Issue did my Hopes remove,
Not only from his Empire, but his Love.

You that in all my Wrongs then bore a Part,
Now need not doubt a Place within my Heart:
I cou'd not offer you my Crown and Bed,
Till Fame and Envy with long time were dead;
But Fortune now does happily present
Occasions fit to second my Intent.

Your Valour may regain the publick Love.
And make the Peoples Choice their Queen's approve. [*Shout.*
Hark, hark, what noise is this that strikes my Ear!

Trax. 'Tis not a Sound that should beget a fear;
Such Shouts as these have I heard often fly
From Conquering Armies crown'd with Victory.

Zemp. Great God of Vengeance, here I firmly Vow,
Make but my *Mexicans* successful now,
And with a thousand Feasts thy flames I'll feed;
And that I take shall on thy Altars bleed;
Princes themselves shall fall, and make thy Shrine,
Dy'd with their Blood, in glorious Blushes shine.

Enter Messenger.

Trax. How now! ———

What News is this that makes thy haste a Flight?

Mess. Such as brings Victory without a Fight;
The Prince *Acacis* Lives ———

Zemp. Oh, I am blest ———

Mess. Reserve some Joy till I have told the rest.
He's safe, and only wants his Liberty;
But that great Man that carries Victory
Where-e'er he goes; that mighty Man by whom
In three set Battels we were overcome;
I'll us'd (it seems) by his ungrateful King,
Does to our Camp his Fate and Valour bring.
The Troops gaze on him, as if some bright Star
Shot to their Aids, call him the God of War:
Whilst he, as if all Conquest did of right
Belong to him, bids them prepare to fight;

Which

Which if they shou'd delay one Hour, he swears
 He'll leave them to their Dangers, or their Fears,
 And Shame, (which is th'ignoble Coward's Choice.)
 At this the Army seem'd to have one Voice,
 United in a Shout, and call'd upon
 The God-like Stranger, *Lead us, lead us on.*
 Make haste, great Sir, lest you should come too late,
 To share with them in Victory or Fate.

Zemp. My Gen'ral go; the Gods be on our side;
 Let Valour act, but let Discretion guide. [*Exit Trax.*
 Great God of Vengeance——

I see thou dost begin to hear me now;
 Make me thy Off'ring if I break my Vow. [*Exeunt.*



A C T II. S C E N E I.

Enter Ynca and Orazia, as pursued in a Battle.

Ora. O Fly, Sir, fly; like Torrents your swift Foes
 Come rowling on——

Ynca. The Gods can but destroy.

The noblest way to fly, is that Death shows;
 I'll court her now, since Victory's grown coy.

Oraz. Death's wing'd to your Pursuit, and yet you
 To meet her—— [*wait*

Ynca. Poor *Orazia*, Time and Fate
 Must once o'ertake me, though I now shou'd fly.

Oraz. Do not meet Death; but when it comes, then die.

Enter three Soldiers.

3 *Sold.* Stand, Sir, and yield your self, and that fair Prey.

Ynca. You speak to one unpractis'd to obey.

Enter Montezuma.

Mont. Hold, Villains, hold, or your rude Lives shall be
 Lost in the midst of your own Victory:

These I have hunted for; nay do not stare,
 Be gone, and in the common Plunder share. [*Ex. Sold.*
 How

How different is my Fate, from theirs, whose Fame
 From Conquest grows! from Conquest grows my Shame.
Inca. Why do'st thou pause? thou can'st not give me back,
 With fruitless Grief, what I enjoyed before,
 No more than Seas repenting of a Wrack,
 Can with a Calm our buried Wealth restore.

Mont. 'Twere vain to own Repentance, since I know
 Thy Scorn, which did my Passions once despise,
 Once more would make my swelling Anger flow;
 Which now Ebbs lower than your Miseries:
 The Gods that in my Fortunes were unkind,
 Gave me not Scepters, nor such gilded things;
 But whilst I wanted Crowns, enlarg'd my Mind
 To despise Scepters, and dispose of Kings.

Inca. Thou art but grown a Rebel by Success,
 And I that scorn'd *Orazia* shou'd be ty'd
 To thee my Slave, must now esteem thee less:
 Rebellion is a greater Guilt than Pride.

Mont. Princes see others Faults, but not their own;
 'Twas you that broke that Bond, and set me free:
 Yet I attempted not to climb your Throne,
 And raise my self; but level you to me.

Oraz. O *Montezuma*, cou'd thy Love engage
 Thy Soul so little, or make Banks so low
 About thy Heart, that thy Revenge and Rage,
 Like sudden Floods, so soon shou'd over-flow!
 Ye Gods, how much was I mistaken here!
 I thought you gentle as the gaulless Dove;
 But you as humorfome as Winds appear,
 And subject to more Passions than your Love.

Mont. How have I been betray'd by guilty Rage,
 Which like a Flame rose to so vast a height
 That nothing cou'd resist, nor yet assuage,
 Till it wrapt all things in one cruel Fate.
 But I'll redeem my self, and act such things,
 That you shall blush *Orazia* was deny'd;
 And yet make Conquest, though with wearied Wings,
 Take a new Flight to your now fainting side.

Inca.

Ynca. Vain Man, what foolish Thoughts fill thy swell'd
It is too late our Ruin to recal; [Mind?
Those that have once great Buildings undermin'd,
Will prove too weak to prop them in their Fall.

Enter Traxalla with the former Soldiers.

1 Sold. See, mighty Sir, where the bold Stranger stands,
Who snatch'd these glorious Prisoners from our Hands.

Trax. 'Tis the great *Ynca*, seize him as my Prey,
To crown the Triumphs of this glorious Day.

Mont. Stay your bold Hands from reaching at what's
If any Title springs from Victory; [mine,
You safer may attempt to rob a Shrine,
And hope forgiveness from the Deity.

Enter Acacis.

Trax. O my dear Prince, my Joys to see you live
Are more than all that Victory can give.

Acac. How are my best Endeavours cross'd by Fate!
Else you had ne'er been lost, or found so late.
Hurried by the wild Fury of the Fight,
Far from your Presence, and *Orazia's* Sight,
I could not all that Care and Duty show,
Which as your Captive (mighty Prince) I owe.

Ynca. You often have preserv'd our Lives this Day,
And one small Debt with many Bounties pay.
But human Actions hang on springs that be
Too small, or too remote for us to see.
My Glories freely I to yours Resign,
And am your Prisoner now, that once were mine.

Mont. These Prisoners, Sir, are mine by Right of War;
And I'll maintain that Right, if any dare.

Trax. Yes, I wou'd snatch them from thy weak defence;
But that due Reverence which I owe my Prince,
Permits me not to quarrel in his Sight,
To him I shall refer his General's Right.

Mont. I knew too well what justice I shou'd find
From an arm'd Plaintiff, and a Judge so kind.

Acac. Unkindly urg'd, that I shou'd use thee so;
Thy Virtue is my Rival, not my Foe;

The Prisoners Fortune gave thee shall be thine.

Trax. Would you so great a Prize to him resign?

Aca. Shou'd he who boldly for his Prey design'd
To dive the deepest under swelling Tides,
Have the less Title if he chance to find
The richest Jewel that the Ocean hides?
They are his Due——

But in his Virtue I repose that Trust,

That he will be as kind as I am just:

Dispute not my Commands, but go with haste;

Rally our Men, they may pursue too fast,

And the Disorders of the inviting Prey

May turn again the Fortune of the Day. [Ex. *Trax.*

Mont. How gentle all this Prince's Actions be!

Virtue is calm in him, but rough in me.

Aca. Can *Montezuma* place me in his Breast?

Mont. My Heart's not large enough for such a Guest.

Aca. See, *Montezuma*, see, *Orazia* weeps. [Oraz. weeps.

Mont. *Acacis*, is he deaf, or waking, sleeps?

He does not hear me, sees me not, nor moves;

How firm his Eyes are on *Orazia* fixt!

Gods that take care of Men, let not our Loves

Become divided by their being mixt.

Aca. Weep not, fair Princess, nor believe you are

A Prisoner subject to the Chance of War;

Why shou'd you waste the Stock of those fair Eyes

That from Mankind can take their Liberties?

And you, great Sir, think not a generous Mind

To virtuous Princes, dares appear unkind,

Because those Princes are Unfortunate,

Since over all Men hangs a doubtful Fate:

One gains by what another is bereft;

The frugal Deities have only left

A common Bank of Happiness below,

Maintain'd like Nature, by an ebb and flow. [Ex. omnes.

Zempoalla appears seated upon a Throne, frowning upon her

Attendants; then comes down and speaks.

Zemp. No more, you that above your Princes dare pro-

With your rebellious Breath a Stranger's Name. [claim

1 *Perru.*

i Peru. Dread Empress——

Zemp. Slaves, perhaps you grieve to see
Your young Prince glorious, 'cause he sprang from me;
Had he been one of base *Amexia's* brood,
Your Tongues, though silent now, had then been loud.

Enter Traxalla.

Traxalla, welcome, welcomer to me,
Than what thou bring'st, a Crown and Victory.

Trax. All I have done is nothing, fluttering Fame
Now tells no News, but of the Stranger's Name,
And his great Deeds; 'tis he they cry by whom
Not Men, but War it self is overcome;
Who bold with his Success, dares think to have
A Prince to wear his Chains, and be his Slave.

Zemp. What Prince——

Trax. The great *Peruvian Ynca*, that of late
In three set Battels was so Fortunate,
Till this strange Man had Power to turn the Tide,
And carry Conquest unto any side.

Zemp. Wou'd you permit a private Man to have
The great *Peruvian Ynca* for his Slave!
Shame to all Princes! was it not just now
I made a sacred, and a solemn Vow
To offer up (if blest with Victory)
The Prisoners that were took? and they shall die.

Trax. I soon had snatch'd from this proud Stranger's
That too great Object for his bold Demand; [Hand
Had not the Prince your Son, to whom I owe
A kind Obedience, judg'd it shou'd be so.

Zemp. I'll hear no more; go quickly take my Guards,
And from that Man force those usurpt Rewards;
That Prince upon whose Ruins I must rise,
Shall be the Gods, but more my Sacrifice:
They with my Slaves in Triumph shall be ty'd,
While my Devotion justifies my Pride.
Those Deities in whom I place my Trust,
Shall see when they are kind, that I am just. [*Ex. Zemp.*

Trax. How gladly I obey——

There's

There's something shoots thro' my enliven'd Frame,
 Like a new Soul, but yet without a Name:
 Nor can I tell what the bold Guest will prove,
 It must be Envy, or it must be Love;
 Let it be either, 'tis the greatest Bliss
 For Man to grant himself, all he dares wish;
 For he that to himself, himself denies,
 Proves meanly wretched, to be counted wise. [Ex. Trax.
Enter Montezuma, and Acacis.

Aca. You wrong me, my best Friend, not to believe
 Your Kindness gives me Joy; and when I grieve,
 Unwillingly my Sorrows I obey:
 Showers sometimes fall upon a shining Day.

Mont. Let me then share your Griefs, that in your Fate
 Wou'd have took part——

Aca. Why should you ask me that?
 Those must be mine, tho' I have such Excess;
 Divided Griefs increase, and not grow less.

Mont. It does not lessen Fate, nor satisfie
 The Grave, 'tis true, when Friends together die;
 And yet they are unwilling to divide.

Aca. To such a Friend nothing can be deny'd.
 You, when you hear my Story, will forgive
 My Grief, and rather wonder that I live
 Unhappy in my Title to a Throne,
 Since Blood made way for my Succession:
 Blood of an Uncle too, a Prince so free
 From being Cruel, it taught Cruelty:
 His Queen *Amexia* then was big with Child;
 Nor was he gentler, than his Queen was mild:
 Th' impatient People long'd for what should come
 From such a Father, bred in such a Womb——
 When false *Traxalla*, weary to obey,
 Took with his Life their Joys and Hopes away.

Amexia by th' assistance of the Night,
 When this dark Deed was acted, took her flight;
 Only with true *Garrucca* for her aid;
 Since when, for all the Searches that were made,

The Queen was never heard of more: Yet still
 This Traytor lives, and prospers by the Ill:
 Nor does my Mother seem to reign alone,
 But with this Monster shares the Guilt and Throne:
 Horror choaks up my Words; now you'll believe
 'Tis just I should do nothing else but grieve.

Mont. Excellent Prince.——

How great a proof of Virtue have you shown,
 To be concern'd for Grievs, tho' not your own!

Aca. Pray say no more.——

Enter a Messenger hastily.

Mont. How now, whither so fast?

Mess. O Sir, I come too slow with all my haste!

The fair *Orazia*——

Mont. Ha, what dost thou say?

Mess. *Orazia* with the *Ynca's* forc'd away
 Out of your Tent; *Traxalla* in the head
 Of the rude Soldiers, forc'd the Door, and led
 Those glorious Captives, who on Thrones once shin'd,
 To grace the Triumph that is now design'd. [*Exit Mess.*]

Mont. *Orazia* forc'd away! what Tempests roul'
 About my Thoughts, and tofs my troubled Soul?
 Can there be Gods to see, and suffer this?
 Or does Mankind make his own Fate or Bliss;
 While every good and bad happens by Chance,
 Not from their Orders, but their Ignorance——
 But I will pull a Ruin on them all;
 And turn their Triumph to a Funeral.

Aca. Be temperate, Friend.

Mont. You may as well advise
 That I should have less Love, as grow more wise.

Aca. Yet stay—I did not think to have reveal'd
 A Secret which my Heart has still conceal'd;
 But in this Cause since I must share with you,
 'Tis fit you know——I love *Orazia* too:
 Delay not then, nor waste the Time in words,
Orazia's Cause calls only for our Swords.

Mont. That ties my Hand, and turns from thee that Rage
 Another way, thy Blood should else assuage:

The Storm on our proud Foes shall higher rise,
 And changing, gather Blackness as it flies:
 So when Winds turn, the wandering Waves obey,
 And all the Tempest rouls another way.

Aca. Draw then a Rival's Sword, as I draw mine,
 And like Friends suddenly to part, let's join
 In this one Act, to seek one Destiny;
 Rivals with Honour may together die.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT III. SCENE I.

Zempoalla appears seated upon her Slaves in Triumph, and the Indians as to celebrate the Victory, advance in a warlike Dance; in the midst of which Triumph, Acacis and Montezuma fall in upon them.

Zempoalla descends from her Triumphant Throne, and Acacis and Montezuma are brought in before her.

Zemp. **S**Hame of my Blood, and Traytor to thy own;
 Born to dishonour, not command a Throne;
 Hast thou with envious Eyes my Triumph seen?
 Or could'st not see thy Mother in the Queen?
 Could'st thou a Stranger above me prefer?

Aca. It was my Honour made my Duty err;
 I could not see his Prisoners forc'd away,
 To whom I ow'd my Life, and you the Day.

Zemp. Is that young Man the Warrior so renown'd?

Mont. Yes, he that made thy Men thrice quit their Ground.
 Do, smile at *Montezuma's* Chains; but know,
 His Valour gave thee Power to use him so.

Trax. Grant that it did, what can his Merits be,
 That fought his Vengeance, not our Victory?
 What has thy brutish Fury gain'd us more,
 Than only heal'd the Wounds it gave before?

Die then, for whilst thou liv'st, Wars cannot cease;
 Thou may'st bring Victory, but never Peace.
 Like a black Storm thou rowl'st about us all,
 Even to thy self unquiet till thy fall. [*Draws to kill him.*]

Aca. Unthankful Villain, hold.

Trax. You must not give
 Him Succour, Sir.

Aca. Why then I must not live.
 Posterity shall ne'er report they had
 Such thankless Fathers, or a Prince so bad.

Zemp. You're both too bold to will or to deny,
 On me alone depends his Destiny.

Tell me, audacious Stranger, whence could rise
 The Confidence of this rash Enterprize?

Mont. First tell me how you dar'd to force from me
 The fairest Spoils of my own Victory?

Zemp. Kill him—hold, must he die?—why let him die;
 Whence shou'd proceed this strange Diversity
 In my Resolves?—

Does he command in Chains? What would he do,
 Proud Slave, if he were free, and I were so?
 But is he bound, ye Gods, or am I free?

'Tis Love, 'tis Love, that thus disorders me.
 How Pride and Love tear my divided Soul!
 For each too narrow, yet both claim it whole:
 Love as the younger must be forc'd away;
 Hence with the Captives (General) and convey
 To several Prisons that——young Man, and this——

———*Peruvian Woman*———

Trax. How concern'd she is!
 I must know more.

Mont. Fair Princess, why should I
 Involve that Sweetness in my Destiny?
 I could out-brave my Death, were I alone
 To suffer, but my Fate must pull yours on.
 My Breast is armed against all sense of Fear,
 But where your Image lies, 'tis tender there.

Xuca. Forbear thy saucy Love, she cannot be
 So low, but still she is too high for thee.

Zemp.

Zemp. Be gone, and do as I Command, away.

Mont. I ne'er was truly wretched 'till this Day.

Oraz. Think half your Sorrows on *Orazia* fall,
And be not so unkind to suffer all:

Patience in Cowards is tame hopeless Fear,
But in brave Minds a Scorn of what they bear.

[*Ex. Ynca, Montezuma, Orazia, Traxalla.*

Zemp. What Grief is this which in your Face appears?

Aca. The Badge of Sorrow, which my Soul still wears.

Zemp. Tho' thy late Actions did my Anger move,
It cannot rob thee of a Mother's Love.

Why should'st thou grieve?—

Grief seldom join'd with blooming Youth is seen,
Can Sorrow be where Knowledge scarce has been?

Fortune does well for heedless Youth provide,

But Wisdom does unlucky Age misguide;

Cares are the Train of present Power and State,

But Hope lives best that on himself does wait:

O happiest Fortune if well understood,

The certain Prospect of a future Good!

Aca. What Joy can Empire bring me, when I know
That all my Greatness to your Crimes I owe?

Zemp. Yours be the Joy, be mine the Punishment.

Aca. In vain alas that Wish to Heav'n is sent
For me, if fair *Orazia* must not live.

Zemp. Why shou'd you ask me what I cannot give?
She must be sacrific'd: Can I bestow

What to the Gods by former Vows I owe?

Aca. O plead not Vows; I wish you had not shown
You slighted all things sacred for a Throne.

Zemp. I love thee so, that tho' Fear follow still,
And Horror urges, all that have been ill
I could for thee—

Act o'er my Crimes again—and not repent,
Even when I bore the Shame and Punishment.

Aca. Could you so many ill Acts undertake,
And not perform one good one for my sake?

Zemp. Prudence permits not Pity shou'd be shown
To those that rais'd the War to shake my Throne.

Aca. As you are wise, permit me to be just;
What Prudence will not venture, Honour must;
We owe our Conquest to the Stranger's Sword,
'Tis just his Prisoners be to him restor'd.

I love *Orazia*, but a nobler way——
Than for my Love my Honour to betray.

Zemp. Honour is but an itch in youthful Blood;
Of doing Acts extravagantly good;
We call that Virtue, which is only Heat
That reigns in Youth, till Age finds out the Cheat.

Aca. Great Actions first did her Affections move,
And I by greater would regain her Love.

Zemp. Urge not a Suit which I must still deny,
Orazia and her Father both shall die:
Be gone, I'll hear no more——

Aca. You stop your Ears——
But tho' a Mother will not, Heav'n will hear;
Like you I vow, when to the Pow'rs Divine
You pay her guiltless Blood, I'll offer mine. [*Ex. Acacis.*]

Zemp. She dies, this happy Rival, that enjoys
The Stranger's Love, and all my Hopes destroys;
Had she triumph'd, what could she more have done,
Than robb'd the Mother, and enslav'd the Son?
Nor will I at the name of Cruel stay,
Let dull successive Monarchs mildly sway:
Their conquering Fathers did the Laws forsake,
And broke the old, e'er they the new could make.
I must pursue my Love——yet Love enjoy'd,
Will with Esteem that caus'd it first grow less;
But Thirst and Hunger fear not to be cloy'd,
And when they be, are cur'd by their Excess.

Enter Traxalla.

Trax. Now I shall see, what Thoughts her Heart conceals;
For that which Wisdom covers, Love reveals.
Madam, the Prisoners are dispos'd.

Zemp. They are——
And how fares our Young blustering Man of War?
Does he support his Chains with Patience yet?

Trax. He, and the Princess, Madam——

Zemp.

Zemp. Are they met?——

Trax. No; but from whence is all this Passion grown?

Zemp. 'Twas a Mistake.

Trax. I find this rash Unknown
Is dangerous; and if not timely slain,
May plunge your Empire in new Wars again.

Zemp. Thank ye, I shall consider.

Trax. Is that all?——

The Army doat on him, already call
You cruel; and for ought I know, they may
By force unchain, and Crown him in a Day.

Zemp. You say, I have already had their Curse
For his bad Usage; should I use him worse?

Trax. Yet once you fear'd his Reputation might
Obscure the Prince's in the People's fight.

Zemp. Time will inform us best, what Course to steer,
But let us not our sacred Vows defer:

The *Inca* and his Daughter both shall die.

Trax. He suffers justly for the War; but why
Should she share his sad Fate? A poor Pretence,
That Birth should make a Crime of Innocence.

Zemp. Yet we destroy the poisonous Vipers young,
Not for themselves, but those from whom they sprung.

Trax. O no, they die not for their Parents sake,
But for the poisonous Seed which they partake;
Once more behold her, and then let her die,
If in that Face or Person you can see
But any place to fix a Cruelty.

The Heav'ns have Clouds, and Spots are in the Moon;
But faultless Beauty shines in her alone.

Zemp. Beauty has wrought Compassion in your Mind.

Trax. And you to Valour are become as kind.
To former Services there's something due.
Yet be advised——

Zemp. Yes, by my self, not you——

Trax. Princes are sacred.

Zemp. True, whilst they are free;
But Power once lost, farewell their Sanctity:

'Tis Power to which the Gods their Worship owe,
 Which uncontroul'd, makes all things just below:
 Thou dost the Plea of faucy Rebels use,
 They will be judge of what their Prince must chuse:
 Hard Fate of Monarchs, not allow'd to know
 When safe, but as their Subjects tell them so.
 Then Princes but like publick Pageants move,
 And seem to sway because they sit above. [Ex. Zemp.

Trax. She loves him; in one Moment this new Guest
 Has drove me out from this false Woman's Breast;
 They that would fetter Love with Constancy,
 Make Bonds to chain themselves, but leave him free.
 With what impatience I her Falshood bear!
 Yet do my self that which I blame in her;
 But Interest in my own Cause makes me see
 That A&t unjust in her, but just in me. [Ex. *Trax.*

Ismeron asleep in the Scene.

Enter Zempoalla.

Zemp. Ho, *Ismeron, Ismeron.*

He stirs not; ha, in such a dismal Cell
 Can gentle Sleep with his soft Blessings dwell?
 Must I feel Tortures in a human Breast,
 While Beasts and Monsters can enjoy their Rest?
 What quiet they possess in Sleep's calm Blis!
 The Lions cease to roar, the Snakes to hiss,
 While I am kept awake——

Only to entertain my Miseries.

Or if a Slumber steal upon my Eyes,

Some horrid Dream my lab'ring Soul benums,

And brings Fate to me sooner than it comes.

Fears most oppress when Sleep has seiz'd upon

The outward Parts, and left the Soul alone.

What envy'd, Blessings these curs'd things enjoy!

Next to possess, 'tis pleasure to destroy.

Ismeron; ho *Ismeron, Ismeron.*

[*Stamps.*

Ism. Who's that, that with so loud and fierce a Call

Disturbs my Rest?

Zemp.

Zemp. She that has none at all,
Nor ever must, unless thy powerful Art
Can charm the Passions of a troubled Heart.

Ism. How can you have a discontented Mind,
To whom the Gods have lately been so kind?

Zemp. Their envious Kindness how can I enjoy,
When they give Blessings, and the Use destroy?

Ism. Dread Empress, tell the Cause of all your Grief;
If Art can help, be sure of quick Relief.

Zemp. I dream'd before the Altar that I led
A mighty Lyon in a twisted Thread;
I shook to hold him in so slight a Tie,
Yet had not Power to seek a Remedy:
When in the midst of all my Fears, a Dove
With hovering Wings, descended from above,
Flew to the Lyon, and Embraces spread,
With Wings, like clasping Arms, about his Head,
Making that murm'ring Noise that cooling Doves
Use in the soft Expression of their Loves.

While I, fix'd by my Wonder, gaz'd to see
So mild a Creature with so fierce agree:
At last the gentle Dove turn'd from his Head,
And pecking try'd to break the slender Thread,
Which instantly she sever'd, and releas'd
From that small Bond the fierce and mighty Beast,
Who presently turn'd all his Rage on me,
And with his Freedom brought my Destiny.

Ism. Dread Empress, this strange Vision you relate
Is big with Wonder, and too full of Fate
Without the Gods Assistance to expound.
In those low Regions where sad Night hangs round
The drowsie Vaults, and where moist Vapors steep
The God's dull Brows that sways the Realm of Sleep;
There all th'informing Elements repair,
Swift Messengers of Water, Fire, and Air,
To give account of Actions whence they came,
And how they govern every mortal Frame;
How from their various Mixture, or their Strife,
Are known the Calms and Tempests of our Life:

Thence Souls, when Sleep their Bodies overcome,
 Have some imperfect Knowledge of their Doom.
 From those dark Caves those Powers shall strait appear;
 Be not afraid whatever Shapes they wear.

Zemp. There's nothing thou canst raise can make me start;
 A living Form can only shake my Heart.

Ism. You twice ten hundred Deities,
 To whom we daily sacrifice;
 You Powers that dwell with Fate below;
 And see what Men are doom'd to do;
 Where Elements in Discord dwell;
 Thou God of Sleep, arise and tell
 Great Zempoalla what strange Fate
 Must on her dismal Vision wait.

Zemp. How slow these Spirits are! Call, make them rise;
 Or they shall fast from Flame and Sacrifice.

Ism. Great Empress——

Let not your Rage offend what we adore,
 And vainly threaten, when we must implore.
 Sit and silently attend——
 While my powerful Charms I end.

*By the croaking of the Toad,
 In their Caves that make abroad,
 Earthy Dun that pants for Breath,
 With her swell'd sides full of Death;
 By the Crested Adders Pride
 That along the Clifts do glide;
 By thy Visage fierce and black;
 By the Deaths-head on thy Back;
 By the twisted Serpents plac'd
 For a Girdle round thy Waste;
 By the Hearts of Gold that deck
 Thy Breast, thy Shoulders, and thy Neck:
 From thy sleepy Mansion rise,
 And open thy unwilling Eyes,*

While

*While bubbling Springs their Musick keep,
That use to lull thee in thy sleep.*

God of Dreams rises.

God. Seek not to know what must not be reveal'd;
Joys only flow where Fate is most conceal'd:
Too busie Man wou'd find his Sorrows more,
If future Fortunes he shou'd know before;
For by that Knowledge of his Destiny
He wou'd not live at all, but always die.
Enquire not then who shall from Bonds be freed,
Who 'tis shall wear a Crown, and who shall bleed:
All must submit to their appointed doom;
Fate and Misfortune will too quickly come:
Let me no more with powerful Charms be prest,
I am forbid by Fate to tell the rest. [*The God descends.*]

Zemp. Stay Coz'ner, thou that hat'st clear Truth like light,
And usest words dark as thy own dull Night.
You Tyrant Gods, do you refuse to free
The Soul you gave from its perplexity?
Why shou'd we in your Mercies still believe,
When you can never pity though we grieve?
For you have bound your selves by harsh decrees;
And those, not you, are now the Deities. [*Sits down sad.*]

Ism. She droops under the weight of Rage and Care;
You Spirits that inhabit in the Air,
With all your powerful Charms of Musick try
To bring her Soul back to its Harmony.

S O N G is suppos'd sung by Aerial Spirits:

POOR Mortals that are clog'd with Earth below
Sink under Love and Care,
While we that dwell in Air
Such heavy Passions never know.
Why then should Mortals be
Unwilling to be free
From Blood, that fullen Cloud,
Which shining Souls does shroud?

Then

Then they'll shew bright,
 And like us light,
 When leaving Bodies with their Care,
 They slide to us and Air.

Zemp. Death on these Trifles! Cannot your Art find
 Some means to ease the Passions of the Mind?
 Or if you cannot give a Lover rest,
 Can you force Love into a scornful Breast?

Ism. 'Tis Reason only can make Passions less;
 Art gives not new, but may the old encrease;
 Nor can it alter Love in any Breast
 That is with other Flames before possess'd.

Zemp. If this be all your slighted Art can do,
 I'll be a Fate both to your Gods and you;
 I'll kindle other Flames, since I must burn,
 And all their Temples into Ashes turn.

Ism. Great Queen——

Zemp. If you wou'd have this Sentence staid,
 Summon their Godheads quickly to your Aid,
 And presently compose a Charm that may
 Loves Flames into the Stranger's Breast convey,
 The Captive Stranger, he whose Sword and Eyes
 Where-e'er they strike, meet ready Victories:
 Make him but burn for me in flames like mine,
 Victims shall bleed, and feasted Altars shine:
 If not——

Down go your Temples, and your Gods shall see
 They have small use of their Divinity. [Exeunt.





ACT IV. SCENE I.

The SCENE opens and discovers Montezuma sleeping in Prison.

Enter Traxalla leading in Orazia.

Trax. NOW take your Choice, and bid him live or die;
To both shew Pity, or shew Cruelty:
'Tis you that must condemn, I'll only act;
Your Sentence is more cruel than my Fact.

Oraz. You are most cruel, to disturb a Mind
Which to approaching Fate was so resign'd.

Trax. Reward my Passions, and you'll quickly prove
There's none dare Sacrifice what I dare Love
Next to thee, Stranger; wake, and now resign
The bold Pretences of thy Love to mine,
Or in this fatal Minute thou shalt find——

Mont. Death, Fool; in that thou may'st be just and kind:
'Twas I that lov'd *Orazia*, yet did raise
The Storm in which she sinks: Why dost thou gaze,
Or stay thy Hand from giving that just Stroke,
Which rather than prevent, I wou'd provoke?
When I am dead, *Orazia* may forgive;
She never must, if I dare wish to live.

Oraz. Hold, hold——O *Montezuma*, can you be
So careless of your self, but more of me?
Though you have brought me to this Misery,
I blush to say I cannot see you die.

Mont. Can my approaching Fate such Pity move?
The Gods and you at once forgive and love.

Trax. Fond Fool, thus to mis-spend that little Breath
I lent thee to prevent, not hasten Death:
Let her thank you she was Unfortunate,
And you thank her for pulling on your Fate;

Prove

Prove to each other your own Destinies.

[Draws.]

Enter Zempoalla hastily, and sets a Dagger to Orazia's Breast.

Zemp. Hold, hold, *Traxalla*, or *Orazia* dies.

O, is't *Orazia's* Name that makes you stay?

'Tis her great Power, not mine, that you obey.

Inhumane Wretch, dar'st thou the Murderer be

Of him that is not yet condemn'd by me?

Trax. The Wretch that gave you all the Pow'r you have,

May venture sure to execute a Slave;

And quench a Flame your Fondness would have burn,

Which may this City into Ashes turn.

The Nation in your guilty Passion lost,

To me ungrateful, to your Country most:

But this shall be their Offering, I their Priest.

Zemp. The Wounds thou giv'st I'll copy on her Breast.

Strike, and I'll open here a Spring of Blood,

Shall add new Rivers to the crimson Flood.

How his pale Looks are fix'd on her! — 'tis so.

Oh, does Amazement on your Spirit grow?

What, is your publick Love *Orazia's* grown?

Could'st thou see mine, and yet not hide thy own?

Suppose I should strike first, would it not breed

Grief in your publick Heart to see her bleed?

Trax. She mocks my Passions, in her sparkling Eyes

Death and a close dissembled Fury lies:

I dare not trust her thus. — If she must die,

The way to her lov'd Life through mine shall lie.

[*He puts her by, and steps before Orazia, and she runs before Montezuma.*]

Zemp. And he that does this Stranger's Fate design,

Must to his Heart a Passage force through mine.

Trax. Can fair *Orazia* yet no Pity have?

'Tis just she should her own Preserver save.

Zemp. Can *Montezuma* so ungrateful prove

To her that gave him Life, and offers Love?

Oraz. Can *Montezuma* live, and live to be

Just to another, and unjust to me?

You

You need not be ungrateful; can she give:

A Life to you, if you refuse to live?

Forgive me Passion, I had rather see

You dead; than kind to any thing but me.

Mont. O my *Orazia*!

To what new Joys and Knowledge am I brought!

Are Death's hard Lessons by a Woman taught?

How to despise my Fate I always knew;

But ne'er durst think at once of Death and you:

Yet since you teach this generous Jealousie,

I dare not wish your Life, if I must die.

How much your Love my Courage does exceed!

Courage alone would shrink to see you bleed.

Zemp. Ungrateful Stranger, thou shalt please thy Eyes,
And gaze upon *Orazia* while she dies.

I'll keep my Vow:——It is some joy to see

That my Revenge will prove my Piety.

Trax. Then both shall die; we have too long withstood,
By private Passions urg'd, the publick good.

Zemp. Sure he dissembles, and perhaps may prove
My Ruin with his new ambitious Love:

Were but this Stranger kind, I'd cross his Art,

And give my Empire where I gave my Heart. [*Aside.*]

Yet thou ungrateful Man,

Let thy approaching Ruin make thee wise.

Mont. Thee and thy Love and Mischief I despise.

Zemp. What shall I do?—some way must yet be try'd!

What Reasons can she use whom Passions guide?

Trax. Some black Designs are hatching now; false Eyes
Are quick to see another's Treacheries.

Zemp. Rash Stranger, thus to pull down thy own Fate!

Mont. You, and that Life you offer me, I hate.

Enter Jaylor.

Zemp. Here *Jaylor*—take—what Title must he have?

Slave—Slave—Am I then Captive to a Slave!

Why art thou thus unwilling to be free?

Mont. Death will release me from these Chains and thee!

Zemp. Here, *Jaylor*, take this Monster from my Sight,
And keep him where it may be always Night;

Let

Let none come near him; if thou dost, expect
To pay thy Life the price of the Neglect.

Mont. I scorn thy Pity and thy Cruelty,
And should despise a Blessing sent from thee.

Zemp. Oh Horror to my Soul! take him away;
My Rage like dam'd up Streams swell'd by some stay
Shall from this Opposition get new force,
And leave the Bound of its old easie Course.

Come, my *Traxalla*, let us both forgive,
And in these Wretches Fates begin to live.
The Altars shall be crown'd with fun'ral Boughs,
Peace-offerings pay'd,——but with unquiet Vows.

[*Ex. Zemp. Trax.*

Oraz. How are things order'd, that the wicked should
Appear more kind and gentle than the good!
Her Passion seems to make her kinder prove,
And I seem cruel thro' excess of Love:
She loves, and would prevent his Death; but I
That love him better, fear he should not die.
My Jealousie, immortal as my Love,
Would rob my Grave below, and me above,
Of Rest.——Ye Gods, if I repine, forgive;
You neither let me die in Peace, nor live.

Enter Acacis, Faylor, and Indians.

Fayl. They are just gone, Sir.

Acacis. 'Tis well: Be faithful to my just Design,
And all thy Prince's Fortune shall be thine. [*Exit Acacis.*

Ind. This shall to the Empress. [*Exit Indian.*

Oraz. What can this mean!——

'Twas Prince *Acacis*, if I durst believe
My Sight; but Sorrow may like Joy deceive:
Each Object different from it self appears,
That comes not to the Eyes, but through their Tears.

Enter Acacis bringing in Montezuma.

Ha!——

Acacis. Here, Sir, wear this again;
Now follow me.

Mont. So, very good;——

I dare not think, for I may guess amiss;
 None can deceive me while I trust in this. [*Exe. omnes.*
Enter Orazia, conducted by two Indians with their Swords
drawn: Montezuma, Acacis, whispering another Indian.

Aca. Think what a weight upon thy Faith I lay.

Ind. I ne'er did more unwillingly obey.

Aca. First, *Montezuma*, take thy Liberty;
 Thou gav'st me Freedom, here I set thee free:
 We're equal now. Madam, the Danger's great
 Of close pursuit; to favour your Retreat
 Permit we two a little while remain
 Behind, while you go softly o'er the Plain.

Oraz. Why should I go before? what's your Intent?
 Where is my Father? whither am I sent?

Aca. Your Doubts shall soon be clear'd. Conduct her on.
 So, *Montezuma*, we are now alone: [*Exit Orazia.*
 That which my Honour ow'd thee I have paid;
 As Honour was, so Love must be obey'd.

I set *Orazia* as thy Captive free,
 But as my Mistress ask her back from thee.

Mont. Thou hast perform'd what Honour bid thee do;
 But Friendship bars what Honour prompts me to.
 Friends should not fight.

Aca. If Friendship we profess,
 Let us secure each others Happiness;
 One needs must die, and he shall happy prove
 In her Remembrance, t'other in her Love.
 My Guards wait near, and if I fail, they must
 Give up *Orazia*, or betray their Trust.

Mont. Suppose thou conquer'st, would'st thou wander o'er
 The South-Sea Sands, or the rough Northern Shore,
 That parts thy spacious Kingdom from *Peru*;
 And leaving Empire, hopeless Love pursue?

Aca. By which of all my Actions could you guess,
 Tho' more your Merit, that my Love was less?
 What prize can Empire with *Orazia* bear?
 Or where Love fills the Breast, what room for Fear?

Mont. Let fair *Orazia* then the Sentence give,
 Else he may die whom she desires to live.

Aca.

Aca. Your greater Merits bribe her to your side;
My weaker Title must by Arms be try'd.

Mont. Oh Tyrant Love, how cruel are thy Laws!
I forfeit Friendship, or betray thy Cause:
That Person whom I would defend from all
The World, that Person by my Hand must fall.

Aca. Our Lives we to each others Friendship owe;
But Love calls back what Friendship did bestow:
Love has its Cruelties, but Friendship none;
And we now fight in Quarrels not our-own. [Fight.]

Enter Orazia.

Oraz. What Noise is this?—
Hold, hold; what Cause could be so great, to move
This furious hatred?—

Mont. 'Twas our furious Love.—

Aca. Love which I hid till I had set you free,
And bought your Pardon with my Liberty:
That done, I thought I less unjustly might
With *Montezuma* for *Orazia* fight;
He has prevail'd, and I must now confess
His Fortune greater, not my Passion less;
Yet cannot yield you, till his Sword remove
A dying Rival, that holds fast his Love.

Oraz. Who ever falls, 'tis my Protector still,
And then the Crime's as great to die as kill.

Acacis, do not hopeless Love pursue,
But live, and this soft Malady subdue.

Aca. You bid me live, and yet command me die,
I am not worth your Care; fly, Madam, fly,
(While I fall here unpitied) o'er this Plain,
Free from pursuit, the faithless Mountains gain;
And these I Charge,
As they would have me think their Friendship true,
Leave me alone to serve and follow you:
Make haste, fair Princess, to avoid that Fate,
Which does for your unhappy Father wait.

Ora. Is he then left to die, and shall he see
Himself forsaken, e'er his Death, by me?

Mont. What would you do?—

Orazia

Oraz. To Prison I'll return,
And there in Fetters with my Father mourn.

Mont. That saves not his, but throws your Life away.

Oraz. Duty shall give what Nature once must pay.

Aca. Life is the Gift, which Heav'n and Parents give,
And Duty best preserves it, if you live.

Oraz. I should but further from my Fountain fly,
And like an unfed Stream run on and die:

Urge me no more, and do not grieve to see
Your Honour rival'd by my Piety.

[*Exit. She goes softly off, and often looks back.*]

Mont. If Honour wou'd not, Shame wou'd lead the
I'll back with her. [way.

Aca. Stay, *Montezuma*, stay——

Thy Rival cannot let thee go alone,

My Love will bear me, though my Blood is gone.

[*As they are going off,*

*Enter Zempoalla, Traxalla, the Indian that went to tell her,
and the rest, and seize them.*

Zemp. Seize them——

Aca. Oh, *Montezuma*, thou art lost.

Mont. No more, proud Heart, thy useless Courage boast:
Courage thou Curse of the unfortunate,
That canst encounter, not resist ill Fate.

Zemp. *Acacis* bleeds.——

What barbarous Hand has wounded thus my Son?

Mont. 'Twas I, by my unhappy Sword 'twas done,
Thou bleed'st, poor Prince, and I am left to grieve
My Rival's Fall.

Trax. He bleeds, but yet may live.

Aca. Friendship and Love my failing Strength renew,
I dare not die when I should live for you;

My Death were now my Crime, as it would be.

My Guilt to live when I have set you free:

Thus I must still remain unfortunate,

Your Life and Death are equally my Fate.

Orazia comes back.

Oraz. A Noise again! alas what do I see!
Love thou didst once give place to Piety:

Now

Now Piety, let Love triumph awhile;
 Here, bind my Hands: Come, *Montezuma*, smile
 At Fortune, since thou suffer'st for my sake,
Orazia will her Captive's Chains partake.

Mont. Now, Fate, thy worst.

Zemp. Lead to the Temple straight,
 A Priest, and Altar for these Lovers wait:
 They shall be join'd, they shall.

Trax. And I will prove——

Those joys in Vengeance which I want in Love.

Aca. I'll quench your Thirst with Blood, and will destroy
 My self, and with my self, your cruel Joy.

Now, *Montezuma*, since *Orazia* dies,

I'll fall before thee, the first Sacrifice;

My Title in her Death shall exceed thine,

As much as in her Life, thy Hopes did mine:

And when with our mixt Blood the Altar's dy'd,

Then our new Title let the Gods decide. [Exeunt.]



A C T V. S C E N E I.

The SCENE opens, and discovers the Temple of the Sun all of Gold, and four Priests in Habits of white and red Feathers, attending by a bloody Altar, as ready for Sacrifice.

Then Enter the Guards, and Zempoalla, and Traxalla; Ynca, Orazia, and Montezuma bound; as soon as they are plac'd, the Priest sings.

S O N G.

YOU to whom Victory we owe,
 Whose Glories rise
 By Sacrifice,
 And from our Fates below;

Never

Never did yet your Altars shine
 Feasted with Blood so near divine;
 Princes to whom we bow,
 As they to you,
 Thus you can Ravish from a Throne,
 And by their Loss of Power declare your Own.

Zemp. Now to inflict those Punishments that are
 Due to the Authors of invasive War;
 Who to deceive th' oppressed World, like you,
 Invent false Quarrels to conceal the true.

Inca. My Quarrel was the same that all the Gods
 Must have to thee, if there be any odds
 Betwixt those Titles that are bad or good,
 To Crowns descended, or usurpt by Blood:
 Swell not with this Success, 'twas not to thee,
 But to this Man the Gods gave Victory.

Mont. Since I must perish by my own Success,
 Think my Misfortunes more, my Crimes the less;
 And so forgiving make me pleas'd to die,
 Thus punish'd for this guilty Victory.

Inca. Death can make Virtue easie; I forgive:
 That word wou'd prove too hard were I to live;
 The Honour of a Prince wou'd then deny,
 But in the Grave all our Distinctions die.

Mont. Forgive me one thing yet; to say I love,
 Let it no more your Scorn and Anger move,
 Since dying in one flame, my Ashes must
 Embrace and mingle with *Orazia's* Dust.

Inca. Name thy bold Love no more, lest that last Breath
 Which shou'd forgive, I stifle with my Death.

Oraz. Oh my dear Father! Oh, why may not I,
 Since you gave Life to me, for you now die?

Mont. 'Tis I that wrought this Mischief, ought to fall
 A just and willing Sacrifice for all.
 Now, *Zempoalla*, be both just and kind,
 And in my Fate let me thy Mercy find:
 Be grateful then, and grant me that Esteem,
 That as I live, so dead I may redeem.

Oraz.

Oraz. O do not for her cruel Mercy move;
None shou'd ask Pity but from those they love. [*Weeps.*]

Inca. Fond Girl, to let thy disobedient Eyes
Show a Concern for him whom I despise.

Oraz. How Love and Nature may divide a Breast,
At once by both their Pow'rs severely prest!
Yet, Sir, since Love seems less, you may forgive,
I wou'd not have you die, nor have him live;
Yet if he dies, alas what shall I do?
I cannot die with him, and live with you.

Mont. How vainly we pursue this generous strife,
Parting in death more cruel than in Life!
Weep not, we both shall have one Destiny,
As in one Flame we liv'd, in one we'll die.

Trax. Why do we waste in vain these precious Hours?
Each Minute of his Life may hazard ours:
The Nation does not live whilst he enjoys
His Life, it is his Safety that destroys.
He shall fall first, and teach the rest to die.

Zemp. Hold——

Who is it that commands——ha, you or I?
Your Zeal grows faucy; sure you may allow
Your Empress freedom first to pay her Vow.

Trax. She may allow—— a justice to be done
By him that rais'd his Empress to her Throne.

Zemp. You are too bold——

Trax. And you too passionate.

Zemp. Take heed with his, you urge not your own Fate.
For all this pity is now due to me.

Mont. I hate thy offer'd Mercy more than thee.

Trax. Why will not then the fair *Orazia* give
Life to her self, and let *Traxalla* live?

Mont. *Orazia* will not live, and let me die;
She taught me first this cruel Jealousie.

Oraz. I joy that you have learn'd it——
That flame not like immortal Love appears
Where Death can cool its warmth, or kill its fears.

Zemp. What shall I do? am I so quite forlorn,
No help from my own Pride, nor from his Scorn!

My Rival's Death may more effectual prove,
 He that is robb'd of Hope, may cease to love:
 Here, lead these Offerings to their Deaths.

Trax. Let none——

Obeys, but he that will pull on his own.

Zemp. Tempt me not thus, false and ungrateful too.

Trax. Just as ungrateful, and as false as you.

Zemp. 'Tis thy false love that fears her Destiny.

Trax. And your false love that fears to have him die.

Zemp. Seize the bold Traytor.

Trax. What a slighted frown

Troubles your Brow? fear'd nor obey'd by none;

Come, prepare for Sacrifice.

Enter Acacis weakly.

Aca. Hold, hold, such Sacrifices cannot be,
 Devotion's but a solemn Cruelty:

How can the Gods delight in human Blood?

Think 'em not cruel; if you think 'em good.

In vain we ask that Mercy, which they want,

And hope that Pity, which they hate to grant.

Zemp. Retire, *Acacis*——

Preserve thy self, for 'tis in vain to waste

Thy Breath for them: The fatal Vow is past.

Aca. To break that Vow is juster than commit

A greater Crime, by your preserving it.

Zemp. The Gods themselves their own Will best express

To like the Vow, by giving the Success.

Aca. If all things by Success are understood,

Men that make War, grow wicked to be good:

But did you Vow, those that were overcome,

And he that conquer'd both, shou'd share one Doom?

There's no Excuse; for one of these must be

Not your Devotion, but your Cruelty.

Trax. To that rash Stranger, Sir, we nothing owe;

What he had rais'd, he strove to overthrow:

That Duty lost, which should our Actions guide,

Courage proves Guilt, when Merits swell to Pride.

Aca. Dar'st thou, who didst thy Prince's Life betray,

Once name that Duty, thou hast thrown away?

Like

Like thy Injustice to this Stranger shown,
 To tax him with a Guilt, that is thy own?——
 Can you, brave Soldiers, suffer him to die,
 That gave you Life, in giving Victory?
 Look but upon this Stranger, see those Hands,
 That brought you Freedom, fetter'd up in Bands.
 Not one looks up——

Lest sudden pity should their Hearts surprize,
 And steal into their Bosoms, thro' their Eyes.

Zemp. Why thus, in vain, are thy weak Spirits prest?
 Restore thy self to thy more needful Rest.

Aca. And leave *Orazia*——

Zemp. Go, you must resign——
 For she must be the Gods; not yours, nor mine.

Aca. You are my Mother, and my Tongue is ty'd
 So much by Duty, that I dare not chide.
 Divine *Orazia*——

Can you have so much Mercy to forgive?
 I do not ask it, with design to Live,
 But in my Death, to have my Torments cease:
 Death is not Death, when it can bring no Peace.

Oraz. I both Forgive, and Pity——

Aca. O say no more, lest Words less kind destroy,
 What these have rais'd in me of Peace and Joy;
 You said, you did both Pity, and Forgive;
 You would do neither, should *Acacis* live.
 By Death alone, the certain way appears,
 Thus to hope Mercy, and deserve your Tears.

[Stabs himself.

Zemp. O my *Acacis*!——
 What cruel Cause could urge this fatal Deed? [Weeps.
 He faints, help, help, some help, or he will bleed
 His Life and mine away:
 Some Water there—Not one stirs from his Place;
 I'll use my Tears, to sprinkle on his Face.

Aca. *Orazia*——

Zemp. Fond Child, why do'st thou call upon her Name?
 I am thy Mother.

Aca. No, you are my Shame.

That

That Blood is shed that you had Title in,
 And with your Title may it end your Sin:
 Unhappy Prince, you may forgive me now,
 Thus bleeding for my Mother's cruel Vow.

Inca. Be not concern'd for me—
 Death's easier than the Changes I have seen,
 I would not live to trust the World again.

Mont. Into my Eyes Sorrow begins to creep,
 When Hands are ty'd it is no shame to weep.

Aca. Dear *Montezuma*,
 I may be still your Friend, tho' I must die
 Your Rival in her Love; Eternity
 Has room enough for both, there's no desire,
 Where to enjoy is only to admire:
 There we'll meet Friends, when this short Storm is past.

Mont. Why must I tamely wait to perish last?

Aca. *Orazia* weeps, and my parch'd Soul appears
 Refresh'd by that kind Shower of pitying Tears;
 Forgive those Faults my Passion did commit,
 'Tis punish'd with the Life that nourish'd it:
 I had no Power in this extremity
 To save your Life, and less to see you die.
 My Eyes would ever on this Object stay,
 But sinking Nature takes the Props away.
 —Kind Death—

To end with Pleasures all my Miseries
 Shuts up your Image in my closing Eyes.

[Dies.]

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. To Arms, to Arms.

Trax. From whence this sudden Fear?

Mess. Stand to your Guard, my Lord, the Danger's near:
 From every quarter Crowds of People meet,
 And leaving Houses empty, fill the Street. [Exit Mess.]

Trax. Fond Queen, thy fruitless Tears a while defer.
 Rise, we must join again—Not speak, nor stir!
 I hear the Peoples Voice like Winds that roar,
 When they pursue the flying Waves to shore.

Enter second Messenger.

2 *Mess.* Prepare to fight, my Lord; the banish'd Queen,
With old *Garrucca*, in the Streets are seen.

Trax. We must go meet them e'er it be too late;
Yet, Madam, rise; have you no Sense of Fate?

Enter third Messenger.

3 *Mess.* King *Montezuma* their Lord Shouts proclaim,
The City rings with their new Sovereign's Name;
The banish'd Queen declares he is her Son,
And to his Succour all the People run. [*Zempoalla rises.*]

Zemp. Can this be true? O Love! O Fate! have I
Thus doated on my mortal Enemy?

Trax. To my new Prince I thus my Homage pay;
Your Reign is short, young King.

Zemp. *Traxalla*, stay——

'Tis to my Hand that he must owe his Fate,
I will revenge at once my Love and Hate.

[*She sets a Dagger to Montezuma's Breast.*]

Trax. Strike, strike, the conquering Enemy is near.
My Guards are press'd, while you detain me here.

Zemp. Die then, ungrateful, die; *Amexia's* Son
Shall never Triumph on *Acacis'* Throne:

Thy Death must my unhappy Flames remove:
Now where is thy Defence——against my Love?

[*She cuts the Cords, and gives him the Dagger.*]

Trax. Am I betray'd?

[*He draws and thrusts at Montezuma, he puts
it by and kills him.*]

Mont. So may all Rebels die:

This end has Treason join'd with Cruelty.

Zemp. Live thou whom I must love, and yet must hate;
She gave thee Life, who knows it brings her Fate.

Mont. Life is a Trifle which I wou'd not take,
But for *Orazia's* and her Father's sake:

Now, *Ynca*, hate me, if thou canst; for he

Whom thou hast scorn'd, will die or rescue thee.

As he goes to attack the Guards with Traxalla's Sword, Enter Amexia, Garrucca, Indians, driving some of the other Party before them.

Gar. He lives; ye Gods, he lives; great Queen, see here Your coming Joys, and your departing Fear.

Amex. Wonder and Joy so fast together flow,
Their haste to pass has made their Passage slow;
Like struggling Waters in a Vessel pent,
Whose crowding Drops choak up the narrow Vent.

My Son.——— [*She embraces him.*]

Mont. I am amaz'd, it cannot be
That Fate has such a Joy in store for me.

Amex. Can I not gain Belief, that this is true?

Mont. It is my Fortune I suspect, not you.

Gar. First ask him if he old *Garrucca* know.

Mont. My honour'd Father, let me fall thus low.

Gar. Forbear, great Prince, 'tis I must pay to you
That Adoration, as my Sovereign's due:
For from my humble Race you did not spring,
You are the Issue of our murder'd King,
Sent by that Traytor to his blest Abode,
Whom, to be made a King, he made a God:
The Story is too full of Fate to tell,
Or what strange Fortune our lost Queen besel.

Amex. That sad Relation longer time will crave;
I liv'd obscure, he bred you in a Cave,
But kept the mighty Secret from your Ear,
Lest heat of Blood to some strange Course shou'd steer
Your Youth———

Mont. I owe him all that now I am,
He taught me first the noble thirst of Fame,
Shew'd me the baseness of unmanly Fear,
Till th' unlick'd Whelp I pluck'd from the rough Bear,
And made the Ounce and Tyger give me way,
While from their hungry Jaws I snatch'd the Prey:
'Twas he that charg'd my young Arms first with Toils
And dress'd me glorious in my Salvage Spoils.———

Gar. You spent in shady Forest all the Day,
And joy'd returning to shew me the Prey.

To tell the Story, to describe the Place,
 With all the Pleasures of the boasted Chase;
 'Till fit for Arms, I reav'd you from your Sport,
 To train your Youth in the *Peruvian* Court:
 I left you there, and ever since have been
 The sad Attendant of my exil'd Queen.

Zemp. My fatal Dream comes to my Memory;
 That Lion whom I held in Bonds was he,
Amexia was the Dove that broke his Chains;
 What now but *Zempoalla's* Death remains?

Mont. Pardon, fair Princess, if I must delay
 My Love a while, my Gratitude to pay.
 Live *Zempoalla*—free from Dangers live,
 For present Merits I past Crimes forgive:
 Oh might she hope *Orazia's* Pardon too.——

Oraz. I would have none condemn'd for loving you;
 In me her Merit much her Fault o'erpowers,
 She sought my Life, but she preserv'd me yours.

Amex. Taught by my own, I pity her Estate,
 And wish her Penitence, but not her Fate.

Inca. I would not be the last to bid her live;
 Kings best revenge their Wrongs when they forgive.

Zemp. I cannot yet forget what I have been:
 Would you give Life to her that was a Queen?
 Must you then give, and must I take? there's yet
 One way, that's by refusing to be great:
 You bid me live——bid me be wretched too,
 Think; think, what Pride unthron'd must undergo:
 Look on this Youth, *Amexia*, look, and then
 Suppose him yours, and bid me live again;
 A greater Sweetness on these Lips there grows,
 Than Breath shut out from a new folded Rose:
 What lovely Charms on these cold Cheeks appear,
 Could any one hate Death, and see it here?
 But thou art gone——

Mont. O that you would believe,
Acacis lives in me, and cease to grieve.

Zemp. Yes, I will cease to grieve, and cease to be,
 His Soul stays watching in his Wound for me;

All that could render Life desir'd is gone,
Orazia has my Love, and you my Throne:
 And Death *Acacis*——yet I need not die,
 You leave me Mistress of my Destiny;
 In spite of Dreams, how am I pleas'd to see,
 Heav'n's Truth or Falshood should depend on me;
 But I will help the Gods;
 The greatest proof of Courage we can give,
 Is then to die when we have power to live.

[Kills her self.]

Mont. How fatally that Instrument of Death
 Was hid——

Amex. She has expir'd her latest Breath.

Mont. But there lies one to whom all Grief is due.

Oraz. None e'er was so unhappy and so true.

Mont. Your Pardon, Royal Sir.

Yuca. You have my Love.

[Gives him *Orazia*.]

Amex. The Gods, my Son, your happy Choice approve.

Mont. Come, my *Orazia*, then, and pay with me;

[Leads her to *Acacis*.]

Some Tears to poor *Acacis*' Memory;
 So strange a Fate for Men the Gods ordain,
 Our clearest Sun-shine should be mixt with Rain;
 How equally our Joys and Sorrows move!
 Death's fatal Triumphs join'd with those of Love.
 Love Crowns the dead, and Death Crowns him that lives,
 Each gains the Conquest which the other gives.

[Exeunt omnes.]





EPILOGUE,

Spoken by *Montezuma*.

YOU see what Shifts we are inforc'd to try,
To help out Wit with some Variety;
Shows may be found that never yet were seen,
Tis hard to find such Wit as ne'er has been:
You have seen all that this old World cou'd do,
We therefore try the Fortune of the new,
And hope it is below your Aim to hit
At untaught Nature with your practis'd Wit:
Our naked Indians then, when Wits appear,
Wou'd as soon chuse to have the Spaniards here.
'Tis true, y'have Marks enough, the Plot, the Show;
The Poet's Scenes, nay, more; the Painter's too;
If all this fail, considering the Cost,
'Tis a true Voyage to the Indies lost:
But if you smile on all, then these Designs,
Like the imperfect Treasure of our Minds,
I will pass for currant wheresoe'er they go,
When to your bounteous Hands their Stamps they owe.



T H E

Indian Emperor :

O R, T H E

C O N Q U E S T

O F

M E X I C O

B Y T H E

S P A N I A R D S.

Being the Sequel of the *Indian* Queen.

*Dum relego, scripsisse pudet, quia plurima cerno
Me quoque, qui feci, judice, digna lini.*

Ovid.

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1850

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1850



To the most Excellent and most Illustri-
ous PRINCESS

A N N E,

Dutchess of *Monmouth* and *Bucclugh*,
Wife to the most Illustrious and
High-born Prince *JAMES*
Duke of *Monmouth*.

May it please your Grace,



THE Favour which Heroick Plays
have lately found upon our Thea-
ters, has been wholly deriv'd to-
them from the Countenance and
Approbation they have receiv'd at
Court. The most Eminent Per-
sons for Wit and Honour in the Royal Circle
having so far owned them, that they have judg'd

The Epistle Dedicatory.

no way so fit as Verse to entertain a Noble Audience, or to express a noble Passion. And amongst the rest which have been written in this kind, they have been so indulgent to this Poem, as to allow it no inconsiderable Place. Since, therefore, to the Court I owe its Fortune on the Stage; so, being now more publickly expos'd in Print, I humbly recommend it to your Grace's Protection, who by all knowing Persons are esteem'd a principal Ornament of the Court. But though the Rank which you hold in the Royal Family, might direct the Eyes of a Poet to you, yet your Beauty and Goodness detain and fix them. High Objects, 'tis true, attract the Sight; but it looks up with pain on Craggy Rocks and Barren Mountains, and continues not intent on any Object, which is wanting in Shades and Greens to entertain it. Beauty, in Courts, is so necessary to the young, that those who are without it, seem to be there to no other purpose than to wait on the Triumphs of the Fair; to attend their Motions in obscurity, as the Moon and Stars do the Sun by Day: Or, at best, to be the Refuge of those Hearts which others have despis'd; and, by the unworthiness of both, to give and take a miserable Comfort. But as needful as Beauty is, Virtue and Honour are yet more: The reign of it without their Support is unsafe and short, like that of Tyrants. Every Sun which looks on Beauty, wastes it; and, when once it is decaying, the repairs of Art are of as short Continuance, as the after Spring, when the Sun is going farther off. This, *Madam*, is its ordinary Fate; but yours which is accompanied by Virtue, is not subject to that common Destiny.

Your

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Your Grace has not only a long time of Youth in which to flourish, but you have likewise found the way by an untainted Preservation of your Honour, to make that perishable Good more lasting. And if Beauty, like Wines, could be preserv'd by being mix'd and embodied with others of their own Natures, then your Grace's would be immortal, since no part of *Europe* can afford a Parallel to your Noble Lord, in masculine Beauty, and in goodliness of Shape. To receive the Blessings and Prayers of Mankind, you need only to be seen together: We are ready to conclude that you are a Pair of Angels sent below to make Virtue amiable in your Persons, or to sit to Poets when they would pleasantly instruct the Age, by drawing Goodness in the most perfect and alluring Shape of Nature. But though Beauty be the Theme, on which Poets love to dwell; I must be forc'd to quit it as a private Praise, since you have deserv'd those which are more Publick. For Goodness and Humanity, which shine in you, are Virtues which concern Mankind: And by a certain Kind of Interest all People agree in their Commendation, because the profit of them may extend to many. 'Tis so much your Inclination to do Good, that you stay not to be ask'd; which is an approach so nigh the Deity, that humane Nature is not capable of a nearer. 'Tis my Happiness that I can testify this Virtue of your Grace's by my own Experience; since I have so great an Aversion from solliciting Court-Favours, that I am ready to look on those as very bold, who dare grow rich there without Desert. But I beg your Grace's Pardon for assuming this Virtue of Modesty

The Epistle Dedicatory.

debt to my self, which the sequel of this Discourse will no way justify. For in this Address I have already quitted the Character of a modest Man, by presenting you this Poem as an Acknowledgment, which stands in need of your Protection; and which ought no more to be esteem'd a Present, than it is accounted Bounty in the Poor, when they bestow a Child on some wealthy Friend, who will better breed it up. Off-springs of this Nature are like to be so numerous with me, that I must be forc'd to send some of them abroad; only this is like to be more fortunate than his Brothers, because I have landed him on a Hospitable Shore. Under your Patronage *Montezuma* hopes he is more safe than in his Native *Indies*: And therefore comes to throw himself at your Grace's Feet; paying that Homage to your Beauty, which he refus'd to the Violence of his Conquerors. He begs only that when he shall relate his Sufferings, you will consider him as an *Indian Prince*, and not expect any other Eloquence from his Simplicity, than what his Grievs have furnish'd him withal. His Story is, perhaps, the greatest, which was ever represented in a Poem of this Nature; (the Action of it including the Discovery and Conquest of a New World.) In it I have neither wholly follow'd the Truth of the History, nor altogether left it: But have taken all the Liberty of a Poet, to add, alter, or diminish, as I thought might best conduce to the Beautifying of my Work: It being not the Business of a Poet to represent Historical Truth, but Probability. But I am not to make the Justification of this Poem, which I wholly leave to your Grace's Mercy. 'Tis an
irregu-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

irregular Piece, if compar'd with many of *Cornelle's*, and, if I may make a Judgment of it, written with more Flame than Art; in which it represents the Mind and Intentions of the Author, who is with much more Zeal and Integrity, than Design and Artifice,

MADAM,

October 12,
1667.

Your Grace's most Obedient

and most Obliged Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

THE LIFE OF

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A
D E F E N C E

OF AN

Essay of DRAMATICK POESIE,

Being an Answer to the Preface of *The Great Favourite, or the Duke of Lerma.*



THE former Edition of the *Indian Emperor* being full of Faults which had escaped the Printer, I have been willing to over-look this second with more Care: and though I could not allow my self so much Time as was necessary, yet by that little I have done, the Press is freed from some Errors which it had to answer for before. As for the more material Faults of writing, which are properly mine, though I see many of them, I want Leisure to amend them. 'Tis enough for those who make one Poem the Business of their Lives, to leave that correct: yet, excepting *Virgil*, I never met with any which was so in any Language.

But while I was thus employ'd about this Impression, there came to my Hands a new printed Play, called, *The Great Favourite, or the Duke of Lerma.* The Author of which, a noble and most ingenious Person, has done me the Favour to make some Observations and Animadversions upon my *Dramatick Essay*. I must confess he might have better consulted his Reputation, than by matching himself with so weak an Adversary. But if his Honour be diminished in the Choice of his Antagonist, it is suf-

Defence of an Essay

ufficiently recompens'd in the Election of his Cause: which being the weaker, in all Appearance, as combating the received Opinions of the best Ancient and Modern Authors, will add to his Glory, if he overcome; and to the Opinion of his Generosity, if he be vanquished, since he engages at so great odds; and, so like a Cavalier, undertakes the Protection of the weaker Party. I have only to fear on my own behalf, that so good a Cause as mine may not suffer by my ill Management, or weak Defence; yet I cannot in Honour but take the Glove when 'tis offer'd me: though I am only a Champion by Succession; and no more able to defend the right of *Aristotle* and *Horace*, than an Infant *Dimock* to maintain the Title of a King.

For my own Concernment in the Controversie, it is so small, that I can easily be contented to be driven from a few Notions of Dramatick Poësie; especially by one, who has the Reputation of understanding all Things: and I might justly make that Excuse for my yielding to him, which the Philosopher made to the Emperor; why shou'd I offer to contend with him who is Master of more than twenty Legions of Arts and Sciences? But I am forc'd to fight, and therefore it will be no Shame to be overcome.

Yet I am so much his Servant as not to meddle with any thing which does not concern me in his Preface: therefore I leave the good Sense and other Excellencies of the first twenty Lines, to be consider'd by the Criticks. As for the Play of the Duke of *Lerma*, having so much alter'd and beautify'd it, as he has done, it can justly belong to none but him. Indeed they must be extream ignorant as well as envious, who would rob him of that Honour; for you see him putting in his Claim to it, even in the first two Lines.

*Repulse upon Repulse, like Waves thrown back,
That slide to hang upon obdurate Rocks.*

After this let Detraction do its worst; for if this be not his, it deserves to be. For my Part I declare for distributive Justice, and from this and what follows he certainly

of Dramatick Poesie.

tainly deserves those Advantages, which he acknowledges to have received from the Opinion of sober Men.

In the next Place I must beg Leave to observe his great Address in courting the Reader to his Party. For intending to assault all Poets, both Ancient and Modern, he discovers not his whole Design at once, but seems only to aim at me, and attacks me on my weakest side, my Defence of Verse.

To begin with me, he gives me the Compellation of *The Author of a Dramatick Essay*; which is a little Discourse in Dialogue, for the most part borrowed from the Observations of others: therefore, that I may not be wanting to him in Civility, I return his Compliment by calling him *The Author of the Duke of Lerma*.

But (that I may pass over his Salute) he takes notice of my great Pains to prove Rhyme as natural in a serious Play, and more effectual than Blank Verse. Thus indeed I did state the Question; but he tells me, *I pursue that which I call Natural in a wrong Application: For 'tis not the Question whether Rhyme or not Rhyme be best or most natural for a serious Subject; but what is nearest the Nature of that it represents.*

If I have formerly mistaken the Question, I must confess my Ignorance so far, as to say I continue still in my Mistake: But he ought to have prov'd that I mistook it; for 'tis yet but *gratis dictum*; I still shall think I have gain'd my Point, if I can prove that Rhyme is best or most natural for a serious Subject: As for the Question as he states it, whether Rhyme be nearest the Nature of what it represents, I wonder he should think me so ridiculous as to dispute whether Prose or Verse be nearest to ordinary Conversation.

It still remains for him to prove his Inference; that, since Verse is granted to be more remote than Prose from ordinary Conversation, therefore no serious Plays ought to be writ in Verse: and when he clearly makes that good, I will acknowledge his Victory as absolute as he can desire it.

The Question now is, which of us two has mistaken it; and if it appear I have not, the World will suspect

Defence of an Essay

what Gentleman that was, who was allowed to speak twice in Parliament, because he had not yet spoken to the Question; and perhaps conclude it to be the same, who, as 'tis reported, maintain'd a Contradiction *in terminis*, in the Face of three hundred Persons.

But to return to Verse, whether it be natural or not in Plays, is a Problem which is not demonstrable of either side: 'Tis enough for me that he acknowledges he had rather read good Verse than Prose: for if all the Enemies of Verse will confess as much, I shall not need to prove that it is natural. I am satisfied if it cause Delight: for Delight is the chief, if not the only end of Poesie; Instruction can be admitted but in the second Place, for Poesie only instructs as it delights. 'Tis true that to imitate well is a Poet's Work; but to affect the Soul, and excite the Passions, and above all to move Admiration (which is the Delight of serious Plays) a bare Imitation, will not serve. The Converse therefore which a Poet is to imitate, must be heighten'd with all the Arts and Ornaments of Poesie; and must be such, as, strictly consider'd, cou'd never be supposed spoken by any without Premeditation.

As for what he urges, that a Play will still be supposed to be a Composition of several Persons speaking *ex tempore*; and that good Verses are the hardest things which can be imagin'd to be so spoken: I must crave leave to dissent from his Opinion, as to the former Part of it: For, if I am not deceiv'd, a Play is suppos'd to be the Work of the Poet, imitating, or representing the Conversation of several Persons: and this I think to be as clear, as he thinks the contrary.

But I will be bolder, and do not doubt to make it good, though a Paradox, that one great Reason why Prose is not to be us'd in serious Plays, is because it is too near the Nature of Converse: There may be too great a Likeness; as the most skilful Painters affirm, that there may be too near a Resemblance in a Picture: to take every Lineament and Feature is not to make an excellent Piece, but to take so much only as will make a beautiful Resemblance of the whole; and, with an ingenious Flattery
of

of Dramatick Poesie.

of Nature, to heighten the Beauties of some parts, and hide the Deformities of the rest. For so says *Horace*,

Ut pictura Poesis erit, &c. ———

Hec amat obscurum, vult hac sub luce videri,

Judicis argutum qua non formidat acumen.

————— *Et qua*

Desperat, tractata nitescere posse, relinquit.

In *Bartholomew-Fair*, or the lowest kind of Comedy, that degree of heightning is used, which is proper to set off that Subject: 'Tis true the Author was not there to go out of Prose, as he does in his higher Arguments of Comedy, *The Fox* and *Alchymist*; yet he does so raise his Matter in that Prose, as to render it delightful; which he could never have performed, had he only said or done those very things that are daily spoken or practised in the Fair: for then the Fair it self would be as full of Pleasure to an ingenious Person as the Play; which we manifestly see it is not. But he hath made an excellent Lazar of it; the Copy is of Price, though the Original be vile. You see in *Catiline* and *Sejanus*, where the Argument is great, he sometimes ascends to Verse, which shews he thought it not unnatural in serious Plays: and had his Genius been as proper for Rhyme, as it was for Humour; or had the Age in which he liv'd, attain'd to as much Knowledge in Verse, as ours, 'tis probable he would have adorn'd those Subjects with that kind of Writing.

Thus Prose, though the rightful Prince, yet is by common Consent depos'd, as too weak for the Government of serious Plays; and he failing, there now start up two Competitors; one the nearer in Blood, which is Blank Verse; the other more fit for the Ends of Government, which is Rhyme. Blank Verse is, indeed, the nearer Prose, but he is blemish'd with the Weakness of his Predecessor. Rhyme (for I will deal clearly) has somewhat of the Usurper in him; but he is brave, and generous, and his Dominion pleasing. For this Reason of Delight the Ancients (whom I will still believe as wise as those who so confidently correct them) wrote all their Tragedies.

Defence of an Essay

dies in Verse, though they knew it most remote from Conversation.

But I perceive I am falling into the Danger of another Rebuke from my Opponent: For when I plead that the Ancients used Verse, I prove not that they would have admitted Rhyme, had it then been written: all I can say is only this, - That it seems to have succeeded Verse by the general Consent of Poets in all Modern Languages: For almost all their serious Plays are written in it: which, tho' it be no Demonstration that therefore they ought to be so, yet, at least the Practice first, and then the Continuation of it, shews that it attain'd the End, which was to please; and if that cannot be compass'd here, I will be the first who shall lay it down. For I confess my chief Endeavours are to delight the Age in which I live. If the Humour of this, be for low Comedy, small Accidents, and Raillery, I will force my Genius to obey it, though with more Reputation I could write in Verse. I know I am not so fitted by Nature to write Comedy: I want that Gaiety of Humour which is required to it. My Conversation is slow and dull, my Humour Saturnine and reserv'd: In short, I am none of those who endeavour to break Jest in Company, or make Reparties. So that those who decry my Comedies, do me no Injury, except it be in point of Profit: Reputation in them is the last thing to which I shall pretend. I beg Pardon for entertaining the Reader with so ill a Subject; but before I quit that Argument, which was the Cause of this Digression, I cannot but take Notice how I am corrected for my Quotation of *Seneca*, in my Defence of Plays in Verse. My Words are these. Our Language is Noble, Full, and Significant, and I know not why he who is Master of it, may not cloath ordinary things in it as decently as in the *Latine*, if he use the same Diligence in his *Choice of Words*. One would think *Unlock a Door* was a thing as vulgar as could be spoken; yet *Seneca* could make it sound high and lofty in his *Latine*.

Referate clufos Regii postes Laris.

But he says of me, *That being fill'd with the Precedents of the Ancients who writ their Plays in Verse, I commend the thing,*

of Dramatick Poesie.

thing; declaring our Language to be Full, Noble, and Significant, and charging all Defects upon the ill placing of Words, which I prove by quoting Seneca loftily expressing such an ordinary thing as shutting a Door.

Here he manifestly mistakes; for I spoke not of the placing, but of the Choice of Words: for which I quoted that Aphorism of Julius Caesar, *Delectus verborum est origo Eloquentia*: But *delectus verborum* is no more Latine for the placing of Words, than *Referate* is Latine for shut the Door, as he interprets it, which I ignorantly construed unlock or open it.

He supposes I was highly affected with the Sound of those Words; and I suppose I may more justly imagine it of him: For if he had not been extreemly satisfied with the Sound, he would have minded the Sense a little better.

But these are now to be no Faults; for ten Days after his Book is publish'd, and that his Mistakes are grown so famous, that they are come back to him, he sends his *Errata* to be printed, and annexed to his Play, and desires that instead of *shutting* you would read *opening*; which it seems, was the Printer's Fault. I wonder at his Modesty, that he did not rather say it was Seneca's or mine, and that in some Authors *Referare* was to *shut* as well as to *open*, as the Word *Barack*, say the Learned, is both to *blesse* and *curse*.

Well, since it was the Printer, he was a naughty Man to commit the same Mistake twice in six Lines: I warrant you *delectus verborum* for placing of Words was his Mistake too, though the Author forgot to tell him of it: If it were my Book, I assure you I should. For those Rascals ought to be the Proxies of every Gentleman Author, and to be chastis'd for him, when he is not pleas'd to own an Error. Yet since he has given the *Errata*, I wish he would have enlarg'd them only a few Sheets more, and then he would have spar'd me the Labour of an Answer: For this cursed Printer is so given to Mistakes, that there is scarce a Sentence in the Preface, without some false Grammar, or hard Sense in it: which will all be charg'd upon the Poet, because he is so good-natur'd as to lay

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but three Errors to the Printer's Account, and to take the rest upon himself, who is better able to support them. But he needs not apprehend that I should strictly examine those litt'e Faults, except I am call'd upon to do it: I shall return therefore to that Quotation of *Seneca*, and answer, not to what he writes, but to what he means. I never intended it as an Argument, but only as an Illustration of what I had said before concerning the Election of Words; and all he can charge me with is only this, that if *Seneca* could make an ordinary thing sound well in *Latine* by the Choice of Words, the same with the like Care might be perform'd in *English*: If it cannot, I have committed an Error on the right Hand, by commending too much the Copiousness and well sounding of our Language, which I hope my Country-men will pardon me. At least the Words which follow in my Dramatick Essay will plead somewhat in my Behalf; for I say there, that this Objection happens but seldom in a Play, and then too either the Meanness of the Expression may be avoided, or shut out from the Verse by breaking it in the midst.

But I have said too much in the Defence of Verse; for after all 'tis a very indifferent thing to me, whether it obtain or not. I am content hereafter to be order'd by his Rule, that is, to write it sometimes because it pleases me, and so much the rather, because he has declared that it pleases him. But he has taken his last Farewel of the Muses, and he has done it civilly, by honouring them with the Name of *his long Acquaintances*, which is a Complement they have scarce deserv'd from him. For my own part I bear a Share in the publick Loss, and how envious soever I may be of his Fame and Reputation, I cannot but give this Testimony of his Style, that it is extream poetical, even in Oratory; his Thoughts elevated sometimes above common Apprehension; his Notions politick and grave, and tending to the Instruction of Princes, and Reformation of States; that they are abundantly interlac'd with Variety of Fancies, Tropes, and Figures, which the Criticks have enviously branded with the Name of Obscurity and false Grammar.

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Well he is now fetter'd in Business of more unpleasant Nature: The Muses have lost him, but the Commonwealth gains by it; the Corruption of a Poet is the Generation of a Statesman.

He will not venture again into the civil Wars of Censur; *ubi* — *nullos habitura triumphos*: If he had not told us he had left the Muses, we might have half-suspected it by that Word, *ubi*, which does not any way belong to them in that Place; the rest of the Verse is indeed *Lucan's*. but that *ubi*, I will answer for it, is his own. Yet he has another Reason for this Disgust of Poesie; for he says immediately after, that *the manner of Plays which are now in most Esteem, is beyond his Power to perform*: to perform the manner of a thing I confess is new *English* to me. However, he condemns not the Satisfaction of others, but rather their unnecessary Understanding, who, like *Sancho Panca's Doctor*, prescribe too strictly to our Appetites; for, says he, *is the difference of Tragedy and Comedy, and of Farce it self; there can be no determination but by the Taste, nor in the manner of their Composure.*

We shall see him now as great a Critick as he was a Poet, and the Reason why he excell'd so much in Poetry will be evident, for it will appear to have proceeded from the Exactness of his Judgment. *In the Difference of Tragedy, Comedy, and Farce it self, there can be no determination but by the Taste.* I will not quarrel with the Obscurity of his Phrase, though I justly might; but beg his Pardon if I do not rightly understand him: If he means that there is no essential Difference betwixt *Comedy, Tragedy, and Farce*, but what is only made by the Peoples Taste, which distinguishes one of them from the other, that is so manifest an Error, that I need not lose Time to contradict it. Were there neither Judge, Taste, nor Opinion in the World, yet they would differ in their Natures; for the Action, Character, and Language of *Tragedy*, would still be great and high; that of *Comedy* lower and more familiar. Admiration would be the Delight of one, and Satyr of the other.

I have but briefly touch'd upon these Things, because, whatever his Words are, I can scarce imagine, that he
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who is always concern'd for the true Honour of Reason, and wou'd have no spurious Issue father'd upon her, should mean any thing so absurd as to affirm, that there is no difference betwixt Comedy and Tragedy but what is made by the Taste only: Unless he would have us understand the Comedies of my Lord L. where the first Act should be Potages, the second Fricasses, &c. and the Fifth a *Chere Entiere* of Women,

I rather guess he means, that betwixt one Comedy or Tragedy and another, there is no other Difference but what is made by the liking or disliking of the Audience. This is indeed a less Error than the former, but yet it is a great one: The liking or disliking of the People gives the Play the Denomination of good or bad, but does not really make, or constitute it such. To please the People ought to be the Poet's Aim, because Plays are made for their Delight: but it does not follow that they are always pleas'd with good Plays, or that the Plays which please them are always good. The Humour of the People is now for Comedy, therefore in hope to please them, I write *Comedies* rather than serious Plays: and so far their Taste prescribes to me: but it does not follow from that Reason, that *Comedy* is to be prefer'd before *Tragedy* in its own Nature: for that which is so in its own Nature, cannot be otherwise; as a Man cannot but be a rational Creature: But the Opinion of the People may alter, and in another Age, or perhaps in this, serious Plays may be set up above Comedies.

This I think a sufficient Answer; if it be not, he has provided me of an Excuse; it seems in his Wisdom, he foresaw my Weakness, and has found out this Expedient for me, *That it is not necessary for Poets to study strict Reason, since they are so used to a greater Latitude than is allowed by that severe Inquisition; that they must infringe their own Jurisdiction to profess themselves oblig'd to argue well.*

I am obliged to him for discovering to me this back Door; but I am not yet resolv'd on my Retreat: For I am of Opinion that they cannot be good Poets who are not accustomed to argue well. False Reasonings and Colours of Speech, are the certain Marks of one who does not understand the Stage: For Moral Truth is the Mistress of
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the Poet as much as of the Philosopher: Poesie must resemble natural Truth, but it must be Ethical. Indeed the Poet dresses Truth, and adorns Nature, but does not alter them:

Ficta Voluptatis causâ sunt proxima veris.

Therefore that is not the best Poesie which resembles Notions of Things that are not, to Things that are: Though the Fancy may be great and the Words flowing, yet the Soul is but half satisfied when there is not Truth in the Foundation. This is that which makes *Virgil* be preferred before the rest of Poets. In Variety of Fancy and Sweetness of Expression, you see *Ovid* far above him: for *Virgil* rejected many of those Things which *Ovid* wrote. *A great Wit's great Work is to refuse*, as my worthy Friend *Sir John Berkenhead* has ingeniously express'd it: you rarely meet with any thing in *Virgil* but Truth, which therefore leaves the strongest Impression of Pleasure in the Soul. This I thought my self oblig'd to say in behalf of Poesie: and to declare, though it be against my self, that when Poets do not argue well, the Defect is in the Work-men, not in the Art.

And now I come to the boldest Part of his Discourse, wherein he attacks not me, but all the Ancients and Moderns; and undermines, as he thinks, the very Foundations on which Dramatick Poesie is built. I could wish he would have declin'd that Envy which must of necessity follow such an Undertaking, and contented himself with triumphing over me in my Opinions of Verse, which I will never hereafter dispute with him; but he must pardon me if I have that Veneration for *Aristotle*, *Horace*, *Ben. Johnson*, and *Corneille*, that I dare not serve him in such a Cause, and against such Heroes, but rather fight under their Protection, as *Homer* reports of little *Teucer*, who shot the *Trojans* from under the large Buckler of *Ajax Telamon*.

Στῆ δ' ἄρ' ὑπὸ 'Αίαντος ἀκλινῆ Τελαμωνιάδων,

He stood beneath his Brother's ample Shield;

And, cover'd there, shot Death through all the Field.

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The Words of my noble Adversary are these:

But if we examine the general Rules laid down for Plays by strict Reason, we shall find the Errors equally gross; for the great Foundation which is laid to build upon, is nothing as it is generally stated, as will appear upon the Examination of the Particulars.

These Particulars in due Time shall be examin'd: In the mean while let us consider what this great Foundation is, which he says is nothing, as it is generally stated. I never heard of any other Foundation of Dramatick Poësie than the Imitation of Nature; neither was there ever pretended any other by the Ancients or Moderns, or me, who endeavour to follow them in that Rule. This I have plainly said in my Definition of a Play; that it is a just and lively Image of Humane Nature, &c. Thus the Foundation, as it is generally stated, will stand sure, if this Definition of a Play be true; if it be not, he ought to have made his Exception against it, by proving that a Play is not an Imitation of Nature, but somewhat else which he is pleas'd to think it.

But 'tis very plain, that he has mistaken the Foundation for that which is built upon it, though not immediately: For the direct and immediate Consequence is this; if Nature be to be imitated, then there is a Rule for imitating Nature rightly, otherwise there may be an End, and no Means conducing to it. Hitherto I have proceeded by Demonstration; but as our Divines, when they have prov'd a Deity, because there is Order, and have inferr'd that this Deity ought to be worshipp'd, differ afterwards in the Manner of the Worship; so having laid down, that Nature is to be imitated, and that Proposition proving the next, that then there are Means which conduce to the imitating of Nature, I dare proceed no farther positively: but have only laid down some Opinions of the Ancients and Moderns, and of my own, as Means which they used, and which I thought probable for the attaining of that End. Those Means are the same which my Antagonist calls the Foundations, how properly, the World may judge; and to prove that this is his Meaning, he clears it immediately

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ately to you, by enumerating those Rules or Propositions against which he makes his particular Exceptions; as namely, those of Time and Place, in these Words: *First we are told the Plot should not be so ridiculously contrived, as to crowd two several Countries into one Stage; secondly, to cram the Accidents of many Years or Days into the Representation of two Hours and an half; and lastly, a Conclusion drawn, that the only remaining Dispute is, concerning Time, whether it should be contained in 12 or 24 Hours; and the Place to be limited to that Spot of Ground where the Play is supposed to begin: and this is called nearest Nature; for that is concluded most natural, which is most probable, and nearest to that which it presents.*

Thus he has only made a small Mistake of the Means conducing to the End, for the End it self, and of the Superstructure for the Foundation: But he proceeds. *To shew therefore upon what ill Grounds they dictate Laws for Dramatick Poesie, &c.* He is here pleased to charge me with being Magisterial, as he has done in many other Places of his Preface. Therefore in Vindication of my self, I must crave leave to say, that my whole Discourse was Sceptical, according to that way of reasoning which was used by *Socrates, Plato*, and all the Academicks of old, which *Tully* and the best of the Ancients followed, and which is imitated by the modest Inquisitions of the Royal Society. That it is so, not only the Name will shew, which is *an Essay*, but the Frame and Composition of the Work. You see it is a Dialogue sustain'd by Persons of several Opinions, all of them left doubtful, to be determin'd by the Readers in general; and more particularly defer'd to the accurate Judgment of my Lord *Bückhurst*, to whom I made a Dedication of my Book. These are my Words in my Epistle, speaking of the Persons whom I introduc'd in my Dialogue. 'Tis true they differed in their Opinions, as 'tis probable they would; neither do I take upon me to reconcile, but to relate them, leaving your Lordship to decide it in Favour of that part which you shall judge most reasonable. And after that in my Advertisement to the Reader I said this; The Drift of the ensuing Discourse is chiefly to vindicate the Honour
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of our *English* Writers from the Censure of those who unjustly prefer the *French* before them. This I intimate, lest any should think me so exceeding vain, as to teach others an Art which they understand much better than my self. But this is more than necessary to clear my Modesty in that Point: And I am very confident that there is scarce any Man who has lost so much Time, as to read that Trifle, but will be my Compurgator as to that Arrogance whereof I am accus'd. The Truth is, if I had been naturally guilty of so much Vanity as to dictate my Opinions; yet I do not find that the Character of a positive or self-conceited Person is of such Advantage to any in this Age, that I should labour to be publickly admitted of that Order.

But I am not now to defend my own Cause, when that of all the Ancients and Moderns is in Question: For this Gentleman who accuses me of Arrogance, has taken a Course not to be taxed with the other Extream of Modesty. Those Propositions which are laid down in my Discourse as helps to the better Imitation of Nature, are not mine (as I have said) nor were ever pretended so to be, but derived from the Authority of *Aristotle* and *Horace*, and from the Rules and Examples of *Ben. Johnson* and *Cornelle*. These are the Men with whom properly he contends, and against whom he will endeavour to make it evident, that there is no such thing as what they All pretend.

His Argument against the Unities of Place and Time, is this; *That 'tis as impossible for one Stage to present two Rooms or Houses truly, as two Countries or Kingdoms, and as impossible that five Hours or twenty four Hours should be two Hours, as that a thousand Hours or Years should be less than what they are, or the greatest Part of Time to be comprehended in the less: For all of them being impossible, they are none of them nearest the Truth or Nature of what they present; for Impossibilities are all equal, and admit of no Degree.*

This Argument is so scattered into Parts, that it can scarce be united into a Syllogism; yet, in Obedience to him, I will abbreviate and comprehend as much of it as I can in few Words, that my Answer to it may be more perspicuous. I conceive his Meaning to be what follows as

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to the Unity of Place: (if I mistake, I beg his Pardon, professing it is not out of any Design to play the *Argumentative Poet*.) If one Stage cannot properly present two Rooms or Houses; much less two Countries or Kingdoms, then there can be no Unity of Place: But one Stage cannot properly perform this; therefore there can be no Unity of Place.

I plainly deny his minor Proposition; the force of which, if I mistake not, depends on this; that the Stage being one Place cannot be two. This indeed is as great a Secret, as that we are all mortal; but to requite it with another, I must crave leave to tell him, that though the Stage cannot be two Places, yet it may properly represent them, successively, or at several Times. His Argument is indeed no more than a meer Fallacy, which will evidently appear when we distinguish Place, as it relates to Plays, into real and imaginary. The real Place is that Theatre, or Piece of Ground on which the Play is acted. The imaginary, that House, Town, or Country where the Action of the *Drama* is supposed to be; or more plainly, where the Scene of the Play is laid. Let us now apply this to that Herculean Argument, *which if strictly and duly weighed, is to make it evident, that there is no such thing as what they all pretend.* 'Tis impossible, he says, for one Stage to present two Rooms or Houses: I answer, 'tis neither impossible, nor improper, for one real Place to represent two or more imaginary Places, so it be done successively; which in other Words is no more than this; That the Imagination of the Audience, aided by the Words of the Poet, and painted Scenes, may suppose the Stage to be sometimes one Place, sometimes another; now a Garden, or Wood, and immediately a Camp: Which I appeal to every Man's Imagination, if it be not true. Neither the Ancients nor Moderns, as much Fools as he is pleased to think them, ever asserted that they could make one Place two; but they might hope by the good leave of this Author, that the Change of a Scene might lead the Imagination to suppose the Place alter'd: So that he cannot fasten those Absurdities upon this Scene of a Play, or imaginary place of Action, that it is one place and yet

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yet two. And this being so clearly proved, that 'tis past any shew of a reasonable Denial, it will not be hard to destroy that other Part of his Argument which depends upon it, namely, that 'tis as impossible for a Stage to represent two Rooms or Houses, as two Countries or Kingdoms: For his Reason is already overthrown, which was, because both were alike impossible. This is manifestly otherwise; for 'tis proved, that a Stage may properly represent two Rooms or Houses; for the Imagination being Judge of what is represented, will in Reason be less choak'd with the Appearance of two Rooms in the same House, or two Houses in the same City, than with two distant Cities in the same Country, or two remote Countries in the same Universe. Imagination in a Man, or reasonable Creature, is supposed to participate of Reason, and when that governs, as it does in the belief of Fiction, Reason is not destroyed, but mis-led; or blinded; that can prescribe to the Reason, during the Time of the Representation, somewhat like a weak belief of what it sees and hears; and Reason suffers it self to be so hood-wink'd, that it may better enjoy the Pleasures of the Fiction: But it is never so wholly made a Captive, as to be drawn head-long into a Perswasion of those things which are most remote from Probability: 'Tis in that Case a Free-born Subject, not a Slave; it will contribute willingly its Assent, as far as it sees Convenient, but will not be forc'd. Now there is a greater Vicinity in Nature, betwixt two Rooms than betwixt two Houses, betwixt two Houses than betwixt two Cities, and so of the rest: Reason therefore can sooner be led by Imagination to step from one Room into another, than to walk to two distant Houses, and yet rather to go thither, than to fly like a Witch through the Air, and be hurried from one Region to another. Fancy and Reason go hand in hand, the first cannot leave the last behind; and though Fancy, when it sees the wide Gulph, would venture over, as the nimbler; yet it is withheld by Reason, which will refuse to take the Leap, when the Distance over it appears too large. If *Ben. Johnson* himself will remove the Scene from *Rome* into *Tuscany* in
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the same Act, and from thence return to *Rome*, in the Scene which immediately follows; Reason will consider there is no proportionable Allowance of Time to perform the Journey, and therefore will chuse to stay at home. So then the less change of Place there is, the less time is taken up in transporting the Persons of the *Drama*, with Analogy to Reason; and in that Analogy, or Resemblance of Fiction to Truth, consists the Excellency of the Play.

For what else concerns the Unity of Place, I have already given my Opinion of it in my *Essay*, that there is a Latitude to be allow'd to it, as several Places in the same Town or City, or Places adjacent to each other in the same Country; which may all be comprehended under the larger Denomination of one Place; yet with this restriction, that the nearer and fewer those imaginary Places are, the greater Resemblance they will have to Truth: and Reason, which cannot make them one, will be more easily led to suppose them so.

What has been said of the Unity of Place, may easily be applied to that of Time: I grant it to be impossible, that the greater Part of Time should be comprehended in the less, that twenty four Hours should be crowded into three: But there is no Necessity of that Supposition. For as *Place*, so *Time* relating to a Play, is either imaginary or real: The real is comprehended in those three Hours, more or less, in the Space of which the Play is represented: The Imaginary is that which is supposed to be taken up in the Representation, as twenty four Hours more or less. Now no Man ever could suppose that twenty four real Hours could be included in the Space of three: but where is the Absurdity of affirming that the feigned Business of twenty four imagin'd Hours, may not more naturally be represented in the Compass of three real Hours, than the like feigned Business of twenty four Years in the same Proportion of real Time? For the Proportions are always real, and much nearer, by his Permission, of twenty four to three, than of four thousand to it.

I am almost fearful of illustrating any thing by Similitude, lest he should confute it for an Argument; yet I think

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think the Comparison of a Glass will discover very aptly the Fallacy of his Argument, both concerning Time and Place. The Strength of his Reason depends on this; That the less cannot comprehend the greater. I have already answer'd, that we need not suppose it does; I say not that the less can comprehend the greater, but only that it may represent it: As in a Glass or Mirrour of half a Yard Diameter, a whole Room and many Persons in it may be seen at once: not that it can comprehend that Room or those Persons, but that it represents them to the Sight.

But the Author of the Duke of *Lerma* is to be excus'd for his declaring against the Unity of Time: For if I be not much mistaken, he is an interested Person; the Time of that Play taking up so many Years as the Favour of the Duke of *Lerma* continued; nay, the second and third Act including all the Time of his Prosperity, which was a great Part of the Reign of *Philip* the Third: For in the beginning of the second Act he was not yet a Favourite, and before the end of the third, was in Disgrace. I say not this with the least Design of limiting the Stage too fervently to 24 Hours, however he be pleas'd to tax me with dogmatizing in that Point. In my Dialogue, as I before hinted, several Persons maintained their several Opinions: One of them, indeed, who supported the Cause of the *French* Poësie, said how strict they were in that Particular: But he who answer'd in Behalf of our Nation, was willing to give more Latitude to the Rule; and cites the Words of *Corneille* himself, complaining against the Severity of it, and observing what Beauties it banish'd from the Stage, pag. 44. of my *Essay*. In few Words, my own Opinion is this, (and I willingly submit it to my Adversary, when he will please impartially to consider it,) that the imaginary Time of every Play ought to be contriv'd into as narrow a Compass, as the Nature of the Plot, the Quality of the Persons, and Variety of Accidents will allow. In Comedy I would not exceed 24. or 30 Hours: For the Plot, Accidents, and Persons of Comedy are small, and may be naturally turn'd in a
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little Compass: But in Tragedy the Design is weighty, and the Persons great, therefore there will naturally be required a greater space of Time in which to movethem. And this, though *Ben. Johnson* has not told us, yet 'tis manifestly his Opinion: For you see that to his Comedies he allows generally but 24 Hours; to his two Tragedies, *Sejanus* and *Catiline*, a much larger time: though he draws both of them into as narrow a Compass as he can: For he shews you only the latter End of *Sejanus* his Favour, and the Conspiracy of *Catiline* already ripe, and just break-in out into Action.

But as it is an Errour on the one side, to make too great a Disproportion betwixt the imaginary Time of the Play, and the real Time of its Representation; so on the other side, 'tis an Over-sight to compress the Accidents of a Play into a narrower Compass than that in which they could naturally be produc'd. Of this last Errour the *French* are seldom guilty, because the thinness of their Plots prevents them from it: but few *Englishmen*, except *Ben. Johnson*, have ever made a Plot with variety of Design in it, included in 24 Hours, which was altogether natural. For this Reason, I prefer the *Silent Woman* before all other Plays, I think justly, as I do its Author in Judgment, above all other Poets. Yet of the two, I think that Errour the most pardonable, which in too straight a Compass crowds together many Accidents; since it produces more Variety, and consequently more Pleasure to the Audience: And because the Nearness of Proportion betwixt the imaginary and real Time, does speciously cover the Compression of the Accidents.

Thus I have endeavoured to answer the Meaning of his Argument; for as he drew it, I humbly conceive that it was none: As will appear by his Proposition, and the Proof of it. His Proposition was this.

If strictly and duly weighed, 'tis as impossible for one Stage to present two Rooms or Houses, as two Countries or Kingdoms, &c. And his Proof this: For all being impossible, they are none of them nearest the Truth or Nature of what they present.

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Here you see, instead of Proof or Reason, there is only *Petitio principii*: For in plain Words, his Sense is this; Two things are as impossible as one another, because they are both equally impossible: But he takes those two things to be granted as impossible, which he ought to have prov'd such, before he had proceeded to prove them equally impossible: He should have made out first that it was impossible for one Stage to represent two Houses, and then have gone forward to prove that it was as equally impossible for a Stage to present two Houses, as two Countries.

After all this, the very Absurdity to which he would reduce me, is none at all; For he only drives at this, That if his Argument be true, I must then acknowledge that there are Degrees in Impossibilities, which I easily grant him without Dispute: And if I mistake not, *Aristotle* and the *School* are of my Opinion. For there are some things which are absolutely impossible, and others which are only so *ex parte*; as 'tis absolutely impossible for a thing to be, and not be at the same time; but for a Stone to move naturally upward, is only impossible *ex parte materia*; but it is not impossible for the first Mover, to alter the Nature of it.

His last Assault, like that of a *Frenchman*, is most feeble: for whereas I have observed, that none have been violent against Verse, but such only as have not attempted it, or have succeeded ill in their Attempt, he will needs, according to his usual Custom, improve my Observation to an Argument, that he might have the Glory to confute it. But I lay my Observation at his Feet, as I do my Pen, which I have often employ'd willingly in his deserved Commendations, and now most unwillingly against his Judgment. For his Person and Parts I honour them as much as any Man living, and have had so many particular Obligations to him, that I should be very ungrateful, if I did not acknowledge them to the World. But I gave not the first Occasion of this Difference in Opinions. In my Epistle Dedicatory, before my *Rival Ladies*, I had said somewhat in Behalf of Verse, which he was pleased to answer in his Preface to his Plays: That occasioned my Reply in my
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Essay, and that Reply begot this Rejoynder of his in his Preface to the Duke of *Lerma*. But as I was the last who took up Arms, I will be the first to lay them down. For what I have here written, I submit it wholly to him; and if I do not hereafter answer what may be objected against this Paper, I hope the World will not impute it to any other Reason, than only the due Respect which I have for so noble an Opponent.



Connection

Connection of *The Indian Emperor* to *The Indian Queen*.

THE Conclusion of *The Indian Queen*, (part of which Poem was writ by me) left little matter for another Story to be built on, there remaining but two of the considerable Characters alive, (viz.) Montezuma and Orazia: Thereupon the Author of this, thought it necessary to produce new Persons from the old Ones; and considering the late Indian Queen, before she lov'd Montezuma, liv'd in clandestine Marriage with her General Traxalla; from those two, he has rais'd a Son and two Daughters, supposed to be left young Orphans at their Death: on the other side, he has given to Montezuma and Orazia, two Sons and a Daughter; all now supposed to be grown up to Mens and Womens Estate; and their Mother Orazia (for whom there was no further use in the Story) lately dead.

So that you are to imagine about twenty Years elapsed since the Coronation of Montezuma; who, in the Truth of the History, was a great and glorious Prince; and in whose time hapned the Discovery and Invasion of Mexico by the Spaniards; under the Conduct of Hernando Cortez, who joining with the Taxallan-Indians, the inveterate Enemies of Montezuma, wholly subverted that flourishing Empire; the Conquest of which is the Subject of this Dramatic Poem.

I have neither wholly followed the Story, nor varied from it; and, as near as I could, have traced the Native Simplicity and Ignorance of the Indians, in relation to European Customs: The Shipping, Armour, Horses, Swords, and Guns of the Spaniards, being as new to them, as their Habits and their Language were to the Christians.

The Difference of their Religion from ours, I have taken from the Story it self; and that which you find of it in the first and fifth Acts touching the Sufferings and Constancy of Montezuma in his Opinions, I have only Illustrated, not alter'd from those who have written of it.

PROLOGUE.

A Almighty Criticks! whom our Indians here
Worship, just as they do the Devil, for Fear;
In reverence to your Pow'r, I come this Day
To give you timely warning of our Play.
The Scenes are old, the Habits are the same
We wore last Year, before the Spaniards came.
Now if you stay, the Blood that shall be shed
From this poor Play, be all upon your Head.
We neither promise you one Dance, or Show,
Then Plot and Language they are wanting too:
But you, kind Wits, will those light Faults excuse:
Those are the common Frailties of the Muse;
Which who observes, he buys his Place too dear:
For 'tis your Business to be coz'ned here:
These wretched Spies of Wit must then confess,
They take more Pains to please themselves the less.
Grant us such Judges, Phœbus, we request,
As still mistake themselves into a Jest;
Such easie Judges, that our Poet may
Himself admire the Fortune of his Play;
And arrogantly, as his Fellows do,
Think he writes well, because he pleases you.
This he conceives not hard to bring about,
If all of you would join to help him out.
Would each Man take but what he understands,
And leave the rest upon the Poet's Hands.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

INDIAN MEN.

Montezuma, *Emperor of Mexico.*

Odmar, *his eldest Son.*

Guyomar, *his younger Son.*

Orbellan, *Son of the late Indian Queen by Traxalla.*

High Priest of the Sun.

WOMEN.

Cydaria, *Montezuma's Daughter.*

Almeria, } *Sisters; and Daughters to the late*
Alibech, } *Indian Queen.*

SPANIARDS.

Cortez, *the Spanish General.*

Vasquez, } *Commanders under him.*
Pizarro, }

Scene Mexico, and two Leagues about it.

THE



T H E

Indian Emperor.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

S C E N E *a Pleasant Indian Country.*

*Enter Cortez, Vasquez, Pizarro, with Spaniards
and Indians of their Party.*

C O R T E Z.



IN what new happy Climate are we thrown,
So long kept secret, and so lately known;
As if our old World modestly withdrew,
And here, in private, had brought forth
a new! [this Ground,
Vasq. Corn, Wine, and Oil are wanting to
In which our Countries fruitfully abound:
As if this Infant World, yet unarray'd,
Naked and bare, in Nature's Lap were laid.

No

No useful Arts have yet found footing here;
But all untaught and salvage does appear.

Cort. Wild and untaught are Terms which we alone
Invent, for Fashions differing from our own:
For all their Customs are by Nature wrought,
But we, by Art, unteach what Nature taught.

Piz. In *Spain* our Springs, like old Mens Children be
Decay'd and wither'd from their Infancy:
No kindly Showers fall on our barren Earth,
To hatch the Seasons in a timely Birth.
Our Summer such a Ruffet Livery wears,
As in a Garment often dy'd appears.

Cort. Here Nature spreads her fruitful Sweetness round,
Breaths on the Air, and broods upon the Ground.
Here Days and Nights the only Seasons be,
The Sun no Climate does so gladly see:
When forc'd from hence, to view our Parts, he mourns;
Takes little Journeys, and makes quick returns.

Vasq. Methinks we walk in Dreams on Fairy Land,
Where golden Ore lyes mixt with common Sand;
Each downfall of a Flood the Mountains pour
From their rich Bowels, rolls a Silver Shower.

Cort. Heaven from all Ages wisely did provide
This Wealth, and for the bravest Nation hide,
Who with four hundred Foot and forty Horse,
Dare boldly go a new found World to force.

Piz. Our Men, though Valiant, we should find too few,
But *Indians* join the *Indians* to subdue;
Taxallan, shook by *Montezuma's* Powers,
Has, to resist his Forces, call'd in ours.

Vasq. Rashly to arm against so great a King
I hold not safe, nor is it just to bring
A War, without a fair Defiance made.

Piz. Declare we first our Quarrel: Then invade.

Cort. My self, my King's Ambassador, will go;
Speak *Indian* Guide, how far to *Mexico*?

Ind. Your Eyes can scarce so far a Prospect make,
As to discern the City on the Lake.

But

But that broad Cause-way will direct your way,
And you may reach the Town by Noon of Day.

Cort. Command a Party of our *Indians* out,
With a strict Charge not to engage, but scout;
By noble Ways we Conquest will prepare,
First offer Peace, and that refus'd make War. [Exit.

SCENE II. A Temple.

The High Priest with other Priests. To them an Indian.

Ind. Haste Holy Priest, it is the King's Command.

High Pr. When sets he forward?

Ind. ———He is near at Hand.

High Pr. The Incense is upon the Altar plac'd,
The bloody Sacrifice already past.
Five hundred Captives saw the rising Sun,
Who lost their Light ere half his Race was run.
That which remains we here must celebrate;
Where far from Noise, without the City Gate,
The peaceful Power that governs Love repairs,
To feast upon soft Vows and silent Pray'rs,
We for his Royal Presence only stay,
To end the Rites of this so solemn Day. [Exit Indian.

*Enter Montezuma; his eldest Son Odmar; his Daughter
Cydaria; Almeria, Alibech, Orbellan, and Train. They
place themselves.*

High Pr. On your Birth-day, while we sing
To our Gods and to our King,
Her, among this beauteous Quire,
Whose Perfections you admire,
Her, who fairest does appear,
Crown her Queen of all the Year,
Of the Year and of the Day,
And at her Feet your Garland lay.

Odm. My Father this way does his Looks direct,
Heav'n grant he give it not where I suspect.

[Montezuma rises, goes about the Ladies, and at
length stays at Almeria, and bows.

Mont.

Mont. Since my *Orazia's* Death, I have not seen
A Beauty so deserving to be Queen
As fair *Almeria*.

Alm. — Sure he will not know

[*To her Brother and Sister, aside.*]

My Birth I to that injur'd Princess owe,
Whom his hard Heart not only Love deny'd,
But in her Sufferings took unmanly Pride.

Alib. Since *Montezuma* will his Choice renew,
In dead *Orazia's* Room electing you,
'Twill please our Mother's Ghost that you succeed
To all the Glories of her Rival's Bed.

Alm. If News be carried to the Shades below,
The *Indian* Queen will be more pleas'd, to know
That I his Scorns on him, who scorn'd her, pay.

Orb. Would you could right her some more noble Way.

[*She turns to him who is kneeling all this while.*]

Mont. Madam, this Posture is for Heav'n design'd, [*Kneeling.*]
And what moves Heav'n, I hope may make you kind.

Alm. Heav'n may be kind, the Gods uninjur'd live,
And Crimes below cost little to forgive.
By thee, inhuman, both my Parents dy'd;
One by thy Sword, the other by thy Pride.

Mont. My haughty Mind no Fate could ever bow,
Yet I must stoop to one who scorns me now:
Is there no Pity to my Sufferings due?

Alm. As much as what my Mother found from you.

Mont. Your Mother's Wrongs a Recompence shall meet,
I lay my Scepter at her Daughter's Feet.

Alm. He, who does now my least Commands obey,
Would call me Queen, and take my Pow'r away.

Odm. Can he hear this, and not his Fetters break?
Is Love so pow'rful, or his Soul so weak?

I'll fright her from it. Madam, though you see
The King is kind, I hope your Modesty
Will know, what distance to the Crown is due.

Alm. Distance and Modesty prescrib'd by you?

Odm. *Almeria* dares not think such Thoughts as these.

Alm. She dares both think and act what Thoughts she
please.

'Tis

'Tis much below me on his Throne to sit;
But when I do, you shall Petition it.

Odm. If, Sir, *Almeria* does your Bed partake,
I mourn for my forgotten Mother's sake.

Mont. When Parents Loves are order'd by a Son,
Let Streams prescribe their Fountains where to run.

Odm. In all I urge, I keep my Duty still,
Not rule your Reason, but instruct your Will.

Mont. Small use of Reason in that Prince is shown,
Who follows others, and neglects his own.

[*Almeria to Orbellan and Alibech, who are this while
whispering to her.*

Alm. No, he shall ever love, and always be
The subject of my Scorn and Cruelty.

Orb. To prove the lasting Torment of his Life,
You must not be his Mistress, but his Wife.
Few know what Care an Husband's Peace destroys,
His real Grievs, and his dissembled Joys.

Alm. What mark of pleasing Vengeance could be shown,
If I to break his Quiet lose my own!

Orb. A Brother's Life upon your Love relies,
Since I do homage to *Cydaria's* Eyes:
How can her Father to my Hopes be kind,
If in your Heart, he no Example find?

Alm. To save your Life I'll suffer any thing,
Yet I'll not flatter this tempestuous King;
But work his stubborn Soul a nobler way,
And, if he love, I'll force him to obey.

I take this Garland, not as given by you, [To *Mont.*
But as my Merit, and my Beauties due.

As for the Crown that you, my Slave, possess,
To share it with you would but make me less.

Enter Guyomar hastily.

Odm. My Brother *Guyomar*! methinks I spy
Haste in his Steps, and Wonder in his Eye.

Mont. I sent thee to the Frontiers, quickly tell
The Cause of thy Return, are all things well?

Guy. I went, in order, Sir, to your Command,
To view the utmost Limits of the Land:

To that Sea-shore where no more World is found,
 But foaming Billows breaking on the Ground,
 Where, for a while, my Eyes no Object met
 But distant Skies that in the Ocean set:
 And low hung Clouds that dipt themselves in Rain,
 To shake their Fleeces on the Earth again.
 At last, as far as I could cast my Eyes
 Upon the Sea, somewhat methought did rise
 Like blewish Mists, which still appearing more,
 Took dreadful Shapes, and mov'd towards the Shore.

Mont. What forms did these new Wonders represent?

Guy. More strange than what your Wonder can invent.
 The Object I could first distinctly view
 Was tall straight Trees which on the Waters flew,
 Wings on their Sides instead of Leaves did grow,
 Which gather'd all the Breath the Winds could blow:
 And at their Roots grew floating Palaces,
 Whose out-blow'd Bellies cut the yielding Seas.

Mont. What divine Monsters, O ye Gods, were these
 That float in Air, and fly upon the Seas!
 Came they alive or dead upon the Shore?

Guy. Alas, they liv'd too sure, I heard them roar:
 All turn'd their Sides, and to each other spoke,
 I saw their Words break out in fire and smoke.
 Sure 'tis their Voice that thunders from on high,
 Or these the younger Brothers of the Sky.
 Deaf with the Noise I took my hasty Flight,
 No mortal Courage can support the Fright.

High Pr. Old Prophecies foretel our Fall at hand,
 When bearded Men in floating Castles land.
 I fear it is of dire portent.

Mont. ———Go see

What it fore-shows, and what the Gods decree.
 Mean time proceed we to what Rites remain.

Odm. of all this Presence does contain,
 Give her your Wreath whom you esteem most fair.

Odm. Above the rest I judge one Beauty rare,

And may that Beauty prove as kind to me

[He gives *Alibech* the Wreath.]

As I am sure fair *Alibech* is she.

Mont. You *Guyomar* must next perform your Part.

Guy. I want a Garland, but I'll give a Heart:

My Brother's Pardon I must first implore,

Since I with him fair *Alibech* adore.

Odm. That all should *Alibech* adore, 'tis true;

But some respect is to my Birth-right due.

My Claim to her by Eldership I prove.

Guy. Age is a Plea in Empire, not in Love.

Odm. I long have staid for this Solemnity

To make my Passion publick.

Guy. ——— So have I.

Odm. But from her Birth my Soul has been her Slave,

My Heart receiv'd the first Wounds which she gave:

I watcht the early Glories of her Eyes,

As Men for Day-break watch the Eastern Skies.

Guy. It seems my Soul then mov'd the quicker Pace,

Yours first set out, mine reach'd her in the Race.

Mont. *Odm.*, your Choice I cannot disapprove;

Nor justly, *Guyomar*, can blame your Love.

To *Alibech* alone refer your Suit,

And let her Sentence finish your Dispute.

Alib. You think me, Sir, a Mistress quickly won,

So soon to finish what is scarce begun:

In this Surprise should I a Judgment make,

'Tis answering Riddles ere I'm well awake:

If you oblige me suddenly to chuse,

The Choice is made, for I must both refuse.

For to my self I owe this due regard

Not to make Love my Gift, but my Reward.

Time best will show whose Services will last.

Odm. Then judge my future Service by my past.

What I shall be by what I was, you know:

That Love took deepest Root, which first did grow.

Guy. That Love which first was set, will first decay,

Mine of a fresher Date will longer stay.

Odm. Still you forget my Birth.

Guy. ——— But you, I see,

Take care still to refresh my Memory.

Mont.

Mont. My Sons, let your unseemly Discord cease,
If not in Friendship, live at least in Peace.

Orbellan, where you love, bestow your Wreath.

Orb. My Love I dare not, ev'n in whispers, breath.

Mont. A vertuous Love may venture any thing.

Orb. Not to attempt the Daughter of my King.

Mont. Whither is all my former Fury gone?

Once more I have *Traxalla's* Chains put on,

And by his Children am in triumph led:

Too well the living have reveng'd the dead!

Alm. You think my Brother born your Enemy,
He's of *Traxalla's* Blood, and so am I.

Mont. In vain I strive,

My Lyon-heart is with Love's Toils beset,

Strugling I fall still deeper in the Net.

Cydaria, your new Lover's Garland take,

And use him kindly for your Father's sake.

Cyd. So strong an Hatred does my Nature sway,
That spight of Duty I must disobey.

Besides you warn'd me still of loving two,

Can I love him, already loving you?

Enter a Guard hastily.

Mont. You look amaz'd, as if some sudden Fear
Had seiz'd your Hearts; is any Danger near?

1 *Guard.* Behind the Covert where this Temple stands,
Thick as the Shades, there issue swarming Bands
Of ambush'd Men, whom, by their Arms and Dress,
To be *Taxallan* Enemies I guess.

2 *Guard.* The Temple, Sir, is almost compact round.

Mont. Some speedy way for passage must be found.

Make to the City by the Postern Gate,

I'll either force my Victory, or Fate;

A glorious Death in Arms I'll rather prove,

Than stay to perish tamely by my Love.

*An Alarm within. Enter Montezuma, Odmar, Guyomar,
Alibech, Orbellan, Cydaria, Almeria, as pursued by Tax-*
allans.

Mont. No succour from the Town?

Odm.————None, none is nigh.

Guy. We are inclos'd, and must resolve to die.

Mont.

Mont. Fight for Revenge, now hope of Life is past;
But one Stroke more, and that will be my last.

Enter Cortez, Vasquez, Pizarro, to the Taxallans: Cortez
stays them, just falling on.

Cort. Contemn'd? my Orders broke even in my fight!
Did I not strictly charge you should not fight?

[To his Indians.

Ind. Your Choler, General, does unjustly rise,
To see your Friends pursue your Enemies;
The greatest and most cruel Foes we have
Are these, whom you would ignorantly save.
By ambush'd Men, behind their Temple laid,
We have the King of Mexico betray'd.

Cort. Where, banish'd Virtue, wilt thou shew thy Face,
If Treachery infects thy Indian Race?

Dismiss your Rage, and lay your Weapons by:
Know I protect them, and they shall not die.

Ind. O wond'rous Mercy shown to Foes distress!

Cort. Call them not so, when once with Odds oppress,
Nor are they Foes my Clemency defends,
Untill they have refus'd the name of Friends:
Draw up our Spaniards by themselves, then fire
Our Guns on all who do not straight retire. [To Vasq.

Ind. O Mercy, Mercy, at thy Feet we fall,

[Ind. kneeling.

Before thy roaring Gods destroy us all:
See we retreat without the least reply,
Keep thy Gods silent, if they speak we die.

[The Taxallans retire.]

Mont. The fierce Taxallans lay their Weapons down,
Some Miracle in our Relief is shown.

Guy. These bearded Men, in Shape and Colour be
Like those I saw come floating on the Sea.

[Mont. kneels to Cort.

Mont. Patron of Mexico and God of Wars,
Son of the Sun, and Brother of the Stars.

Cort. Great Monarch, your Devotion you misplace.

Mont. Thy Actions show thee born of heav'nly Race.
If then thou art that cruel God, whose Eyes
Delight in Blood, and human Sacrifice,

Thy dreadful Altars I with Slaves will store,
 And feed thy Nostrils with hot reeking Gore;
 Or if that mild and gentle God thou be,
 Who dost Mankind below with Pity see,
 With Breath of Incense I will glad thy Heart;
 But if like us, of mortal Seed thou art,
 Presents of choicest Fowls, and Fruits I'll bring,
 And in my Realms thou shalt be more than King.

Cort. Monarch of Empires, and deserving more
 Than the Sun sees upon your Western Shore;
 Like you a Man, and hither led by Fame,
 Not by Constraint but by my Choice I came;
 Ambassador of Peace, if Peace you chuse,
 Or Herald of a War, if you refuse. [bring?

Mont. Whence or from whom dost thou these Offers

Cort. From *Charles* the Fifth, the World's most potent
 King.

Mont. Some petty Prince, and one of little Fame,
 For to this Hour I never heard his Name:
 The two great Empires of the World I know,
 That of *Peru*, and this of *Mexico*;
 And since the Earth none larger does afford,
 This *Charles* is some poor Tributary Lord.

Cort. You speak of that small part of Earth you know,
 But betwixt us and you wide Oceans flow,
 And watty Desarts of so vast Extent,
 That passing hither, four full Moons we spent.

Mont. But say, what News, what Offers dost thou bring
 From so remote, and so unknown a King?

[*While Vasq. speaks, Cort. spies the Ladies and goes to them,*
entertaining Cydaria with Courtship in dumb show.

Vasq. Spain's mighty Monarch, to whom Heav'n thinks
 That all the Nations of the Earth submit, [fit
 In gracious Clemency, does condescend
 On these Conditions to become your Friend.
 First, that of him you shall your Scepter hold;
 Next, you present him with your useles Gold:
 Last, that you leave those Idols you implore,
 And one true Deity with him adore.

Mont.

Mont. You speak your Prince a mighty Emperor,
But his Demands have spoke him Proud and Poor;
He proudly at my free-born Scepter flies,
Yet poorly begs a Metal I despise.

Gold thou may'st take, whatever thou canst find,
Save what for sacred Uses is design'd:
But, by what Right pretends your King to be
The Sovereign Lord of all the World and me?

Piz. The Sovereign Priest,——

Who represents on Earth the Pow'r of Heav'n,
Has this your Empire to our Monarch given.

Mont. Ill does he represent the Powers above,
Who nourishes Debate, not preaches Love;
Besides, what greater Folly can be shown?
He gives another what is not his own.

Vasq. His Pow'r must needs unquestion'd be below,
For he in Heav'n an Empire can bestow.

Mont. Empires in Heav'n he with more ease may give,
And you perhaps would with less Thanks receive;
But Heav'n has need of no such Vice-roy here,
It self bestows the Crowns that Monarchs wear.

Piz. You wrong his Power as you mistake our End,
Who came thus far Religion to extend.

Mont. He who Religion truly understands,
Knows its Extent must be in Men, not Lands.

Odm. But who are those that Truth must propagate
Within the Confines of my Father's State?

Vasq. Religious Men, who hither must be sent
As awful Guides of heavenly Government;
To teach you Penance, Fasts, and Abstinence,
To punish Bodies for the Souls Offence.

Mont. Cheaply you Sin, and punish Crimes with ease,
Not as th' Offended, but th' Offenders please.
First injure Heav'n, and when its Wrath is due,
Your selves prescribe it how to punish you.

Odm. What numbers of these Holy Men must come?

Piz. You shall not want, each Village shall have some;
Who, tho' the Royal Dignity they own,
Are equal to it, and depend on none.

Guy. Depend on none! you treat them sure in State,
For 'tis their Plenty does their Pride create.

Mont. Those ghostly Kings would parcel out my Pow'r,
And all the Fatness of my Land devour;
That Monarch sits not safely on his Throne,
Who bears, within, a Power that shocks his own.
They teach Obedience to Imperial Sway,
But think it Sin if they themselves obey.

Vasq. It seems then our Religion you accuse,
And peaceful Homage to our King refuse.

Mont. Your Gods I slight not, but will keep my own.
My Crown is absolute and holds of none;
I cannot in a base Subjection live,
Nor suffer you to take, tho' I would give.

Cort. Is this your Answer, Sir?

Mont. ——— This as a Prince,
Bound to my People's and my Crown's defence,
I must return; but, as a Man by you
Redeem'd from Death, all Gratitude is due.

Cort. It was an Act my Honour bound me to:
But what I did, were I again to do,
I could not do it on my Honour's score,
For Love would now oblige me to do more.
Is no way left that we may yet agree?
Must I have War, yet have no Enemy?

Vasq. He has refus'd all Terms of Peace to take.

Mont. Since we must fight, hear Heav'n's, what Prayers
I make,
First, to preserve this ancient State and me,
But if your Doom the Fall of both decree,
Grant only he who has such Honour shown,
When I am Dust, may fill my empty Throne.

Cort. To make me happier than that Wish can do,
Lies not in all your Gods to grant, but you;
Let this fair Princess but one Minute stay,
A Look from her will your Obligements pay.

[*Exeunt* Montezuma, Odmar, Guyomar, Orbellan,
Almeria, and Alibech.

Mont. to Cyd. Your Duty in your quick Return be shown.
Stay you, and wait my Daughter to the Town.

[To his Guards.

[Cydaria is going, but turns and looks back upon
Cortez, who is looking on her all this while.

Cyd. My Father's gone and yet I cannot go,
Sure I have something lost or left behind! [Aside.

Cort. Like Travellers who wander in the Snow,
I on her Beauty gaze 'till I am blind. [Aside.

Cyd. Thick Breath, quick Pulse, and heaving of my Heart,
All Signs of some unwonted Change appear:
I find my self unwilling to depart,

And yet I know not why I would be here.

Stranger, you raise such Torments in my Breast,

That when I go, if I must go again;

I'll tell my Father you have robb'd my Rest,

And to him of your Injuries complain.

Cort. Unknown, I swear, those Wrongs were which
I wrought,

But my Complaints will much more just appear,
Who from another World my Freedom brought,

And to your conquering Eyes have lost it here.

Cyd. Where is that other World from whence you came?

Cort. Beyond the Ocean, far from hence it lies.

Cyd. Your other World, I fear, is then the same

That Souls must go to when the Body dies.

But what's the Cause that keeps you here with me?

That I may know what keeps me here with you?

Cort. Mine is a Love which must perpetual be,

If you can be so just as I am true.

Enter Orbellan.

Orb. Your Father wonders much at your delay.

Cyd. So great a wonder for so small a stay!

Orb. He has commanded you with me to go.

Cyd. Has he not sent to bring the Stranger too?

Orb. If he to-Morrow dares in Fight appear,

His high plac'd Love perhaps may cost him dear.

Cort. Dares—that Word never spoke to Spaniard yet,
But forfeited his Life who gave him it;

Haste quickly with thy Pledge of Safety hence,
Thy Guilt's protected by her Innocence.

Cyd. Sure in some fatal Hour my Love was born,
So soon o'ercaſt with Abſence in the Morn!

Cort. Turn hence thoſe pointed Glories of your Eyes,
For if more Charms beneath thoſe Circles riſe,
So weak my Virtue, they ſo ſtrong appear,
I ſhall turn Ravisher to keep you here. [*Exeunt omnes.*]



A C T II. S C E N E I.

S C E N E *the Magician's Cave.*

Enter Montezuma, and High Priest,

Mont. NOT that I fear the utmoſt Fate can do,
Come I th' Event of doubtful War to know,
For Life and Death are things indifferent,
Each to be choſe as either brings Content;
My Motive from a nobler Cauſe does ſpring,
Love rules my Heart, and is your Monarch's King;
I more deſire to know *Almeria's* Mind,
Than all that Heav'n has for my State deſign'd.

High Pr. By powerful Charms which nothing can
withſtand,
I'll force the Gods to tell what you demand.

C H A R M.

Thou Moon, that aid'ſt us with thy Magick Might,
And ye ſmall Stars, the ſcatter'd Seeds of Light,
Dart your pale Beams into this gloomy Place,
That the ſad Powers of the infernal Race
May read above what's hid from human Eyes,
And in your Walks, ſee Empires fall and riſe.
And ye immortal Souls, who once were Men,
And now reſolv'd to Elements again,
Who wait for mortal Frames in Depths below,
And did before what we are doom'd to do;

Once

Once, twice, and thrice, I wave my sacred Wand,
Ascend, ascend, ascend at my Command.

[An earthy Spirit rises.]

Spir. In vain, O mortal Men, your Prayers implore.
The Aid of Powers below, which want it more:
A God more strong, who all the Gods commands,
Drives us to exile from our Native Lands;
The Air swarms thick with wandring Deities,
Which drowsily like humming Beetles rise
From our lov'd Earth, where peacefully we slept;
And far from Heaven a long Possession kept.
The frighted Satyrs that in Woods delight,
Now into Plains with prick'd-up Ears take flight;
And scudding thence, while they their Horn-feet ply,
About their Sires the little *Silvans* cry.

A Nation loving Gold must rule this place,
Our Temples ruin'd and our *Dities* deface.
To them, O King, is thy lost Scepter giv'n,
Now mourn thy fatal Search, for since wise Heav'n
More Ill than Good to Mortals does dispense,
It is not safe to have too quick a Sense. [Descends.]

Mort. Mourn they who think repining can remove
The firm Decrees of those who rule above;
The brave are safe within, who still dare die:
When e'er I fall, I'll scorn my Destiny.
Doom as they please my Empire not to stand,
I'll grasp my Scepter with my dying Hand.

High Pr. Those Earthy Spirits black and envious are,
I'll call up other gods of form more fair:
Who Visions dress in pleasing Colour still,
Set all the Good to show, and hide the Ill.
Kalib ascend, my fair-spoke Servant rise,
And sooth my Heart with pleasing Prophecies.

Kalib ascends all in white, in shape of a Woman, and
Sings.

Kal. I look'd and saw within the Book of Fate,
Where many Days did lowr,
When lo one happy Hour
Leapt up, and smil'd to save thy sinking State;

*A Day shall come when in thy Power
Thy cruel Foes shall be;
Then shall thy Land be free,
And thou in peace shalt reign.*

*But take, O take that Opportunity,
Which once refus'd will never come again.* [Descends.

Mont. I shall deserve my Fate, if I refuse
That happy Hour which Heaven allots to use;
But of my Crown thou too much care do'st take,
That which I value more, my Love's at stake,

High Pr. Arise ye subtle Spirits that can spy,
When Love is enter'd in a Female's Eye;
You that can read it in the midst of Doubt,
And in the midst of Frowns can find it out;
You that can search those many corner'd Minds,
Where Woman's crooked Fancy turns, and winds;
You that can ~~read the~~ ~~secret~~ ~~and~~ ~~touch~~ ~~import~~
Where both lie deepest hid in Woman's Heart,
Arise——

*[The Ghosts of Traxalla and Acacis arise, they stand
still and point at Montezuma.*

High Pr. I did not for these ghastly Visions send,
Their sudden coming does some Ill portend.
Begone,—begone,—they will not disappear,
My Soul is seiz'd with an unusual Fear.

Mont. Point on, point on, and see whom you can fright,
Shame and Confusion seize these Shades of Night;
Ye thin and empty Forms, am I your Sport? [They smile.
If you were Flesh:——

You know you durst not use me in this sort.

*[The Ghost of the Indian Queen rises betwixt the
Ghosts, with a Dagger in her Breast.*

Mont. Ha!

I feel my Hair grow stiff, my Eye-balls rowl,
This is the only Form could shake my Soul.

Ghost. The Hopes of thy successless Love resign;
Know Montezuma thou art only mine;
For these who here on Earth their Passion show
By Death for Love, receive their Right below.

Why

Why dost thou then delay my longing Arms?
 Have Cares, and Age, and mortal Life such Charms!
 The Moon grows sickly at the Sight of Day,
 And early Cocks have summon'd me away:
 Yet I'll appoint a meeting Place below,
 For there fierce Winds o'er dusky Vallies blow,
 Whose every puff bears empty Shades away,
 Which guideless in those dark Dominions stray.
 Just at the Entrance of the Fields below,
 Thou shalt behold a tall black Poplar grow,
 Safe in its hollow Trunk I will attend,
 And seize thy Spirit when thou dost descend. [Descends.

Mont. I'll seize thee there, thou Messenger of Fate:
 Would my short Life had yet a shorter Date!
 I'm weary of this flesh which holds us here,
 And dastards manly Souls with hope and fear;
 These heats and colds still in our Breasts make War,
 Agues and Feavers all our Passions are. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Cydaria and Alibech, betwixt the two Armies.

Alib. Blessings will crown your Name if you prevent
 That Blood, which in this Battel will be spent;
 Nor need you fear so just a Sute to move,
 Which both becomes your Duty and your Love.

Cyd. But think you he will come? their Camp is near,
 And he already knows I wait him here.

Alib. You are too young your Power to understand,
 Lovers take wing upon the least command;
 Already he is here.

Enter Cortez and Vasquez to them.

Cort. Methinks like two black Storms on either Hand,
 Our Spanish Army and your Indians stand;
 This only space betwixt the Clouds is clear,
 Where you, like Day, broke lose from both appear.

Cyd. Those closing Skies might still continue bright,
 But who can help it if you'll make it Night?
 The Gods have given you Power of Life and Death,
 Like them to save or ruin with a Breath.

Cort. That Power they to your Father did dispose,
'Twas in his Choice to make us Friends or Foes.

Alib. Injurious Strength would Rapine still excuse,
By off'ring Terms the weaker must refuse;
And such as these your hard Conditions are,
You threaten Peace, and you invite a War.

Cort. If for my self to Conquer here I came,
You might perhaps my Actions justly blame:
Now I am sent, and am not to dispute
My Prince's Orders, but to execute.

Alib. He, who his Prince so blindly does obey,
To keep his Faith his Virtue throws away.

Cort. Monarchs may err, but should each private Breast
Judge their ill Acts, they would dispute their best.

Cyd. Then all your Care is for your Prince I see,
Your Truth to him out-weighs your Love to me;
You may so cruel to deny me prove,
But never after that pretend to Love.

Cort. Command my Life, and I will soon obey,
To save my Honour I my Blood will pay.

Cyd. What is this Honour which does Love controul?

Cort. A raging Fit of Virtue in the Soul;
A painful Burden which great Minds must bear,
Obtain'd with Danger, and possess'd with Fear.

Cyd. Lay down that Burden if it painful grow,
You'll find, without it, Love will lighter go.

Cort. Honour once lost is never to be found.

Alib. Perhaps he looks to have both Passions crown'd,
First die his Honour in a purple Flood,
Then Court the Daughter in the Father's Blood.

Cort. The edge of War I'll from the Battel take,
And spare her Father's Subjects for her sake.

Cyd. I cannot love you less when I'm refus'd,
But I can die to be unkindly us'd;
Where shall a Maid's distracted Heart find Rest,
If she can miss it in her Lover's Breast?

Cort. I till to morrow will the Fight delay,
Remember you have conquer'd me to Day.

Alib. This Grant destroys all you have urg'd before,
Honour could not give this, or can give more;

Our Women in the foremost Ranks appear,
 March to the Fight, and meet your Mistress there:
 Into the thickest Squadrons she must run,
 Kill her, and see what Honour will be won.

Cyd. I must be in the Battel, but I'll go
 With empty Quiver, and unbended Bow;
 Not draw an Arrow in this fatal Strife,
 For fear its Point should reach your noble Life.

Enter Pizarro.

Cort. No more, your Kindness wounds me to the Death:
 Honour be gone, what art thou but a Breath?
 I'll live, proud of my Infamy and Shame,
 Grac'd with no Triumph but a Lover's Name;
 Men can but say, Love did his Reason blind;
 And Love's the noblest Frailty of the Mind.
 Draw off my Men, the War's already done.

Piz. Your Orders come too late, the Fight's begun,
 The Enemy gives on with fury led,
 And fierce *Orbellan* combats in their Head.

Cort. He justly fears a Peace with me would prove
 Of ill Concernment to his haughty Love;
 Retire, fair Excellence, I go to meet
 New Honour, but to lay it at your Feet.

[*Exeunt Cortez, Vasquez and Pizarro.*

Enter Odmar and Guyomar to Alibech and Cydaria.

Odm. Now, Madam, since a danger does appear
 Worthy my Courage, though below my Fear,
 Give leave to him who may in Battel die,
 Before his Death to ask his Destiny.

Guy. He cannot die whom you command to live,
 Before the Fight you can the Conquest give;
 Speak where you'll place it?

Alib. — Briefly then to both,
 One I in secret Love, the other loath;
 But where I hate, my Hate I will not show,
 And he I love, my Love shall never know;
 True Worth shall gain me, that it may be said,
 Desert, not Fancy, once a Woman led.
 He who in fight his Courage shall oppose
 With most Success against his Country's Foes,

From

From me shall all that Recompence receive
 That Valour merits, or that Love can give:
 'Tis true my Hopes and Fears are all for one,
 But Hopes and Fears are to my self alone.
 Let him not shun the Danger of the Strife,
 I but his Love, his Country claims his Life.

Odm. All Obstacles my Courage shall remove.

Guy. Fall on, fall on.

Odm. ———— For Liberty.

Guy. ———— For Love, [*Exeunt, the Women following.*]

SCENE *changes to the Indian Country.*

Enter Montezuma attended by the Indians.

Mont. Charge, charge, their Ground the faint *Taxallans*
 Bold in close Ambush, base in open Field: [*yield,*
 The envious Devil did my Fortune wrong:
 Thus Fought, thus Conquer'd I when I was young. [*Exit.*
Alarm, Enter Cortez Bloody.

Cort. Furies pursue these false *Taxallans* Flight,
 Dare they be Friends to us, and dare not Fight?
 What Friends can Cowards be, what hopes appear
 Of help from such, who where they hate show Fear!
Enter Pizarro and Vasquez.

Piz. The Field grows thin, and those that now remain,
 Appear but like the Shadows of the Slain.

Vasq. The fierce old King is vanish'd from the Place,
 And in a Cloud of dust pursues the Chase.

Cort. Their eager Chase disorder'd does appear,
 Command our Horse to charge them in the rear; [*To Piz.*
 You to our old *Castillian* Foot retire, [*To Vasq.*
 Who yet stand firm, and at their Backs give Fire.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter Odmar and Guyomar meeting each other in the Battel.

Odm. Where hast thou been since first the Fight began,
 Thou less than Woman in the Shape of Man?

Guy. Where I have done what may thy Envy move,
 Things worthy of my Birth, and of my Love.

Odm. Two bold *Taxallans* with one Dart I slew,
 And left it sticking e're my Sword I drew.

Guy.

Guy. I fought not Honour on so base a Train,
Such Cowards by our Women may be slain;
I fell'd along a Man of bearded Face,
His Limbs all cover'd with a shining Case:
So wondrous hard, and so secure of wound,
It made my Sword, tho' edg'd with Flint, rebound.

Odm. I kill'd a double Man, the one half lay
Upon the Ground, the other ran away.

[Guns go off within.

Enter Montezuma out of Breath, with him Alibech and
an Indian.

Mont. All's lost——

Our Foes with Lightning and with Thunder fight,
My Men in vain shun Death by shameful Flight;
For Deaths invisible come wing'd with Fire,
They hear a dreadful Noise, and straight expire.
Take, Gods, that Soul ye did in spight create,
And made it Great to be unfortunate:

Ill Fate for me unjustly you provide,
Great Souls are Sparks of your own heav'nly Pride:
That Lust of Power we from your God-heads have,
You're bound to please those Appetites you gave.

Enter Vasquez and Pizarro with Spaniards.

Vasq. Pizarro, I have hunted hard to Day,
Into our Toils the noblest of the Prey;
Seize on the King, and him your Prisoner make,
While I in kind Revenge my Taker take.

[Pizarro wish two goes to attack the King, Vasquez
with another to seize Alibech.

Guy. Their Danger is alike, whom shall I free?

Odm. I'll follow Love.

Guy. —— I'll follow Piety.

[Odm. retreats from Vasquez with Alibech off the
Stage, Guyomar fights for his Father.

Guy. Fly, Sir, while I give back that Life you gave,
Mine is well lost, if I your Life can save.

[Montezuma fights off, Guyomar making his retreat, stays.

Guy. 'Tis more than Man can do to scape them all,
Stay, let me see where noblest I may fall.

[He runs at Vasquez, is seiz'd behind and taken.

Vasq.

Vasq. Conduct him off,
And give Command he strictly guarded be.

Guy. In vain are Guards, Death sets the Valiant free.

[Exit Guyomar with Guards.]

Vasq. A glorious Day! and bravely was it fought,
Great Fame our General in great Dangers fought;
From his strong Arm I saw his Rival run,
And in a Croud th' unequal Combat shun.

Enter Cortez leading Cydaria, who seems crying, and begging of him.

Cort. Man's Force is fruitless, and your Gods would fail
To save the City, but your Tears prevail;
I'll of my Fortune no Advantage make,
Those Terms they had once giv'n, they still may take.

Cyd. Heav'n has of Right all Victory design'd,
Where boundless Power dwells in a Will confin'd;
Your *Spanish* Honour does the World excel.

Cort. Our greatest Honour is in loving well.

Cyd. Strange ways you practise there to win a Heart,
Here Love is Nature, but with you 'tis Art.

Cort. Love is with us, as natural as here,
But fetter'd up with Customs more severe.
In tedious Courtship we declare our Pain,
And e'er we Kindness find, first meet Disdain.

Cyd. If Women love, they needless Pains endure,
Their Pride and Folly but delay their Cure.

Cort. What you mis-call their Folly, is their Care,
They know how fickle common Lovers are:
Their Oaths and Vows are cautiously believ'd,
For few there are but have been once deceiv'd.

Cyd. But if they are not trusted when they Vow,
What other Marks of Passion can they show?

Cort. With Feasts, and Musick, all that brings Delight,
Men treat their Ears, their Palates, and their Sight.

Cyd. Your Gallants sure have little Eloquence,
Failing to move the Soul, they court the Sense:
With Pomp, and Trains, and in a crowd they Wooe,
When true Felicity is but in two;
But can such Toys your Womens Passion move?
This is but Noise and Tumult, 'tis not Love.

Cort.

Cort. I have no reason, Madam, to excuse
Those ways of Gallantry I did not use;
My Love was true and on a nobler Score.

Cyd. Your Love! alas! then have you lov'd before!

Cort. 'Tis true I lov'd, but she is dead, she's dead,
And I should think with her all Beauty fled,
Did not her fair Resemblance live in you;
And by that Image, my first Flames renew.

Cyd. Ah happy Beauty whoso'er thou art!
Tho' dead thou keep'st Possession of his Heart;
Thou mak'st me jealous to the last degree,
And art my Rival in his Memory;
Within his Memory, ah, more than so,
Thou liv'st and triumph'st o'er *Cydaria* too.

Cort. What strange disquiet has uncalm'd your Breast,
Inhuman Fair, to rob the Dead of Rest!
Poor Heart! she slumbers in her silent Tomb,
Let her possess in Peace that narrow room.

Cyd. Poor Heart! he pities and bewails her Death!
Some God, much hated Soul, restore thy Breath,
That I may kill thee; but some ease 'twill be,
I'll kill my self for but resembling thee.

Cort. I dread your Anger, your Disquiet fear,
But Blows from Hands so soft who would not bear?
So kind a Passion why should I remove?
Since Jealousie but shows how well we love,
Yet Jealousie so strange I never knew,
Can she who Loves me not, disquiet you?
For in the Grave no Passions fill the Breast,
'Tis all we gain by Death to be at rest,

Cyd. That she no longer Loves, brings no Relief,
Your Love to her still lives, and that's my Grief.

Cort. The Object of Desire once ta'en away,
'Tis then not Love but Pity which we pay.

Cyd. 'Tis such a Pity I should never have,
When I must lie forgotten in the Grave;
I meant to have oblig'd you when I dy'd,
That after me you should Love none beside,
But you are false already.

Cort. ——— If untrue,

By Heav'n my Falshood is to her, not you.

Cyd. Observe sweet Heav'n how falsely he does swear,
You said you lov'd me for resembling her.

Cort. That Love was in me by Resemblance bred,
But shows you chear'd my Sorrows for the Dead.

Cyd. You still repeat the Greatness of your Grief.

Cort. If that was great, how great was the Relief?

Cyd. The first Love still the strongest we account.

Cort. That seems more strong which could the first
But if you still continue thus unkind, [surmount:
Whom I love best, you by my Death shall find.

Cyd. If you should die, my Death should yours pursue,
But yet I am not satisfied you're true.

Cort. Hear me, ye Gods, and punish him you hear,
If ought within the World I hold so dear.

Cyd. You would deceive the Gods and me, she's dead,
And is not in the World, whose Love I dread.

Name not the World, say nothing is so dear.

Cort. Then nothing is, let that secure your Fear.

Cyd. 'Tis Time must wear it off, but I must go.

Can you your Constancy in Absence show?

Cort. Mis-doubt my Constancy, and do not try,
But stay and keep me ever in your Eye.

Cyd. If as a Prisoner I were here, you might
Have then insisted on a Conqu'ror's Right,
And stay'd me here; but now my Love would be
Th' effect of Force, and I would give it free.

Cort. To doubt your Virtue or your Love were sin!
Call for the Captive Prince, and bring him in.

Enter Guyomar bound and sad.

You look, Sir, as your Fate you could not bear.

[To Guyomar,

Are Spanish Fetters then so hard to wear?

Fortune's unjust, she ruins oft the Brave,

And him who would be Victor, makes the Slave.

Guy. Son of the Sun, my Fetters cannot be

But Glorious for me, since put on by thee;

The Ills of Love, not those of Fate, I fear,

These can I brave, but those I cannot bear;

My Rival Brother, while I'm held in Chains,
In freedom reaps the Fruit of all my Pains.

Cort. Let it be never said, that he whose Breast
Is fill'd with Love, should break a Lover's Rest;
Haste, lose no time, your Sister sets you free.
And tell the King, my generous Enemy,
I offer still those Terms he had before,
Only ask leave his Daughter to adore.

Guy. Brother (that Name my Breast shall ever own,
[*He embraces him.*]

The Name of Foe be but in Battels known;
For some few Days all Hostile Acts forbear,
That if the King consents, it seem not Fear:
His Heart is Noble, and great Souls must be
Most fought and courted in Adversity.
Three Days I hope the wish'd Success will tell.

Cyd. 'Till that long time——

Cort. ——Till that long time, farewell. [*Exe. severally.*]



ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE a Chamber Royal.

Enter Odmar and Alibech.

Odm. THE Gods, fair *Alibech*, had so decreed,
Nor could my Valour against Fate succeed;
Yet though our Army brought not Conquest home,
I did not from the fight inglorious come:
If as a Victor you the brave regard,
Successless Courage then may hope Reward:
And I returning safe, may justly boast
To win the Prize which my dead Brother lost.

Enter Guyomar behind him.

Guy. No, no, thy Brother lives, and lives to be
A Witness, both against himself and thee;
Tho' both in Safety are return'd again,
I blush to ask her Love for vanquish'd Men.

Odm.

Odm. Brother I'll not dispute, but you are brave,
Yet I was free, and you it seems a Slave.

Guy. *Odm.*, 'tis true, that I was Captive led
As publickly is known, as that you fled;
But of two Shames if she must one partake,
I think the Choice will not be hard to make.

Odm. Freedom and Bondage in her Choice remain,
Dar'st thou expect she will put on thy Chain?

Guy. No, no, fair *Alibech* give him the Crown,
My Brother is return'd with high Renown.
He thinks by Flight his Mistress must be won,
And claims the Prize because he best did run.

Alib. Your Chains were glorious, and your Flight was
But neither have o'ercome your Enemies: [wife,
My secret Wishes would my Choice decide,
But open Justice bends to neither side.

Odm. Justice already does my Right approve,
If him who loves you most, you most should love.
My Brother poorly from your Aid withdrew,
But I my Father left to succour you.

Guy. Her Country she did to her self prefer,
Him who fought best, not who defended her;
Since she her Interest for the Nation's wav'd,
Then I who sav'd the King, the Nation sav'd;
Your aiding her, your Country did betray,
I aiding him, did her Commands obey.

Odm. Name it no more, in Love there is a time
When dull Obedience is the greatest Crime;
She to her Country's use resign'd your Sword,
And you kind Lover took her at her word;
You did your Duty to your Love prefer,
Seek your reward from Duty, not from her.

Guy. In acting what my Duty did require,
'Twas hard for me to quit my own Desire,
That fought for her which when I did subdue,
'Twas much the easier Task I left for you.

Alib. *Odm.* a more than common Love has shown,
And *Guyomar's* was greater, or was none;
Which I should chuse some God direct my Breast,
The certain Good, or the uncertain Best:

I cannot chuse, you both dispute in vain,
 Time and your future Acts must make it plain;
 First raise the Seige, and set your Country free,
 I not the Judge but the Reward will be.

To them, Enter Montezuma talking with Almeria and Orbellan.

Mont. Madam, I think with reason I extol
 The Virtue of the *Spanish* General;
 When all the Gods our Ruin have fore-told,
 Yet generously he does his Arms with-hold,
 And offering Peace the first Conditions make.

Alm. When Peace is offer'd 'tis too late to take;
 For one poor Loss to stoop to Terms like those,
 Were we o'ercome, what could they worse impose?
 Go, go, with Homage your proud Victors meet,
 Go lye like Dogs beneath your Masters Feet,
 Go and beget them Slaves to dig their Mines,
 And groan for Gold which now in Temples shines;
 Your shameful Story shall record of me,
 The Men all crouch'd, and left a Woman free.

Guy. Had I not Fought, or durst not Fight again,
 I my suspected Counsel should refrain:
 For I wish Peace, and any Terms prefer
 Before the last Extremities of War.
 We but exasp'rate those we cannot harm,
 And Fighting gains us but to die more warm:
 If that be Cowardise, which dares not see
 The insolent Effects of Victory,
 The rape of Matrons, and their Childrens cries;
 Then I am fearful, let the Brave advise.

Odm. Keen cutting Swords, and Engines killing far,
 Have prosperously begun a doubtful War:
 But now our Foes with less advantage Fight,
 Their Strength decreases with our *Indians* fright.

Mont. This noble Vote does with my Wish comply,
 I am for War.

Alm. ———— And so am I.

Orb. ———— And I.

Mont. Then send to break the Truce, and I'll take care
 To cheer the Soldiers, and for fight prepare.

[*Exeunt* Montezuma, Odmar, Guyomar and Alibech.

Alm.

Alm. to *Orb.* 'Tis now the Hour which all to rest allow,
 [Almeria stays Orbellan.

And Sleep fits heavy upon every Brow;
 In this dark Silence softly leave the Town,

[Guyomar returns and hears them.

And to the General's Tent, 'tis quickly known,
 Direct your Steps: You may dispatch him strait,
 Drown'd in his Sleep, and ease for his Fate:
 Besides, the Truce will make the Guards more slack.

Orb. Courage which leads me on, will bring me back:
 But I more fear the Baseness of the thing:
 Remorse, you know, bears a perpetual Sting.

Alm. For mean Remorse no room the Valiant finds,
 Repentance is the Virtue of weak Minds;
 For want of Judgment keeps them doubtful still,
 They may repent of Good who can of Ill;
 But daring Courage makes ill Actions good,
 'Tis foolish pity spares a Rival's Blood;
 You shall about it straight— [Exeunt *Alm.* and *Orb.*

Guy. — Would they betray

His sleeping Virtue, by so mean a way!
 And yet this Spaniard is our Nation's Foe,
 I wish him dead——but cannot wish it so;
 Either my Country never must be freed,
 Or I consenting to so black a Deed.
 Would Chance had never led my Steps this way,
 Now if he dies, I murder him, not they;
 Something must be resolv'd e'er 'tis too late,
 He gave me freedom, I'll prevent his Fate. [Exit *Guy.*

SCENE II. *A Camp.*

Enter Cortez alone in a Night-gown.

Cort. All things are hush'd, as Nature's self lay dead,
 The Mountains seem to nod their drowsie Head;
 The little Birds in Dreams their Songs repeat,
 And sleeping Flowers beneath the Night-dew sweat;
 Ev'n Lust and Envy sleep, yet Love denies
 Rest to my Soul, and Slumber to my Eyes.

Three Days I promis'd to attend my Doom,
 And two long Days and Nights are yet to come:
 'Tis sure the Noise of some tumultuous Fight, [*Noise within.*
 They break the Truce, and fall out by Night.

Enter Orbellan flying in the dark, his Sword drawn.

Orb. Betray'd! pursu'd! Oh whither shall I fly?
 See, see, the just Reward of Treachery;
 I'm sure among the Tents, but know not where,
 Even Night-wants Darknes to secure my Fear.

[*Comes near Cortez who hears him.*

Cort. Stand, who goes there?

Orb. ——— Alas, what shall I say! [*Aside.*
 A poor *Taxallan* that mistook his way, [*To him.*
 And wanders in the Terrors of the Night.

Cort. Soldier thou seem'st afraid, whence comes thy fright?

Orb. The Insolence of *Spaniards* caus'd my Fear,
 Who in the dark pursu'd me entring here.

Cort. Their Crimes shall meet immediate Punishment,
 But stay thou safe within the General's Tent.

Orb. Still worse and worse.

Cort. ——— Fear not but follow me,
 Upon my Life I'll set thee safe and free.

[*Cortez leads him in, and returns.*

To him Vasquez, Pizarro and Spaniards with Torches.

Vasq. O Sir, thank Heaven, and your brave *Indian* Friend
 That you are safe, *Orbellan* did intend
 This Night to kill you sleeping in your Tent:
 But *Guyomar* his trusty Slave has sent,
 Who following close his silent Steps by Night
 Till in our Camp they both approach'd the Light,
 Cry'd seize the Traytor, seize the Murderer.
 The cruel Villain fled I know not where,
 But far he is not, for he this way bent.

Piz. Th'inrag'd Soldiers seek, from Tent to Tent,
 With lighted Torches, and in Love to you,
 With bloody Vows his hated Life pursue.

Vasq. This Messenger does since he came relate,
 That the old King, after a long debate,
 By his imperious Mistress blindly led,
 Has given *Cydaria* to *Orbellan's* Bed.

Cort.

Cort. Vasquez, the trusty Slave with you retain,
Retire a while, I'll call you back again.

[*Exeunt Vasq. and Piz.*

Cortez at his Tent Door.

Cort. Indian come forth, your Enemies are gone,
And I, who sav'd you from them, here alone.

Enter Orbellan holding his Face aside.

You hide your Face, as you were still afraid,
Dare you not look on him who gave you aid?

Orb. Moon slip behind some Cloud, some Tempest rise
And blow out all the Stars that light the Skies,
To shrowd my Shame.

Cort. ——— In vain you turn aside,
And hide your Face, your Name you cannot hide;
I know my Rival and his black Design.

Orb. Forgive it as my Passion's Fault, not mine.

Cort. In your Excuse your Love does little say,
You might howe'er have took a fairer way.

Orb. 'Tis true my Passion small defence can make,
Yet you must spare me for your Honour's sake;
That was engag'd to set me safe and free.

Cort. 'Twas to a Stranger, not an Enemy:
Nor is it prudence to prolong thy Breath,
When all my Hopes depend upon thy Death——
——— Yet none shall tax me with base Perjury,
Something I'll do, both for my self and thee;
With vow'd Revenge my Soldiers search each Tent,
If thou art seen, none can thy Death prevent;
Follow my steps with silence and with haste.

*They go out, the Scene changes to the Indian Country,
they return.*

Cort. Now you are safe, you have my Out-guards past.

Orb. Then here I take my Leave.

Cort. ——— *Orbellan*, no,

When you return, you to *Cydaria* go,
I'll send a Message.

Orb. ——— Let it be express,
I am in haste.

Cort. ——— I'll write it in your Breast—— [Draws.

Orb. What means my Rival?

Cort.

Cort. ——— Either fight or die,

I'll not strain Honour to a Point too high;

I sav'd your Life, and keep it if you can,

Cydaria shall be for the bravest Man;

On equal Terms you shall your Fortune try,

Take this, and lay your flint-edg'd Weapon by;

[Gives him a Sword.]

I'll arm you for my Glory, and pursue

No Palm, but what's to manly Virtue due.

Fame with my Conquest, shall my Courage tell,

This you shall gain by placing Love so well.

Orb. Fighting with you ungrateful I appear.

Cort. Under that shadow thou would'st hide thy Fear:

Thou would'st possess thy Love at thy return,

And in her Arms my easie Virtue scorn.

Orb. Since we must Fight, no longer let's delay,

The Moon shines clear, and makes a paler Day.

[They fight, Orbellan is wounded in the Hand,

his Sword falls out of it.]

Cort. To Courage, even of Foes, there's Pity due,

It was not I, but Fortune vanquish'd you;

[Throws his Sword again.]

Thank me with that, and so dispute the Prize,

As if you fought before *Cydaria's* Eyes.

Orb. I would not poorly such a Gift requite,

You gave me not this Sword to yield, but fight;

[He strives to hold it, but cannot.]

But see where yours has forc'd its bloody way,

My wounded Hand my Heart does ill obey.

Cort. Unlucky Honour that controul'st my Will!

Why have I vanquish'd, since I must not kill?

Fate sees thy Life lodg'd in a brittle Glass,

And looks it through, but to it cannot pass.

Orb. All I can do is frankly to confess,

I wish I could, but cannot love her less;

To swear I would resign her, were but vain,

Love would recall that perjur'd Breath again;

And in my wretched Case 'twill be more just

Not to have promis'd, than deceive your Trust.

Know

Know, if I live once more to see the Town,
In bright *Cylaria's* Arms my Love I'll crown.

Cort. In spite of that I give thee Liberty,
And with thy Person leave thy Honour free,
But to thy Wishes move a speedy pace,
Or Death will soon o'ertake thee in the Chase.
To Arms, to Arms, Fate shows my Love the way,
I'll force the City on thy Nuptial Day. [*Exeunt severally.*]

S C E N E III. Mexico.

Enter Montezuma, Odmар, Guyomar, Almeria.

Mont. It moves my wonder that in two Days space,
This early Famine spreads so swift a pace.

Odm. 'Tis, Sir, the general Cry, nor seems it strange,
The face of Plenty should so swiftly change;
His City never felt a Siege before,
But from the Lake receiv'd its daily Store,
Which now shut up, and Millions crowded here,
Famine will soon in multitudes appear.

Mont. The more the Number, still the greater Shame.

Alm. What if some one should seek immortal Fame,
By ending of the Siege at one brave Blow?

Mont. That were too happy!

Alm. ——— Yet it may be so,
What if the *Spanish* General should be slain?

Guy. Just Heav'n I hope does other ways ordain.

[*Aside.*]

Mont. If slain by Treason, I lament his Death.

Enter Orbellan and whispers his Sister.

Odm. Orbellan seems in haste, and out of Breath.

Mont. Orbellan welcome, you are early hear,
A Bridegroom's haste does in your Looks appear.

[*Almeria aside to her Brother.*]

Alm. Betray'd! no, 'twas thy Cowardise, and Fear,
He had not scap'd with Life, had I been there;
But since so ill you act a brave Design,
Keep close your Shame, Fate makes the next turn mine.

Enter

Enter Alibech, and Cydaria.

Alib. O Sir, if ever Pity touch'd your Breast,
Let it be now to your own Blood exprest:
In Tears your beauteous Daughter drowns her Sight,
Silent as Dews that fall in dead of Night.

Cyd. To your Commands I strict Obedience owe,
And my last Act of it I come to show;
I want the Heart to die before your Eyes,
But Grief will finish that which Fear denies.

Alm. Your Will should by your Father's Precept move:

Cyd. When he was young he taught me truth in Love.

Alm. He found more Love than he deserv'd, 'tis true,
And that it seems is lucky too to you;
Your Father's Folly took a head-strong Course,
But I'll rule yours, and teach you Love by force.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Arm, Arm, O King, the Enemy comes on,
A sharp Assault already is begun;
Their murdering Guns play fiercely on the Walls.

Odm. Now Rival, let us run where Honour calls.

Guy. I have discharg'd what Gratitude did owe,
And the brave *Spaniard* is again my Foe.

[*Exeunt Odmar and Guyomar.*]

Mont. Our Walls are high, and multitudes defend:
Their vain Attempt must in their Ruin end;
The Nuptials with my Presence shall be grac'd.

Alib. At least but stay 'till the Assault be past.

Alm. Sister, in vain you urge him to delay,
The King has promis'd, and he shall obey.

Enter second Messenger.

2 Mess. From several Parts the Enemy's repell'd,
One only Quarter to th' Assault does yield.

Enter third Messenger.

3 Mess. Some Foes are enter'd, but they are so few,
They only Death, not Victory pursue.

Orb. Hark, hark, they shout!

From Virtue's Rules I do too meanly swerve,
I by my Courage will your Love deserve.

[*Exit.*]

Mont. Here in the heart of all the Town I'll stay:
And timely Succour where it wants convey.

338 *The* INDIAN EMPEROR.

A Noise within. Enter Orbellan, Indians driven in, Cortez after them, and one or two Spaniards.

Cort. He's found, he's found; degenerate Coward, stay: Night sav'd thee once, thou shalt not scape by Day.

[Kills Orbellan.

Orb. ——— O I am kill'd ——— [Dies.
Enter Guyomar and Odmar.

Guy. Yield generous Stranger, and preserve your Life, Why chuse you Death in this unequal Strife? [He is beset.
[Almeria and Alibech fall on Orbellan's Body.

Cort. What nobler Fate could any Lover meet?
I fall reveng'd, and at my Mistress Feet.
[They fall on him and bear him down, Guyomar takes his Sword.

Alib. He's past recovery; my dear Brother's slain, Fate's Hand was in it, and my Care is vain.

Alm. In weak Complaints you vainly waste your Breath: They are not Tears that can revenge his Death, Dispatch the Villain straight.

Cort. ——— The Villain's dead.

Alm. Give me a Sword, and let me take his Head.

Mont. Though, Madam, for your Brother's Loss I grieve, Yet let me beg ———

Alm. ——— His Murderer may live?

Cyd. 'Twas his Misfortune, and the Chance of War.

Cort. It was my purpose, and I kill'd him fair; How could you so unjust and cruel prove, To call that Chance, which was the Act of Love?

Cyd. I call'd it any thing to save your Life: Would he were living still, and I his Wife. That Wish was once my greatest Misery: But 'tis a greater to behold you die.

Alm. Either command his Death upon the place, Or never more behold Almeria's Face.

Guy. You by his Valour, once from Death were freed: Can you forget so generous a Deed? [To Montezuma.

Mont. How Gratitude and Love divide my Breast! Both ways alike my Soul is robb'd of Rest. But ——— let him die ——— can I his Sentence give? Ungrateful, must he die by whom I live?

But

But can I then *Almeria's* Tears deny!
Should any live whom she commands to die?

Guy. Approach who dares: He yielded on my word;
And as my Pris'ner, I restore his Sword; [*Gives his Sword.*
His Life concerns the Safety of the State,
And I'll preserve it for a calm Debate.

Mont. Dar'st thou rebel, false and degenerate Boy?
That Being which I gave, I thus destroy.

[*Offers to kill him, Odmar steps between.*

Odm. My Brother's Blood I cannot see you spill,
Since he prevents you but from doing Ill.
He is my Rival, but his Death would be
For him too glorious, and too base for me.

Guy. Thou shalt not Conquer in this noble Strife:
Alas, I meant not to defend my Life:
Strike, Sir, you never pierc'd a Breast more true:
'Tis the last Wound I e'er can take for you:
You see I live but to dispute your Will:
Kill me, and then you may my Pris'ner kill.

Cort. You shall not, gen'rous Youths, contend for me:
It is enough that I your Honour see:
But that your Duty may no blemish take,
I will my self your Father's Captive make:

[*Gives his Sword to Montezuma.*

When he dares strike, I am prepar'd to fall:
The *Spaniards* will revenge their General.

Cyd. Ah you too hastily your Life resign,
You more would love it, if you valued mine!!

Cort. Dispatch me quickly, I my Death forgive,
I shall grow tender else, and wish to live;
Such an infectious Face her Sorrow wears,
I can bear Death, but not *Cydaria's* Tears.

Alm. Make haste, make haste, they merit Death all three:
They for Rebellion, and for Murder he.
See, see, my Brother's Ghost hangs hovering there
O'er his warm Blood, that steams into the Air,
Revenge, Revenge it cries.

Mont. ———— And it shall have;
But two Days respite for his Life I crave:

If in that space you not more gentle prove,
 I'll give a fatal Proof how well I love.
 'Till when, you *Guyomar*, your Pris'ner take;
 Bestow him in the Castle on the Lake:
 In that small time I shall the Conquest gain
 Of these few Sparks of Virtue which remain;
 Then all who shall my head-long Passion see,
 Shall curse my Crimes, and yet shall pity me. [*Exe. omnes.*]



ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE A Prison.

Enter Almeria and an Indian, they speak entring.

Ind. **A** Dangerous Proof of my Respect I show.
Alm. Fear, not, Prince *Guyomar* shall never know:
 While he is absent let us not delay,
 Remember 'tis the King thou dost obey.

Ind. See where he sleeps.

[*Cortez appears chain'd and laid asleep.*]

Alm. ——— Without my coming wait:

And on thy Life secure the Prison Gate— [*Exit Indian.*]

[*She plucks out a Dagger, and approaches him.*]

Spaniard awake: thy fatal Hour is come:
 Thou shalt not at such ease receive thy Doom.
 Revenge is sure, though sometimes slowly pac'd:
 Awake, awake, or sleeping sleep thy last.

Cort. Who names Revenge?

Alm. ——— Look up, and thou shalt see.

Cort. I cannot fear so fair an Enemy.

Alm. No aid is nigh, nor can'st thou make defence:
 Whence can thy Courage come?

Cort. ——— From Innocence.

Alm. From Innocence? let that then take thy Part.
 Still are thy Looks assur'd ——— have at thy Heart!

[*Holds up the Dagger.*]

I cannot kill thee; sure thou bear'st some Charm, [*Goes back.*
 Or some Divinity holds back my Arm.
 Why do I thus delay to make him Bleed? [*Aside.*
 Can I want Courage for so brave a Deed?
 I've shook it off; my Soul is free from fear, [*Comes again.*
 And I can now strike any where——but here:
 His Scorn of Death how strangely does it move!
 A Mind so haughty who could chuse but love! [*Goes off.*
 Plead not a Charm, or any Gods command,
 Alas, it is thy Heart that holds thy Hand:
 In spite of me I love, and see too late:
 My Mother's Pride must find my Mother's Fate:
 ——Thy Country's Foe, thy Brother's Murtherer,
 For shame, *Almeria*, such mad Thoughts forbear:
 It w'onnot be, if I once more come on: [*Coming on again.*
 I shall mistake the Breast, and pierce my own.
 [*Comes with her Dagger down.*

Cort. Does your Revenge maliciously forbear
 To give me Death, till 'tis prepar'd by Fear?
 If you delay for that, forbear or strike,
 Fore-seen and sudden Death are both alike.

Alm. To show my Love, would but increase his Pride:
 They have most Power who most their Passions hide. [*Aside.*
Spaniard, I must confess I did expect
 You could not meet your Death with such neglect;
 I will defer it now, and give you time:
 You may Repent, and I forget your Crime.

Cort. Those who repent, acknowledge they did ill:
 I did not unprovok'd your Brother kill.

Alm. Petition me, perhaps I may forgive.

Cort. Who begs his Life, does not deserve to live.

Alm. But if 'tis given, you'll not refuse to take?

Cort. I can live gladly for *Cydaria's* sake.

Alm. Does she so wholly then possess your Mind?
 What if you should another Lady find,
 Equal to her in Birth, and far above
 In all that can attract, or keep your Love,
 Would you so doat upon your first Desire,
 As not to entertain a nobler Fire?

Cort. I think that Person hardly will be found,
With gracious Form and equal Virtue crown'd:
Yet if another could Precedence claim,
My fixt Desires could find no fairer Aim.

Alm. Dull Ignorance! he cannot yet conceive;
To speak more plain, Shame will not give me leave. [*Aside.*
— Suppose one lov'd you whom even Kings adore: [*To him.*
Who with your Life, your Freedom would restore,
And add to that the Crown of *Mexico*:
Would you for her, *Cydaria's* Love fore-go?

Cort. Though she could offer all you can invent,
I could not of my Faith, once vow'd, repent.

Alm. A burning Blush has cover'd all my Face;
Why am I forc'd to publish my Disgrace?
What if I love, you know, it cannot be,
And yet I blush to put the Case 'twere me.
If I could love you, with a flame so true,
I could forget what Hand my Brother slew? —

— Make out the rest, — I am disorder'd so,
I know not farther what to say or do:

— But answer me to what you think I meant.

Cort. Reason or Wit no Answer can invent:
Of words confus'd who can the Meaning find?

Alm. Disorder'd Words show a distemper'd Mind.

Cort. She has oblig'd me so, that could I chuse,
I would not answer what I must refuse. [*Aside.*

Alm. — His Mind is shook; — suppose I lov'd you, speak,
Would you for me *Cydaria's* Fetters break?

Cort. Things meant in Jest, no serious Answer need.

Alm. But put the case that it were so indeed.

Cort. If it were so, which but to think were Pride,
My constant Love would dangerously be try'd:
For since you could a Brother's Death forgive,
He whom you save, for you alone should live:
But I the most unhappy of Mankind,
E'er I knew yours, have all my Love resign'd:
'Tis my own Loss I grieve, who have no more;
You go a begging to a Bankrupt's Door.
Yet could I change, as sure I never can,
How could you love so infamous a Man?

For Love once given from her, and plac'd in you,
Would leave no Ground I ever could be true.

Alm. You construed me aright ——— I was in Jest:
And by that Offer meant to sound your Breast;
Which since I find so constant to your Love,
Will much my Value of your Worth improve.
Spaniard assure your self you shall not be
Oblig'd to quit *Cydaria* for me:

'Tis dangerous though to treat me in this sort,
And to refuse my Offers, though in sport. [Exit *Alm.*]

Cort. In what a strange Condition am I left? [Cort. *solus.*]
More than I wish I have, of all I wish bereft!
In wishing nothing, we enjoy still most;
For even our Wish is, in possession, lost:
Restless we wander to a new Desire,
And burn our selves by blowing up the Fire:
We toss and turn about our Feverish Will,
When all our Ease must come by lying still:
For all the happiness Mankind can gain
Is not in Pleasure, but in rest from Pain.

[Goes in, and the Scene closes upon him.]

SCENE II. Chamber Royal.

Enter Montezuma, Odmar, Guyomar and Alibech.

Mont. My Ears are deaf with this impatient Crowd.

Odm. Their Wants are now grown mutinous and loud:
The General's taken, but the Siege remains;
And their last Food our dying Men sustains.

Guy. One means is only left, I to this Hour
Have kept the Captive from *Almeria's* Power;
And though by your Command she often sent
To urge his Doom, do still his Death prevent.

Mont. That hope is past: Him I have oft assur'd,
But neither Threats nor Kindness have prevail'd;
Hiding our Wants, I offer'd to release
His Chains, and equally conclude a Peace:
He fiercely answer'd, I had now no way
But to submit, and without terms obey:

I told him, he in Chains demanded more
 Than he impos'd in Victory before:
 He sullenly reply'd, he could not make
 These Offers now; Honour must give, not take.

Odm. Twice have I sally'd, and was twice beat back:
 What desprate Course remains for us to take!

Mont. If either Death or Bondage I must chuse,
 I'll keep my Freedom, though my Life I lose.

Guy. I'll not upbraid you that you once refus'd
 Those means, you might have then with Honour us'd:
 I'll lead your Men, perhaps bring Victory:
 They know to Conquer best, who know to die.

[*Exeunt Mont. and Odm.*]

Alib. Ah me, what have I heard! stay *Guyomar*,
 What hope you from this Sally you prepare?

Guy. A Death, with Honour for my Country's good:
 A Death, to which your self design'd my Blood.

Alib. You heard, and I well know the Town's Distress,
 Which Sword and Famine both at once oppress:
 Famine so fierce, that what's deny'd Man's Use,
 Even deadly Plants, and Herbs of pois'nous Juice
 Wild Hunger seeks; and to prolong our Breath,
 We greedily devour our certain Death:
 The Soldier in th' Assault of Famine falls:
 And Ghosts, not Men, are watching on the Walls.
 As Callow Birds——

Whose Mother's kill'd in seeking of the Prey,
 Cry in their Nest, and think her long away;
 And at each Leaf that stirs, each blast of Wind,
 Gape for the Food which they must never find:
 So cry the People in their Misery.

Guy. And what Relief can they expect from me?

Alib. While *Montezuma* sleeps, call in the Foe:
 The Captive General your Design may know:
 His noble Heart, to Honour ever true,
 Knows how to spare as well as to subdue.

Guy. What I have heard I blush to hear: And grieve
 Those words you spoke I must your Words believe;
 I to do this! I, whom you once thought brave,
 To sell my Country, and my King enslave?

All I have done by one foul Act deface,
 And yield my Right to you by turning Base?
 What more could *Odmarr* wish that I should do
 To lose your Love, than you persuade me to?
 No, Madam, no, I never can commit
 A Deed so ill; nor can you suffer it:
 'Tis but to try what Virtue you can find
 Lodg'd in my Soul.

Alib. I plainly speak my Mind;
 Dear as my Life my Virtue I'll preserve:
 But Virtue you too scrupulously serve:
 I lov'd not more than now my Country's good,
 When for its Service I employ'd your Blood:
 But things are alter'd, I am still the same,
 By different Ways still moving to one Fame;
 And by dis-arming you, I now do more
 To save the Town, than arming you before.

Guy. Things good or ill by Circumstances be,
 In you 'tis Virtue, what is Vice in me.

Alib. That Ill is pardon'd which does Good procure.

Guy. The Good's uncertain, but the Ill is sure.

Alib. When Kings grow stubborn, slothful, or unwise,
 Each private Man for publick Good should rise.

Guy. Take heed, fair Maid, how Monarchs you accuse:
 Such Reasons none but impious Rebels use:
 Those who to Empire by dark Paths aspire,
 Still plead a Call to what they most desire;
 But Kings by free Consent their Kingdoms take,
 Strict as those sacred Ties which Nuptials make;
 And whate'er Faults in Princes time reveal,
 None can be Judge where can be no Appeal.

Alib. In all Debates you plainly let me see
 You love your Virtue best, but *Odmarr* me:
 Go, your mistaken Piety pursue:
 I'll have from him what is deny'd by you;
 With my Commands you shall no more be grac'd,
 Remember, Sir, this trial was your last.

Guy. The Gods inspire you with a better Mind;
 Make you more Just, and make you then more Kind.

But though from Virtue's Rules I cannot part,
 Think I deny you with a bleeding Heart:
 'Tis hard with me whatever Choice I make;
 I must not merit you, or must forsake:
 But in this strait, to Honour I'll be true,
 And leave my Fortune to the Gods and you.

Enter Messenger privately.

Mess. Now is the time; be aiding to your Fate;
 From the Watch-Tower, above the Western Gate,
 I have discern'd the Foe securely lye,
 Too proud to fear a beaten Enemy:
 Their careless Chiefs to the cool Grottoes run,
 The Bowers of Kings, to shade them from the Sun.

Guy. Upon thy Life disclose thy News to none;
 I'll make the Conquest or the Shame my own.

[*Ex. Guy. and Mess.*]

Enter Odmar.

Alib. I read some welcome Message in his Eye:
 Prince *Odmar* comes: I'll see if he'll deny.

Odmar. I come to tell you pleasing News,
 I beg'd a thing your Brother did refuse.

Odms. The News both pleases me, and grieves me too;
 For nothing, sure, should be deny'd to you:
 But he was blest who might commanded be;
 You never meant that Happiness to me.

Alib. What he refus'd, your Kindness might bestow,
 But my Commands, perhaps, your Burden grow.

Odms. Could I but live till burdensome they prove,
 My Life would be immortal as my Love.
 Your Wish, e'er it receive a Name, I grant.

Alib. 'Tis to relieve your dying Country's want;
 All hopes of Succour from your Arms is past,
 To save us now you must our Ruin haste;
 Give up the Town, and to oblige him more,
 The Captive General's Liberty restore.

Odms. You speak to try my Love; can you forgive
 So soon, to let your Brother's Murderer live?

Alib. *Orbellan*, though my Brother, did disgrace,
 With treacherous Deeds, our mighty Mother's Race;

And

And to revenge his Blood, so justly spilt,
 What is it less than to partake his Guilt?
 Tho' my proud Sister to Revenge incline,
 I to my Country's good my own resign.

Odin. To save our Lives, our Freedom I betray—
 ———— Yet since I promis'd it, I will obey;
 I'll not my Shame nor your Commands dispute:
 You shall behold your Empire's absolute. [*Exit Odmar.*]

Alib. I should have thank'd him for his speedy Grant;
 And yet I know not how, fit words I want:
 Sure I am grown distracted in my Mind,
 That Joy this Grant should bring I cannot find:
 The one, denying, vex'd my Soul before;
 And this, obeying, has disturb'd me more:
 The one, with Grief, and slowly did refuse,
 The other, in his Grant, much haste did use:

——He us'd too much——and granting me so soon,
 He has the Merit of the Gift undone:
 Methought with wondrous ease, he swallowed down
 His forfeit Honour, to betray the Town:
 My inward Choice was *Guyomar* before;
 But now his Virtue has confirm'd me more——

——I rave, I rave, for *Odmar* will obey,
 And then my Promise must my Choice betray.
 Fantastick Honour, thou hast fram'd a Toil
 Thy self, to make thy Love thy Virtue's Spoil.

[*Exit Alibech.*]

S C E N E III.

*A pleasant Grotto discover'd: In it a Fountain spouting;
 round about it Vasquez, Pizarro, and other Spaniards ly-
 ing carelessly unarm'd, and by them many Indian Women,
 one of which sings the following Song.*

S O N G.

Ah fading Joy! how quickly art thou past?

Yet we thy Ruin haste.

As if the Cares of human Life were few,

We seek out new:

And follow Fate, which would too fast pursue.

See how on every Bough the Birds express,
 In their sweet Notes, their Happiness.
 They all enjoy, and nothing spare;
 But on their Mother Nature lay their Care:
 Why then should Man, the Lord of all below,
 Such troubles chuse to know,
 As none of all his Subjects undergo?

Hark, hark, the Waters fall, fall, fall,
 And with a murmuring sound
 Dash, dash, upon the Ground,
 To gentle Slumbers call.

After the Song two Spaniards arise and dance a Saraband
 with Castanieta's: At the end of which, Guyomar and
 his Indians enter, and e're the Spaniards can recover their
 Swords, seize them.

Guy. Those whom you took without, in Triumph bring,
 But see these straight conducted to the King.

Piz. Vasquez, what now remains in these Extreems?
 Vasq. Only to wake us from our golden Dreams.

Piz. Since by our shameful Conduct, we have lost
 Freedom, Wealth, Honour, which we value most,
 I wish they would our Lives a period give:
 They live too long, who Happiness out-live.

[Spaniards are led out.]

Ind. See, Sir, how quickly your Success is spread:
 The King comes marching in the Armies head.

Enter Montezuma, Alibech, Odmar discontented.

Mont. Now all the Gods reward and bless my Son:

[Embracing.]

Thou hast this Day thy Father's Youth out-done.

Alib. Just Heav'n all Happiness upon him shower,
 Till it confess its Will beyond its Power.

Guy. The Heav'ns are kind, the Gods propitious be,
 I only doubt a mortal Deity:
 I neither fought for Conquest, nor for Fame,
 Your Love alone can recompence my Flame.

Alib. I gave my Love to the most brave in War;
But that the King must judge.

Mont. ————— 'Tis *Guyomar*.

[*Soldiers shout, A Guyonfar, &c.*]

Mont. This Day your Nuptials we will celebrate;
But guard these haughty Captives 'till their Fate:
Odm., this Night to keep them be your Care,
To Morrow for their Sacrifice prepare.

Alib. Blot not your Conquest with your Cruelty.

Mont. Fate says we are not safe unless they die:
The Spirit that foretold this happy Day,
Bid me use Caution and avoid Delay:

Posterity be juster to my Fame;
Nor call it Murder, when each private Man
In his Defence may justly do the same:
But private Persons more than Monarchs can:
All weigh our Acts, and whate'er seems unjust,
'Impute not to Necessity, but Lust.

[*Exeunt Montezuma, Guyomar, and Alibech.*]

Odm. Lost and undone! he had my Father's Voice,
And *Alibech* seem'd pleas'd with her new Choice:
Alas, it was not new! too late I see,
Since one she hated, that it must be me.

——I feel a strange Temptation in my Will
To do an Action, great at once and ill:
Virtue ill treated from my Soul is fled;
I by Revenge and Love am wholly led:
Yet Conscience would against my Rage rebel! ———

——Conscience, the foolish Pride of doing well!
Sink Empire, Father perish, Brother fall,
Revenge does more than recompence you all.

——Conduct the Pris'ners in——

Enter Vasquez, and Pizarro.

Spaniards, you see your own deplor'd Estate:
What dare you do to reconcile your Fate?

Vasq. All that Despair, with Courage join'd, can do.

Odm. An easie way to Victory I'll show:
When all are buried in their Sleep or Joy,
I'll give you Arms, burn, ravish and destroy;

For my own share one Beauty I design,
Engage your Honour that she shall be mine.

Piz. I gladly Swear.

Vasq. ———— And I; but I request

That, in return, one who has touch'd my Breast,
Whose Name I know not, may be given to me.

Odm. Spaniard 'tis just; she's yours who'er she be:

Vasq. The Night comes on: If Fortune blefs the bold,
I shall possess the Beauty.

Piz. I the Gold,

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

S C E N E IV. *A Prison.*

Cortez discovered bound: Almeria talking with him.

Alm. I come not now your Constancy to prove,
You may believe me when I say I Love.

Cort. You have too well instructed me before
In your Intentions, to believe you more.

Alm. I'm justly plagu'd by this your Unbelief,
And am my self the Cause of my own Grief:
But to beg Love, I cannot stoop so low;
It is enough that you my Passion know;
'Tis in your Choice; love me, or love me not;
I have not yet my Brother's Death forgot.

[*Lays hold on the Dagger.*]

Cort. You menace me and court me in a Breath:
Your *Cupid* looks as dreadfully as Death.

Alm. Your Hopes, without, are vanish'd into Smoak:
Your Captains taken, and your Armies broke.

Cort. In vain you urge me with my Miseries:
When Fortune falls, high Courages can rise.
Now should I change my Love, it would appear
Not the effect of Gratitude, but Fear.

Alm. I'll to the King, and make it my Request,
Or my Command, that you may be releas'd;
And make you judge, when I have set you free,
Who best deserves your Passion, I, or she.

Cort. You tempt my Faith so generous a way,
As without Guilt might Constancy betray:

But

But I'm so far from meriting Esteem,
That if I judge, I must my self condemn;
Yet having given my worthless Heart before,
What I must ne'er possess, I will adore;
Take my Devotion then this humbler way;
Devotion is the Love which Heav'n we pay.

[Kisses her Hand.

Enter Cydaria.

Cyd. May I believe my Eyes! what do I see!
Is this her Hate to him, his Love to me!
'Tis in my Breast she sheaths her Dagger now.
False Man, is this the Faith? is this the Vow? [To him.

Cort. What words, dear Saint, are these I hear you use?
What Faith, what Vows are those which you accuse?

Cyd. More cruel than the Tyger o'er his Spoil;
And falser than the weeping Crocodile:
Can you add Vanity to Guilt, and take
A Pride to hear the Conquests which you make?
Go publish your Renown, let it be said
You have a Woman, and that lov'd, betray'd.

Cort. With what Injustice is my Faith accus'd?
Life, Freedom, Empire, I at once refus'd;
And would again ten thousand times for you:

Alm. She'll have too great Content to find him true;
And therefore since his Love is not for me.
I'll help to make my Rival's Misery.

Spaniard, I never thought you false before: [To him.

Can you at once two Mistresses adore?
Keep the poor Soul no longer in Suspence,
Your Change is such as does not need defence.

Cort. Riddles like these I cannot understand!

Alm. Why should you blush? she saw you kiss my Hand;

Cyd. Fear not, I will, while your first Love's deny'd,
Favour your Shame, and turn my Eyes aside;
My feeble Hopes in her Deserts are lost:
I neither can such Power nor Beauty boast:
I have no tie upon you to be true,
But that which loosen'd yours, my Love to you.

Cort. Could you have heard my words!

C, d.

Cyd. ———— Alas, what needs

To hear your Words, when I beheld your Deeds?

Cort. What shall I say! the Fate of Love is such,
That still it sees too little or too much.

That act of mine, which does your Passion move;
Was but a Mark of my Respect, not Love.

Alm. Vex not your self Excuses to prepare:
For one you love not, is not worth your Care,

Cort. Cruel *Almeria*, take that Life you gave;
Since you but worse destroy me, while you save.

Cyd. No, let me die, and I'll my Claim resign;
For while I live, methinks you should be mine.

Cort. The bloodiest Vengeance which she could pursue,
Would be a trifle to my Loss of you.

Cyd. Your Change was wise: For had she been deny'd,
A swift Revenge had follow'd from her Pride:

You from my gentle Nature had no Fears,
All my Revenge is only in my Tears.

Cort. Can you imagine I so mean could prove,
To save my Life by changing of my Love?

Cyd. Since Death is that which nat'rally we shun,
You did no more than I, perhaps, had done.

Cort. Make me not doubt, fair Soul, your Constancy;
You would have dy'd for Love, and so would I.

Alm. You may believe him; you have seen it prov'd.

Cort. Can I not gain belief how I have lov'd?
What can thy ends, malicious Beauty, be:
Can he who kill'd thy Brother, live for thee?

[*A Noise of Clashing of Swords.*

[*Vasquez within, Indians against him.*

Vasq. Yield Slaves or die; our Swords shall force our way.

[*Within.*

Ind. We cannot, though o'er-power'd, our Trust betray.

[*Within.*

Cort. 'Tis *Vasquez* Voice, he brings me Liberty.

Vasq. In spite of Fate I'll set my General free: [*Within.*
Now Victory for us, the Town's our own.

Alm. All Hopes of Safety, and of Love are gone:
As when some dreadful Thunder-clap is nigh,
The winged Fire shoots swiftly through the Sky,

Strikes

Strikes and consumes, e'er scarce it does appear,
And by the sudden ill, prevents the fear:
Such is my State in this amazing Woe,
It leaves no Pow'r to think, much less to do.

— But shall my Rival live, shall she enjoy
That Love in Peace I labour'd to destroy? *[Aside.]*

Cort. Her Looks grow black as a tempestuous Wind;
Some raging Thoughts are rowling in her Mind.

Alm. Rival, I must your Jealousie remove,
You shall, hereafter, be at rest for Love.

Cyd. Now you are kind.

Alm. — He whom you love is true:
But he shall never be possess'd by you.

[Draws her Dagger, and runs towards her.]

Cort. Hold, hold, ah barbarous Woman! fie, oh fie!

Cyd. Ah pity, pity, is no succour nigh!

Cort. Run, run behind me, there you may be sure,
While I have Life, I will your Life secure.

[Cydaria gets behind him.]

Alm. On him or thee light Vengeance any where:

[She stabs and hurts him.]

— What have I done? I see his Blood appear!

Cyd. It streams, it streams from every vital Part:
Was there no way but this to find his Heart?

Alm. Ah! curst Woman, what was my Design!
This Weapon's point shall mix that Blood with mine!

*[Goes to stab her self, and being within his reach
he snatches the Dagger.]*

Cort. Now neither Life nor Death are in your Power,

Alm. Then sullenly I'll wait my fatal Hour.

Enter Vasquez and Pizarro with drawn Swords.

Vasq. He Lives, he Lives.

Cort. — Unfetter me with speed,
Vasquez, I see you troubled that I bleed:
But 'tis not deep, our Army I can head.

Vasq. You to a certain Victory are led;
Your Men all arm'd, stand silently within:
I with your Freedom, did the work begin.

Piz. What Friends we have, and how we came so strong,
We'll softly tell you as we march along.

Cort.

Cort. In this safe Place let me secure your Fear:
[To Cydaria.]

No clashing Swords, no Noise can enter here.
Amidst our Arms as quiet you shall be,
As Halcyons brooding on a Winter Sea.

Cyd. Leave me not here alone, and full of fright,
Amidst the Terrors of a dreadful Night:
You judge, alas, my Courage by your own,
I never durst in darkness be alone:
I beg, I throw me humbly at your Feet.—

Cort. You must not go where you may Dangers meet.
Th' unruly Sword will no Distinction make:
And Beauty will not there give Wounds, but take.

Alm. Then stay and take me with you; tho' to be
A Slave to wait upon your Victory:
My Heart unmov'd, can Noise and Horror bear:
Parting from you is all the Death I fear.

Cort. *Almeria*, 'tis enough I leave you free:
You neither must stay here, nor go with me.

Alm. Then take my Life, that will my Rest restore:
'Tis all I ask, for saving yours before.

Cort. That were a barbarous return of Love.

Alm. Yet, leaving it, you more inhuman prove:
In both Extreams I some Relief should find:
Oh either hate me more, or be more kind.

Cort. Life of my Soul, do not my Absence mourn:
But cheer your Heart in hopes of my return. [To *Cyd.*
Your noble Father's Life shall be my Care;
And both your Brothers I'm oblig'd to spare.

Cyd. Fate makes you deaf, while I in vain implore,
My Heart forebodes I ne'er shall see you more:
I have but one Request, when I am dead,
Let not my Rival to your Love succeed.

Cort. Fate will be kinder than your Fears fore-tell;
Farewel my Dear.

Cyd. ——— A long and last Farewel:
——— So eager to imploy the cruel Sword;
Can you not one, not one last Look afford!

Cort. I melt to womanish Tears, and if I stay,
I find my Love my Courage will betray;

Yon.

Yon Tower will keep you safe, but be so kind
To your own Life, that none may entrance find.

Cyd. Then lead me there—— [He leads her.]
For this one Minute of your Company,
I go methinks, with some content to die.

[*Exeunt* Cortez, Vasquez, Pizarro and Cydaria.]

Alm. Farewel, O too-much lov'd, since lov'd in vain! [*Solz.*]
What dismal Fortune does for me remain!

Night and Despair my fatal Foot-steps guide;
That Chance may give the Death which he deny'd. [*Exit.*]

[Cortez, Vasquez, Pizarro, and Spaniards return again.]

Cort. All I hold dear, I trust to your Defence; [*To Piz.*]
Guard her, and on your Life, remove not hence.

[*Exeunt* Cortez and Vasquez.]

Piz. I'll venture that——
The Gods are good; I'll leave her to their Care,
Steal from my Post, and in the Plunder share. [*Exit.*]



A C T V. S C E N E I.

SCENE A Chamber Royal, an Indian Hamock
discover'd in it.

Enter Odmar with Soldiers, Guyomar and Alibech bound.

Odm. Fate is more just than you to my Desert,
And in this Act you blame, Heav'n takes my Part.

Guy. Can there be Gods, and no Revenge provide?

Odm. The Gods are ever of the Conquering side:
She's now my Queen, the Spaniards have agreed
I to my Father's Empire shall succeed.

Alib. How much I Crowns contemn, I let thee see,
Cirusing the younger, and refusing thee.

Guy. Were she Ambitious, she'd disdain to own
The Pageant Pomp of such a servile Throne;
A Throne which thou by Parricide do'st gain,
And by a base Submission must retain.

Alib.

Alib. I lov'd thee not before; but, *Odm.*, know,
That now I hate thee, and despise thee too.

Odm. With too much Violence you Crimes pursue,
Which if I acted, 'twas for Love of you:
This, if it teach not Love, may teach you Fear:
I brought not Sin so far, to stop it here.
Death in a Lover's Mouth would sound but ill:
But know, I either must enjoy, or kill.

Alib. Bestow, base Man, thy idle Threats elsewhere,
My Mother's Daughter knows not how to fear.
Since, *Guyomar*, I must not be thy Bride,
Death shall enjoy what is to thee deny'd.

Odm. Then take thy Wish——

Guy. Hold, *Odm.*, hold:

My Right in *Alibech* I will resign;
Rather than see her Die, I'll see her thine.

Alib. In vain thou would'st resign, for I will be,
Ev'n when thou leav'st me, Constant still to thee:
That shall not save my Life: Wilt thou appear
Fearful for her, who for her self wants Fear?

Odm. Her Love to him shows me a surer way:
I by her Love, her Virtue must betray:
Since, *Alibech*, you are so true a Wife;
'Tis in your Power to save your Husband's Life:
The Gods, by me, your Love and Virtue try:
For both will suffer if you let him die.

[*Aside.*
[*To her.*

Alib. I never can believe you will proceed
To such a black and execrable Deed.

Odm. I only threatn'd you; but could not prove
So much a Fool to murder what I love:
But in his Death, I some advantage see:
Worse than it is I'm sure it cannot be.
If you consent, you with that gentle Breath
Preserve his Life: If not, behold his Death.

[*Holds his Sword to his Breast.*

Alib. What shall I do!

Guy. ——What, are your Thoughts at strife
About a Ransom to preserve my Life?
Though to save yours I did my Interest give,
Think not when you were his, I meant to live.

Alib.

Alib. O let him be preserv'd by any way:

But name not the foul Price which I must pay. [*To Odm.*]

Odm. You would, and would not, I'll no longer stay.

[*Offers again to kill him.*]

Alib. I yield, I yield; but yet e'er I am ill,
An innocent Desire I would fulfil:

With *Guyomar* I one chaste Kiss would leave,
The first and last he ever can receive.

Odm. Have what you ask: That Minute you agree
To my Desires, your Husband shall be free.

[*They unbind her, she goes to her Husband.*]

Guy. No, *Alibech*, we never must Embrace:

[*He turns from her.*]

Your guilty Kindness why do you mis-place?

'Tis meant to him, he is your private Choice:

I was made yours but by the publick Voice.

And now you leave me with a poor Pretence,

That your ill Act is for my Life's Defence.

Alib. Since there remains no other means to try,
Think I am false; I cannot see you die.

Guy. To give for me both Life and Honour too,
Is more, perhaps, than I could give for you.

You have done much to cure my Jealousie,

But cannot perfect it unless both die:

For since both cannot live, who stays behind

Must be thought fearful, or what's worse, unkind.

Alib. I never could propose that Death you chuse;

But am, like you, too jealous to refuse. [*Embracing him.*]

Together dying, we together show

That both did pay that Faith which both did owe.

Odm. It then remains I act my own Design:

Have you your Wills, but I will first have mine.

Assist me, Soldiers —————

[*They go to bind her: She cries out.*]

Enter Vasquez, and two Spaniards.

Vasq. Hold, *Odm.*, hold, I come in happy time
To hinder my Misfortune, and your Crime.

Odm. You ill return the Kindness I have shown.

Vasq. *Indian*, I say desist.

Odm. ————— *Spaniard*, be gone.

Vasq. This Lady I did for my self design:
Dare you attempt her Honour who is mine?

Odm. You're much mistaken; this is she whom I
Did with my Father's Loss, and Country's buy:
She whom your Promise did to me convey,
When all things else were made your common Prey.

Vasq. That Promise made, excepted one for me;
One whom I still reserv'd, and this is she.

Odm. This is not she, you cannot be so base.

Vasq. I love too deeply to mistake the Face:
The Vanquish'd must receive the Victor's Laws.

Odm. If I am Vanquish'd, I my self am Cause.

Vasq. Then thank your self for what you undergo.

Odm. Thus lawless Might does Justice overthrow.

Vasq. Traytors, like you, should never Justice name.

Odm. You owe your Triumphs to that Traytor's shame.
But to your General, I'll my Right refer.

Vasq. He never will protect a Ravisher:
His generous Heart will soon decide our Strife;
He to your Brother will restore his Wife.
It rests we two our Claim in Combat try,
And that with this fair Prize, the Victor fly.

Odm. Make haste,
I cannot suffer to be long perplext:
Conquest is my first Wish, and Death my next.

[They Fight, the Spaniards and Indians Fight.]

Alib. The Gods the Wicked by themselves o'erthrow:
All Fight against us now, and for us too!

[Unbinds her Husband.]

[The two Spaniards, and three Indians, kill each other, Vasquez kills Odmar, Guyomar runs to his Brother's Sword.]

Vasq. Now you are mine; my greatest Foe is slain. *[To Alib.]*

Guy. A greater still to Vanquish does remain.

Vasq. Another yet!

The Wounds I make, but sow new Enemies:
Which from their Blood, like Earth-born-brethren rise.

Guy. Spaniard take Breath: Some respite I'll afford,
My Cause is more Advantage than your Sword.

Vasq. Thou art so brave—could it with Honour be,
I'd seek thy Friendship, more than Victory.

Guy.

Guy. Friendship with him whose Hand did *Odmar* kill!
Base as he was, he was my Brother still:

And since his Blood has wash'd away his Guilt,
Nature asks thine for that which thou hast spilt.

[*They fight a little and breathe, Alibeeh takes up
a Sword and comes on.*]

Alib. My weakness may help something in the Strife.

Guy. Kill not my Honour, to preserve my Life:

[*Staying her.*]

Rather than by thy Aid I'll Conquest gain,

Without defence I poorly will be slain.

[*She goes back, they fight again, Vasquez falls.*]

Guy. Now, *Spaniard*, beg thy Life, and thou shalt live.

Vasq. 'Twere vain to ask thee what thou canst not give:

My Breath goes out, and I am now no more;

Yet her I-lov'd, in Death I will adore.

[*Dies.*]

Guy. Come, *Alibeeh*, let us from hence remove.

This is a Night of Horror, not of Love.

From every part I hear a dreadful Noise:

The Vanquish'd Crying, and the Victors Joys.

I'll to my Father's Aid and Country's, flee;

And succour both, or in their ruin die:

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. A Prison.

Montezuma, Indian High Priest, bound; *Pizarro*, Spaniards
with Swords drawn, a Christian Priest.

Piz. Thou hast not yet discover'd all thy Store.

Mont. I neither can nor will discover more:

The Gods will punish you, if they be just;

The Gods will plague your sacrilegious Lust.

Chr. Priest. Mark how this impious Heathen justifies

His own false Gods, and our true God denies:

How wickedly he has refus'd his Wealth,

And hid his Gold, from Christian Hands, by stealth:

Down with him, kill him, merit Heav'n thereby.

Ind. High Pr. Can Heav'n be Author of such Cruelty?

Piz. Since neither Threats nor Kindness will prevail,

We must by other means your Minds assail;

[*Fasten*]

360 *The* INDIAN EMPEROR.

Fasten the Engines; stretch 'em at their length,
And pull the straitned Cords with all your strength.

[They fasten them to the Rack, and then pull them.]

Mont. The Gods, who made me once a King, shall
I still am worthy to continue so: [know

Tho' now the subject of your Tyranny,
I'll plague you worse than you can punish me.
Know I have Gold, which you shall never find,
No Pains, no Tortures shall unlock my Mind.

Chr. Fr. Pull harder yet; he does not feel the Rack.

Mont. Pull 'till my Veins break, and my Sinews crack.

Ind. High Pr. When will you end your barb'rous Cruelty?
I beg not to escape, I beg to die.

Mont. Shame on thy Priesthood that such Pray'rs can
Is it not brave to suffer with thy King? [bring:

When Monarchs suffer, Gods themselves bear part;
Then well may'st thou, who but my Vassal art:
I charge thee, dare not groan, nor shew one sign,
Thou at thy Torments dost the least repine.

Ind. High Pr. You took an Oath, when you receiv'd
your Crown,

The Heav'ns should pour their usual Blessings down;
The Sun should shine, the Earth its Fruits produce,
And nought be wanting to your Subjects use:
Yet we with Famine were oppress'd, and now
Must to the Yoke of cruel Masters bow.

Mont. If those above, who made the World, could be
Forgetful of it, why then blam'st thou me?

Chr. Fr. Those Pains, O Prince, thou sufferest now,
are light

Compar'd to those, which when thy Soul takes flight,
Immortal, endless, thou must then endure,
Which Death begins, and Time can never cure.

Mont. Thou art deceiv'd: for whensoever I die,
The Sun, my Father, bears my Soul on high:

He lets me down a Beam, and mounted there,
He draws it back, and pulls me through the Air:

I in the Eastern Parts, and rising Sky,
You in Heav'n's downfall, and the West must lie.

Chr. Pr.

Chr. Pr. Fond Man, by Heathen Ignorance mis-led,
Thy Soul destroying when thy Body's dead:
Change yet thy Faith, and buy eternal Rest.

Ind. High Pr. Die in your own, for our Belief is best.

Mont. In seeking Happiness you both agree,
But in the Search, the Paths so different be,
That all Religions with each other fight,
While only one can lead us in the Right.
But till that one hath some more certain mark,
Poor human Kind must wander in the Dark;
And suffer Pains eternally below,
For that, which here we cannot come to know.

Chr. Pr. That which we worship, and which you believe,
From Nature's common Hand we both receive:
All under various Names, Adore and Love
One Power Immense, which ever Rules above.
Vice to abhor, and Virtue to pursue,
Is both believ'd and taught by us and you:
But here our Worship takes another way——

Mont. Where both agree, 'tis there most safe to stay?
For what's more vain than publick Light to shun,
And set up Tapers while we see the Sun?

Chr. Pr. Though Nature teaches whom we should adore,
By Heav'nly Beams we still discover more.

Mont. Or this must be enough, or to Mankind
One equal way to Bliss is not design'd.
For though some more may know, and some know less,
Yet all must know enough for Happiness.

Chr. Pr. If in this middle way you still pretend
To stay, your Journey never will have end.

Mont. Howe'er 'tis better in the midst to stay,
Than wander farther in uncertain way.

Chr. Pr. But we by Martyrdom our Faith avow.

Mont. You do no more than I for ours do now,
To prove Religion true——

If either Wit or Sufferings would suffice,
All Faiths afford the Constant and the Wise:
And yet ev'n they, by Education sway'd,
In Age defend what Infancy obey'd.

Chr. Pr. Since Age by erring Child-hood is misled,
Refer your self to our un-erring Head.

Mont. Man, and not Err! what Reason can you give?

Chr. Pr. Renounce that carnal Reason, and believe.

Mont. The Light of Nature should I thus betray;
'Twere to wink hard that I might see the Day.

Chr. Pr. Condemn not yet the way you do not know;
I'll make your Reason judge what way to go.

Mont. 'Tis much too late for me new Ways to take,
Who have but one short Step of Life to make.

Piz. Increase their Pains, the Cords are yet too slack.

Chr. Pr. I must by force convert him on the Rack.

Ind. High Pr. I faint away, and find I can no more:
Give leave, O King, I may reveal thy Store,
And free my self from Pains I cannot bear.

Mont. Think'st thou I lye on Beds of Roses here,
Or in a wanton Bath stretch'd at my Ease?
Die, Slave, and with thee, die such Thoughts as these.

[*High Priest turns aside and dies.*]

Enter Cortez attended by Spaniards, he speaks entering.

Cort. On Pain of Death, kill none but those who fight;
I much repent me of this bloody Night:
Slaughter grows Murder when it goes too far,
And makes a Massacre what was a War:
Sheath all your Weapons, and in Silence move,
'Tis sacred here to Beauty, and to Love.

Ha———

[*Sees Mont.*]

What dismal Sight is this, which takes from me
All the Delight that waits on Victory!

[*Runs to take him off the Rack.*]

Make haste: How now, Religion, do you frown?
Haste, holy Avarice, and help him down.

Ah Father, Father, what do I endure [Embracing *Mont.*]
To see these Wounds my Pity cannot cure!

Mont. Am I so low that you should Pity bring,
And give an Infant's Comfort to a King?
Ask these, if I have once unmanly groan'd;
Or ought have done deserving to be moan'd.

Cort.

Cort. Did I not charge thou should'st not stir from hence? [To Piz.

But Martial Law shall punish thy Offence.

And you, [To the Christian Priest.

Who sawcily teach Monarchs to obey,
And the wide World in narrow Cloysters sway;
Set up by Kings as humble Aids of Power,
You that which bred you, Viper-like devour,
You Enemies of Crowns.

Chr. Pr. ——— Come, let's away,
We but provoke his Fury by our Stay.

Cort. If this go free, farewell that Discipline
Which did in *Spanish* Camps severely shine:
Accursed Gold, 'tis thou hast caus'd these Crimes;
Thou turn'st our Steel against thy parent Climes!
And into *Spain* wilt fatally be brought,
Since with the Price of Blood thou here art bought.
[Exeunt Priest and Pizarro.

[Cortez kneels by Montezuma, and weeps.

Cort. Can you forget those Crimes they did commit?

Mont. I'll do what for my Dignity is fit:
Rise, Sir, I'm satisfy'd the Fault was theirs:
Trust me you make me weep to see your Tears:
Must I hear you?

Cort. Ah Heav'ns!

Mont. ——— You're much to blame;
Your Grief is cruel, for it shews my Shame;
Does my lost Crown to my Remembrance bring:
But weep not you, and I'll be still a King.
You have forgot, that I your Death design'd,
To satisfy the Proud *Almeria's* Mind:
You, who preserv'd my Life, I doom'd to die.

Cort. Your Love did that, and not your Cruelty.

Enter a Spaniard.

Span. Prince *Guyomar* the Combat still maintains,
Our Men retreat, and he their Ground regains:
But once encourag'd by our General's fight,
We boldly should renew the doubtful Fight.

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Cort. Remove not hence, you shall not long attend:

[*To Montezuma.*

I'll aid my Soldiers, yet preserve my Friend.

Mont. Excellent Man!

[*Exit Cortez, &c.*

But I, by living, poorly take the Way
To injure Goodness, which I cannot pay.

Enter Almeria.

Alm. Ruin and Dearth run arm'd through every Street;
And yet that Fate I seek, I cannot meet:
What Guards Misfortunes are and Misery!
Death that strikes all, yet seems afraid of me.

Mont. *Almeria's* here: Oh turn away your Face!
Must you be Witness too of my Disgrace?

Alm. I am not that *Almeria* whom you knew,
But want that Pity I deny'd to you:
Your Conqueror, alas, has vanquish'd me; -
But he refuses his own Victory:
While all are Captives in your conquer'd State,
I find a wretched Freedom in his Hate.

[*lose?*

Mont. Could'st thou thy Love on one who scorn'd thee
He saw not with my Eyes who could refuse:
Him who could prove so much unkind to thee,
I ne'er will suffer to be kind to me.

Alm. I am content in Death to share your Fate;
And die for him I love with him I hate.

Mont. What shall I do in this perplexing Streight!
My tortur'd Limbs refuse to bear my Weight:

[*Endeavouring to walk, not being able.*

I cannot go to Death to set me free:
Death must be kind, and come himself to me.

Alm. I've thought upon't: I have Affairs below,

[*Alm. musing.*

Which I must needs dispatch before I go:

Sir, I have found a Place where you may be, [*To him.*

(Though not preserv'd) yet like a King die free:

The General left your Daughter in the Tower,

We may a while resist the *Spaniards* Power,

It *Guyomar* prevail.——

Mont. —— Make haste and call;

She'll hear your Voice, and answer from the Wall.

Alm.

Alm. My Voice she knows and fears, but use your own.
And to gain Entrance, feign you are alone. [*Alm. steps behind.*

Mont. *Cydaria!*

Alm. ——— Louder.

Mont. ——— Daughter!

Alm. ——— Louder yet.

Mont. Thou canst not, sure, thy Father's Voice forget.

[*He knocks at the Door, at last Cydaria looks over the Balcony.*

Cyd. Since my Love went, I have been frighted so,
With dismal Groans, and Noises from below;
I durst not send my Eyes abroad, for fear
Of seeing Dangers, which I yet but hear.

Mont. *Cydaria!*

Cyd. ——— Sure, 'tis my Father calls.

Mont. ——— Dear Child, make haste;

All Hope of Succour, but from thee, is past:
As when upon the Sands, the Traveller
Sees the high Sea come rolling from afar,
The Land grow short, he mends his weary Pace,
While Death behind him covers all the Place:
So I by swift Misfortunes am pursu'd,
Which on each other, are like Waves renew'd...

Cyd. Are you alone?

Mont. ——— I am...

Cyd. ——— I'll streight descend;

Heav'n did you here for both our Safeties send.

[*Cydaria descends and opens the Door, Almeria rushes betwixt with Montezuma.*

Cyd. *Almeria* here! then I am lost again. [*Both thrust.*

Alm. Yield to my Strength, you struggle but in vain.
Make haste and shut, our Enemies appear.

[*Cortez and Spaniards appear at the other end.*

Cyd. Then do you enter, and let me stay here.

[*As she speaks, Almeria over-powers her, thrusts her in, and shuts.*

Cort. Sure I both heard her Voice, and saw her Face,
She's like a Vision vanish'd from the Place.

Too late I find my Absence was too long;
My Hopes grow sickly, and my Fears grow strong.

[*He knocks a little, then Montezuma, Cydaria and Almeria appear above.*

Alm. Look up, look up, and see if you can know
Those, whom in vain you think to find below.

Cyd. Look up, and see *Cydaria's* lost Estate.

Mont. And cast one look on *Montezuma's* Fate.

Cort. Speak not such dismal Words; as wound my Ear:
Nor name Death to me, when *Cydaria's* there.
Despair not, Sir; who knows but Conquering *Spain*
May part of what you lost restore again?

Mont. No, *Spaniard*; know, he who to Empire born,
Lives to be less, deserves the Victor's Scorn:
Kings and their Crowns have but one Destiny:
Power is their Life; when that expires, they die,

Cyd. What dreadful Words are these!

Mont. ——— Name Life no more;

'Tis now a Torture worse than all I bore:

I'll not be brib'd to suffer Life, but die.

In spite of your mistaken Clemency.

I was your Slave, and I was us'd like one;

The Shame continues, when the Pain is gone:

But I'm a King while this is in my Hand—— [*His Sword.*

He wants no Subjects, who can Death command:

You should have ty'd him up, t'have conquer'd me,

But he's still mine, and thus he sets me free. [*Stabs himself.*

Cyd. Oh my dear Father!

Cort. ——— Haste, break ope the Door.

Alm. When that is forc'd, there yet remain two more.

[*The Soldiers break open the first Door, and go in.*

We shall have time enough to take our Way,

Ere any can our fatal Journey stay.

Mont. Already mine is past: O Pow'r's divine

Take my last Thanks; no longer I repine:

I might have liv'd my own Mis-haps to mourn,

While some would Pity me, but more would Scorn!

For Pity only on fresh Objects stays:

But with the tedious Sight of Woes decays.

Still less and less my boiling Spirits flow;
And I grow stiff as cooling Metals do:
Farewel *Almeria*————

[Dies.]

Cyd. ——— He's gone, he's gone,
And leaves poor me defenceless here alone.

Alm. You shall not long be so: Prepare to die,
That you may bear your Father Company.

Cyd. Oh name not Death to me; you fright me so,
That with the Fear I shall prevent the Blow:
I know your Mercy's more than to destroy
A thing so young, so innocent, as I.

Cort. Whence can proceed thy cruel thirst of Blood,
Ah barb'rous Woman? Woman! that's too good,
Too mild for thee: There's Pity in that Name,
But thou hast lost thy Pity, with thy Shame.

Alm. Your cruel Words have pierc'd me to the Heart;
But on my Rival I'll revenge my Smart.

Cort. Oh stay your Hand, and to redeem my Fault,
I'll speak the kindest Words————
That Tongue e'er utter'd, or that Heart e'er thought.
Dear———— Lovely———— Sweet————

Alm. This but offends me more;
You act your Kindness on *Cydaria's* Score.

Cyd. For his dear sake let me my Life receive.

Alm. Fool, for his sake alone you must not live:
Revenge is now my Joy; he's not for me,
And I'll make sure he ne'er shall be for thee.

Cyd. But what's my Crime?

Alm. ——— 'Tis loving where I love.

Cyd. Your own Example does my Act approve.

Alm. 'Tis such a Fault I never can forgive.

Cyd. How can I mend, unless you let me live?
I yet am tender, young, and full of Fear,
And dare not die, but fain would tarry here.

Cort. If Blood you seek, I will my own resign:
O spare her Life, and in exchange take mine.

Alm. The Love you shew but hastes her Death the more.

Cort. I'll run, and help to force the inner Door.

[Is going in haste.]

Alm.

Alm. Stay, Spaniard, stay, depart not from my Eyes:
That Moment that I lose your sight, she dies.
To look on you I'll grant a short Reprieve.

Cort. O make your Gift more full, and let her live:
I dare not go; and yet how dare I stay!
Her I would save, I murder either way.

Cyd. Can you be so hard-hearted, to destroy
My ripening Hopes, that are so near to Joy?
I just approach to all I would possess:
Death only stands 'twixt me and Happiness.

Alm. Your Father, with his Life, has lost his Throne:
Your Country's Freedom and Renown is gone.
Honour requires your Death: You must obey.

Cyd. Do you die first; and shew me then the way.

Alm. Should you not follow, my Revenge were lost.

Cyd. Then rise again, and fright me with your Ghost.

Alm. I will not trust to that, since Death I chuse,
I'll not leave you that Life which I refuse:
If Death's a pain, it is not less to me;
And if 'tis nothing, 'tis no more to thee.
But hark! the Noise increases from behind,
They're near, and may prevent what I design'd:
Take there a Rival's gift.———

Cort. Perdition seize thee for so black a Deed. [Stabs her:

Alm. Blame not an Act which did from Love proceed:
I'll thus Revenge thee with this fatal Blow;

[Stabs her self.

Stand fair, and let my Heart-blood on thee flow.

Cyd. Stay Life, and keep me in the chearful Light;
Death is too black, and dwells in too much Night.
Thou leav'st me, Life, but Love supplies thy Part,
And keeps me warm by lingering in my Heart:
Yet dying for him, I thy Claim remove;
How dear it Costs to conquer in my Love!
Now strike: That Thought, I hope, will arm my Breast.

Alm. Ah with what differing Passions am I prest!

Cyd. Death, when far off, did terrible appear;
But looks less dreadful as he comes more near.

Alm. O Rival, I have lost the Power to kill;
Strength hath forfok my Arm, and Rage my Will:

I must surmount that Love which thou hast shown:
 Dying for him is due to me alone.
 Thy Weakness shall not boast the Victory,
 Now thou shalt live, and dead I'll conquer thee:
 Soldiers, assist me down.

[Exeunt from above led by Soldiers, and enter both led by Cortez.]

Cort. Is there no Danger then? *[To Cydaria.]*

Cyd. ——— You need not fear

My Wound, I cannot die when you are near.

Cort. You for my sake, Life to *Cydaria* give; *[To Alm.]*
 And I could die for you, if you might live.

Alm. Enough, I die content, now you are kind;
 Kill'd in my Limbs, reviving in my Mind:
 Come near, *Cydaria*, and forgive my Crime.

[Cydaria starts back.]

You need not fear my Rage a second time:
 I'll bath your Wounds in Tears for my Offence:
 That Hand which made it makes, this Recompence.

[Ready to join their Hands.]

I would have join'd you, but my Heart's too high:
 You will, too soon, possess him when I die.

Cort. She faints, O softly set her down.

Alm. ——— 'Tis past!

In thy lov'd Bosom let me breath my last.
 Here in this one short Moment that I live,
 I have whate'er the longest Life could give—

[Dies.]

Cort. Farewel, thou generous Maid: Ev'n Victory,
 Glad as it is, must lend some Tears to thee:

Many I dare not shed, least you believe *[To Cydaria.]*
 I Joy in you less than for her I Grieve.

Cyd. But are you sure she's dead?

I must embrace you fast, before I know
 Whether my Life be yet secure or no:
 Some other Hour I will to Tears allow;
 But having you, can shew no Sorrow now.

Enter Guyomar and Alibech bound, with Soldiers.

Cort. Prince *Guyomar* in Bonds! O Friendship's Shame!
 It makes me blush to own a Victor's Name.

[Unbinds him, Cydaria, Alibech.]

Cyd.

Cyd. See, *Alibech*, *Almeria* lies there:
But do not think 'twas I that murder'd her.

[*Alibech kneels and kisses her dead Sister.*

Cort. Live, and enjoy more than your Conqueror:
[*To Guyomar.*

Take all my Love, and share in all my Power.

Guy. Think me not proudly rude, if I forsake
Those Gifts I cannot with my Honour take:

I for my Country fought, and would again,

Had I yet left a Country to maintain:

But since the Gods decreed it otherwise,

I never will on its dear Ruins rise.

Alib. Of all your Goodness leaves to our dispose,
Our Liberty's the only Gift we chuse:

Absence alone can make our Sorrows less;

And not to see what we can ne'er redress.

Guy. Northward, beyond the Mountains we will go,

Where Rocks lie cover'd with eternal Snow,

Thin Herbage in the Plains and fruitless Fields,

The Sand no Gold, the Mine no Silver yields:

There Love and Freedom we'll in Peace enjoy;

No *Spaniards* will that Colony destroy:

We to our selves will all our Wishes grant;

And nothing coveting can nothing want.

Cort. First your great Father's Funeral Pomp provide:

That done, in Peace your generous Exiles guide;

While I loud Thanks pay to the Powers above,

Thus doubly Blest, with Conquest, and with Love.

[*Exeunt.*





EPILOGUE,

By a MERCURY.

TO all and singular in this full Meeting,
Ladies and Gallants, Phœbus sends me greeting.
To all his Sons by what'er Title known,
Whether of Court, of Coffee-house, or Town;
From his most mighty Sons, whose Confidence
Is plac'd in lofty Sound, and humble Sense,
Ev'n to his little Infants of the Time,
Who write new Songs, and trust in Tune and Rhyme.
Be't known that Phœbus (being daily griev'd
To see good Plays condemn'd, and bad receiv'd,
Ordains your Judgment upon every Cause,
Henceforth be limited by wholesome Laws.
He first thinks fit no Sonnetteer advance
His Censure, farther than the Song or Dance.
Your Wit Burlesque may one Step higher climb,
And in his Sphere may judge all Doggrel Rhyme:
All Proves, and Moves, and Loves, and Honours too:
All that appears high Sense, and scarce is low.
As for the Coffee-wits he says not much,
Their proper Bus'ness is to Damn the Dutch:
For the great Dons of Wit———
Phœbus gives them full Privilege alone
To Damn all others, and cry up their own.
Last, for the Ladies, 'tis Apollo's Will,
They should have Power to save, but not to kill:
For Love and he long since have thought it fit,
Wit live by Beauty, Beauty reign by Wit.

The End of the First Volume.

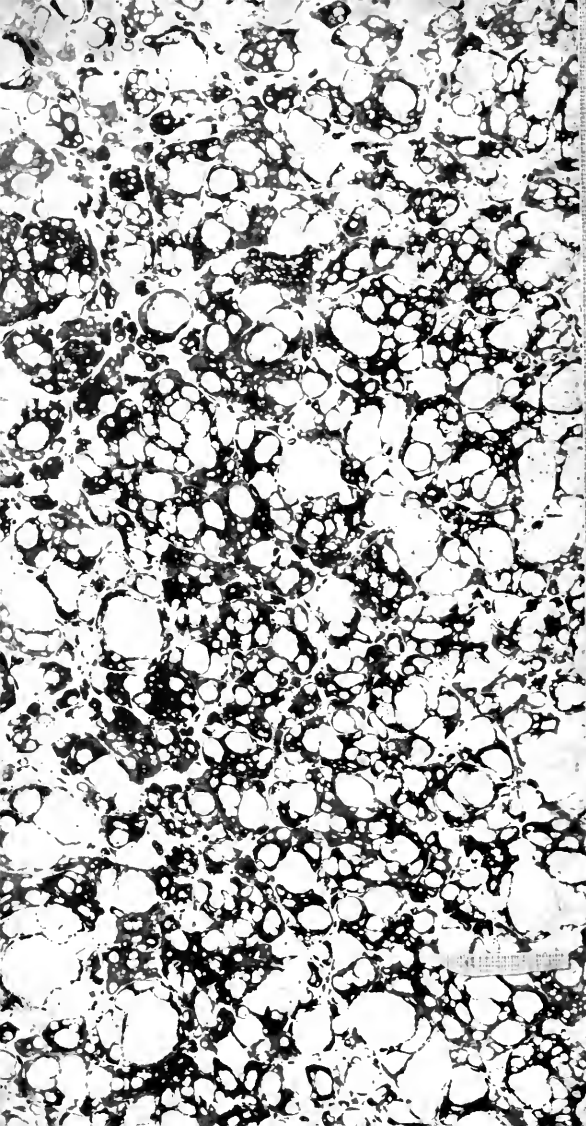
INDEX

BY R. M. C. R. Y.

TO ALL WHOM THESE SHEETS SHALL COME
I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your
kind communication of the 10th inst. and in reply
to inform you that the same has been forwarded
to the proper authorities for their consideration
and that you will receive a further intimation
of the result thereof as soon as it is known.
I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
R. M. C. R. Y.

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The Dryden portrait
inside back cover is
from a painting by Sir
Godfrey Kneller, now
in the Nat. Portrait Gallery.



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